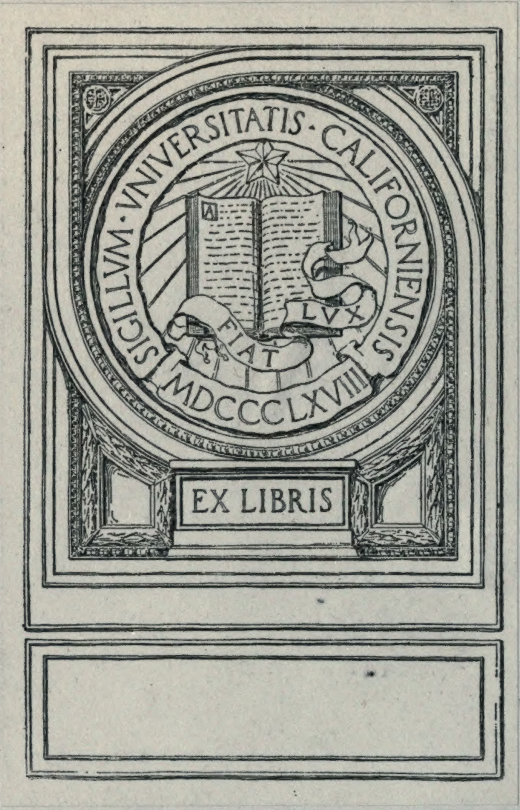

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NEW YORK:
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THE

NAPOLEON DYNASTY:

OR THE

HISTORY

OF THE

BONAPARTE FAMILY.

AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK.

BY THE BERKELEY MEN.

[C. E. Lester, and Edwin Williams.]

With Twenty-two Authentic Portraits.

NEW YORK:
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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been often remarked in Europe, that if an impartial History of Napoleon and his Times should ever be written, it would come from America. The object of this publication is to furnish such a work. In its preparation, brilliant and experienced pens have been engaged; and we have spared no expense in making the appearance of the book worthy of the splendor of the subject.

From the public Archives of our own and Foreign States, and from members of the Bonaparte Family on both sides of the Atlantic, valuable authentic materials have been obtained, which are here for the first time brought to light. Especial care has been bestowed on the portraits, all of which have been taken from original sources, and some of which have never before been engraved.

The Napoleon Dynasty is, therefore, submitted to the candid criticism of the public, as the only complete work on the subject which has ever been published.

CORNISH, LAMPORT & CO.

New York, 8 Park Place, July 4, 1852

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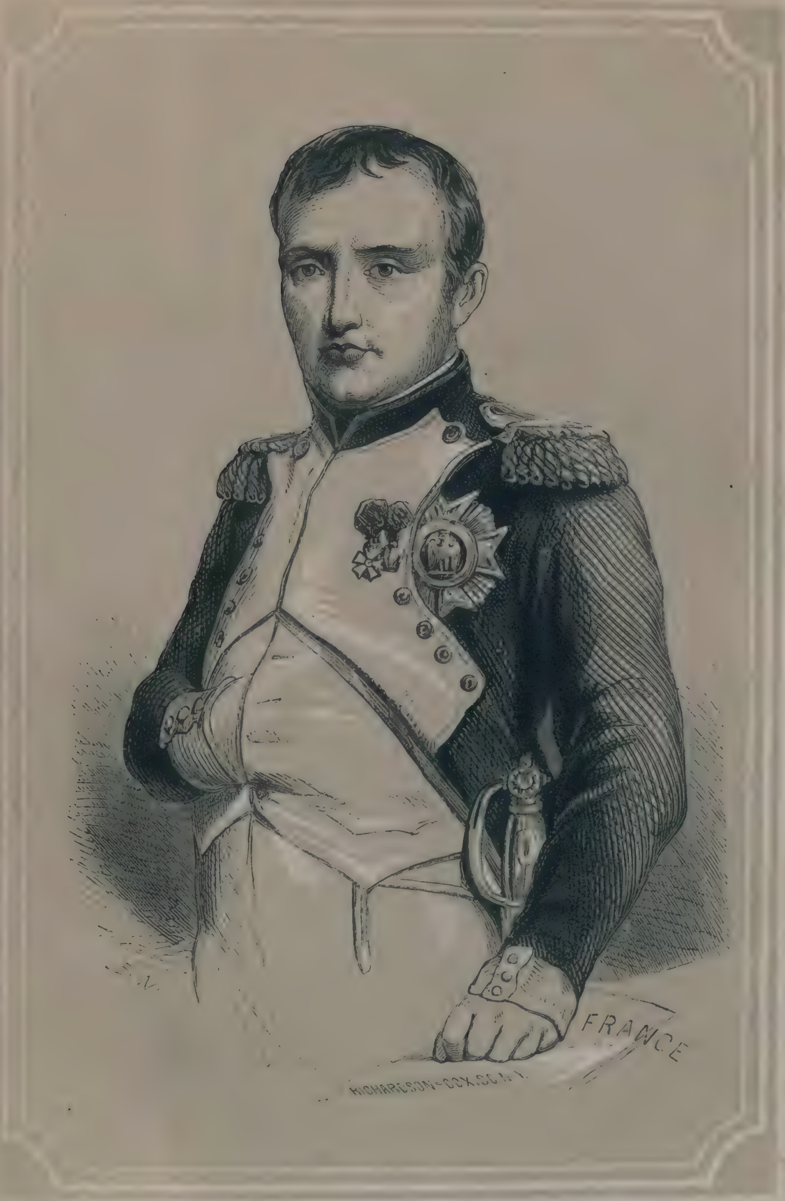
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BOOK I.

THE ORIGIN OF
THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

ORIGIN OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

I.

A Bonaparte again rules France. The results of the late Revolution, have invested the character and history of Napoleon with a new and deeper interest.

Twice the Bourbons have gone down, and left a Republic in France,—and twice that Republic has given way to the Napoleon Dynasty. The struggle may not yet be over, but there are more Bonapartes than Bourbons living to maintain it.

Something greater than stars watched over the birth of Napoleon, and a power higher than fortune guides the destinies of the Bonaparte Family. No one's history has been written by so many different hands, no one's history read by so many eyes, as the Corsican Soldier's. Not a generation has passed away since he died, and his name and his history, are familiarly known to more men to-day, than Alexander's or Cæsar's.

II.

No man has ever put forth such influence on human fortunes. Men and nations bent before him, as willows bend when the storm sweeps by. It exhausted and impoverished all Europe to crush him. They chained the Eagle to the bald cliff of a volcanic rock of the ocean, among the clouds—

and six years England kept a fleet to watch him, and see him chafe and die ; and then they opened his body and took out his vitals, and were sure he was dead—and then they excavated a grave in the rock, and welded his coffin in by strong bars of iron, and then they watched the place for twenty years.

And when at last Europe was no longer afraid of the dead Eagle's ashes, she let France take them back to the banks of the Seine. They had stolen the young Eagle from the parent nest, and carried him away among strangers, where he pined, sickened, and died. Europe then thought she could breathe free again.

III.

But a Bonaparte still rules France. There is something in all this worthy of a more careful survey than history has yet given.—We have long wondered there was no complete history of the Bonaparte Family. We at last resolved to attempt one ourselves. So much for the occasion of this book—

Its object is to furnish in a single volume, authentic biographies of the principal members of the Bonaparte Family. To gather and arrange from many volumes into one, valuable, rare and interesting materials now floating on the turbid ocean of Modern History—beyond the reach of all but the adventurous, the curious, or the learned.

Those whose studies have not led them along the same track, will discover in these biographies, how unfounded is the opinion so commonly entertained, that Napoleon was the only extraordinary member of his family. They were all so gifted by nature, they could have achieved eminence on any road of life ; and their individual energies and accomplishments, raised barriers, and reflected lustre on

Napoleon's throne. Each one's history is worthy of the careful pen of the historian, while the whole family constitute the most brilliant and attractive group of contemporary kinsmen we have any knowledge of. We have endeavored to draw each portrait with distinctness and individuality; and trace the development of each one's character at a separate and peculiar growth without losing sight of the dependence of each branch on the gigantic trunk which sustained them all.

IV.

It should not be forgotten that the Bonaparte Family sprang from Italian soil. That wonderful peninsula has been the fruitful source of genius, and Empire, for nearly thirty centuries.

Whatever light the world has had, sprang from the Hebrews, the Greeks, or the Italians. The last represent them all. And thus we owe to them not our NEW WORLD only but all we are and all we hope to be. Italy no longer governs the world by arms, but she still asserts her dominion of ideas. The intellect and the institutions of modern times have been moulded by the genius of Italy.

Long before the shores of the Tiber were disturbed by the hum of the City of Romulus, the Phœnicians made Etruria the gem of Europe and the garden of Italy. The industrious excavations of recent years have disentombed the wondrous fruits of their Ante-Roman civilization.

Then rose the structure of Roman power slow and sturdy in its growth—irresistible in its progress and lasting in its existence.—FIRST under THE KINGS, during which period the State was striking its roots down into the soil; and nurturing the Herculean power which afterwards enfolded and held the world.

When the rude energy of early Roman valor had been somewhat tamed by culture, and the multitude would no longer bow to a single will, the COMMONWEALTH took the place of the Monarchy. Conquest extended the domains of the State ; Commerce spread its white wings over the Mediterranean ; Greece fell into the arms of Rome with her priceless dower of immortal learning ; Carthage became a ruin and left Rome without a Rival—and at last when her proportions had become too colossal for the simplicity of a Republic, she assumed the Imperial form.

V.

At the time of the Saviour, Rome had absorbed the world. It was the focal point of learning—it was the centre of influence for all civilized men. In the Augustan age, Rome summed up all there was of human progress the race had made since Adam. She needed nothing but the new light just breaking over Bethlehem, and this was soon to radiate her—The altars of the Pantheon, then smoking to the divinities of mythology, were to send up their incense to the Founder of a New Religion—the Romulus of a kingdom whose emblem dove of Peace has unfolded its wings over empires where Cesar's eagles never flew.

This the new element of power that was to put forth so vast an influence on the fate of men—and slowly work the dissolution of the Roman Empire—thus emancipating a hundred nations—was early seized hold of by the grasping hand of Rome, and as the crumbling Castle of the Cesars fell, there emerged from the smoking ruin the dim, fearful form of the HIERARCHY ; a Spiritual Empire more formidable, more universal, more vast, than that of Aurelean—for it controlled the consciences as well as the bodies of men, and the fortunes of Kingdoms. Julius Cesar and all the Cesars were dead—but the ferocity of the Northern Barbarians which the Roman Legions could neither resist nor tame, was subdued by the Cross. Europe has for ages attempted to shake off this terrible power—and Revolution has followed Revolution—and Governments and Emperors and Chieftains have risen and been overthrown—but the power of the Roman Hierarchy is still unbroken—Rome still asserts her empire over the world. Every power that has ever grappled with her has been overthrown—from Rienzi to Napoleon. The Popes are driven away by Barbarians—exiled to Avignon—carried captive to Paris—fly to Gaeta—But they always go back to Rome!—Close by and apparently as eternal as the tomb of St. Peter, or the Arch of Titus—a Pope still sits.

VI.

Then came the Justinian Code—after the temporal power of Rome was broken, and the barbarian had made a manger for his steed in the Golden House of Nero. The spear had fallen from the hands of the legions—but Roman genius still made laws for the world. Then came the Republics with the institution of the modern system of States; the new and humane reign of Commerce with its great discoveries—the Revival of Letters and the glorious triumphs of the Arts which adorn and bless the world. The Medici gave us Commerce—Columbus and Vespucius, a new world—Galileo and Vico, Volta and Galvani, Science—Machiavelli, the Philosophy of Government—Dante and Petrarch, Tasso and Alfieri, Poetry—Justinian, Laws—Genoa, Amalfi, Pisa, Florence and Venice, Republican Institutions—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Da Vinci, Arts—So, too, when Europe required regeneration, Italy—that "Niobe of Nations"—still asserted her prerogative and sent forth one of her own children, to open a new age.

And so for 2500 years the fountain of Empire has been welling up from the seven hills. There was the semblance of truth in the solemn epithet which we usually ascribe to the vanity of its citizens—Rome was, and is still the Eternal City.

VII.

From the castle-crowned hills above the terraced gardens of Genoa, the purple summits of Corsica can be seen, on a clear Italian morning, rising out of the sea. Solitary, grand and beautiful, it seems a fitting birth-place for one who was to overshadow the world, and die at last like a wounded eagle on another lone Island of the Ocean.

Geographically, and ethnologically, Corsica belongs to Italy. It was probably first peopled from its neighboring shores, and the inhabitants still speak a dialect so much like the Tuscan, they can be readily understood in every part of Italy.

VIII.

The earliest mention of Corsica is found in Herodotus. The Romans invaded the Island and wrested it from the Carthagenians in the first Punic War. Once subjected to Rome, it remained her province during the Commonwealth and under the Cæsars, till it yielded, from its exposed situation to the first shock of the Barbarians in the beginning of the Fifth Century of the Christian era. It subsequently passed under the dominion of the Byzantine Emperors, it became the prey of the Goths, and it fell before the irresistible onset of the followers of the Arabian Prophet, [A. D. 850.] It yielded afterwards to Pisa, then the powerful rival of Genoa and Venice, and finally became a dependency of the Ligurian Republic, [A. D. 1284], which resumed its ancient independence after the Fall of the Roman Empire—repelled all the assaults of the Barbarians—went gloriously

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CHARLES BONAPARTE

through the Crusades—became the most formidable maritime power in Europe—sent out the Discoverer of a New World—preserved Republican Institutions 1400 years, and was betrayed at last by the perfidy of an English Commander.

IX.

Corsica had long excited the ambition of the French Monarchs. It was invaded in 1767, and two years later, by cession from the Genoese, it passed reluctantly under the dominion of France. The lover of historic romance and chivalric adventure, will read with delight the stirring story of the noble struggles of the patriot Paoli, to rescue his native Island from the French invaders.

Corsica is nearly the size of Connecticut. Thrown up by some pre-Adamic convulsion, and bathed by the Mediterranean; refreshed by the cool breezes of the Alps and Appenines, and warmed by a southern sun; with mountain-peaks (8–9000 feet) clothed in eternal snows, and valleys blushing in endless summer, it is one of the wildest fairy-spots in the world.

X.

CARLO BONAPARTE,

Born at Ajaccio, March 29th., 1746—died at Montpelier, 1785.

The family of Carlo Bonaparte held a high rank in Corsica. They had been long settled in Tuscany, where they became distinguished for the parts they took with the Ghibelines in their ferocious feuds with the Guelphs, which so long desolated Italy. On the dispersion of the family one of the members settled in Corsica, and from him Napoleon was directly descended. It is also satisfactorily established that the Tuscan Bonapartes had emigrated from Rome at an early period; and no physiognomist can look carefully on

Napoleon's face without recognizing the Patrician Roman model—by which we mean the blending of the Roman with the Greek. The further the scholar here extends his researches, the more he will be inclined to concede an original Greek origin to the Bonaparte Family. Traces are not wanting of their political eminence in the Middle Ages. They were Senators in the Republics of Florence, Sarzana, Bologna, and Treviso, and Prelates at the Court of the Vatican. They had become allied by marriage with the princely families of the Medici, Orsini, and Lomellini.

XI.

Some of the Bonapartes also became distinguished for their contributions to learning at the Period of the Revival of Letters. In the *Bibliotheque du Roi* the Parisians still boast of possessing the original MS. of a dramatic work by Piccolo Bonaparte—who is spoken of by Italian Authorities as one of the literary stars of the Age of the Medici. Another member of the family founded, it is said, the Chair of Jurisprudence in the University of Pisa, and when Napoleon himself entered Bologna—that ancient seat of learning in 1796, the Senate sent him their "Golden Book," in which the names and arms of his family were inscribed. The armorial bearings of some of his ancestors, sculptured in marble are still found on several of the Florentine buildings. When Napoleon had become master of the Peninsula, and was passing through Tuscany, he halted for a few hours with his staff, at the dwelling of Gregorio Bonaparte, the last of his race in Italy. The aged Canon of San Miniato, a rich and venerable man, entertained the victorious *Cortége* with the good cheer, which an Italian monk knows so well how to provide. The next day Napoleon sent him the Cross of St. Stephen. Soon after, the good Abbé died and left his fortune to Napoleon who presented it to one of the charities of Tuscany.

XII.

The grandfather of Carlo Bonaparte had three Sons—Joseph, Napoleon and Lucien. The only son of the first was Carlo—the only child of the second was a daughter—the third was a priest, who died in 1791, Archdeacon of Ajaccio. Carlo thus became the only representative of his family in Corsica. He was educated at Pisa and Rome, and received the degree of Doctor of Laws. He returned home with the graces of youth and eloquence; he was tall, handsome, learned and accomplished; and at the early age of nineteen he won the heart of Letitia Ramolini, the descendant of a noble Neapolitan family on the Island. She was distinguished for her eminent beauty, her great intelligence and her indomitable energy. When the war broke out between France and Corsica in 1768, he gave his services to Paoli, in a zealous defence of the independence of his country. The occupation of Ajaccio by the French troops drove the Bonaparte family to the centre of the Island, where Carlo, in following the fortunes of Paoli, held out till his patriot leader was obliged to fly. Carlo accompanied him to Porto Vecchio, and his youthful enthusiasm tempted him for a moment to embark with him.

XIII.

But Corsica yielded to the French king, and was at once incorporated into the domain of Louis. The Magistracy of the Island was vested in the Provincial States, and the honor of the twelve Nobles was confirmed. The nobility of Carlo's family and his own position and popularity, gave him a prominent place in the Government. He was appointed

Assessor to the tribunal of Ajaccio and swayed great influence in the Councils of the Island. In 1779, he was appointed by his colleagues deputy for the Nobles, at Paris. He took Joseph and Napoleon, his two sons, with him. He left Joseph, the elder, at the School of Autun—and placed Napoleon in the Military Academy at Brienne—having obtained the appointment through the favor of his friend, the Count Marboeuf, the Governor of Corsica.

XIV.

It should have been said that while Carlo was passing through Florence on his way to Paris, he received from the Grand Duke Leopold a letter to his sister Marie Antoinette, queen of France, and he became a guest at the palace of Verseilles, from whose gilded halls poor Marie herself was afterwards to fly by night in terror from the mob, and where, had Carlo lived a few years longer, he would have been the guest of his son, the Emperor.

In the year 1785, [at the early age of 38, and the father of a race of kings], Carlo died at Montpelier in France, whither he had resorted for medical aid. But his disease, [a cancer in the stomach, often hereditary in families and which was to prove fatal to Napoleon himself], baffled the skill of his physicians.

XV.

Napoleon at St. Helena gave the following account of his father's death—" I was quietly pursuing my studies at Brienne when my father arrived at Montpelier, to struggle with the violence of a painful agony. He died, and I had not the consolation to close his eyes."—The mother of Junot's wife, a gentle and high-bred woman and a companion in girlhood of Letitia Ramolini, offered the hospitality of her house to the dying man, and he breathed his last—not at a strange inn—but under the kind roof of a countrywoman, ministered to in his last illness by the filial attentions of his eldest son, and the consolations of the brother of his wife, [afterwards Cardinal Fesch.] He recommended to her earnestly his son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne for the Military School at Paris. So faithfully did she fulfill the bequest that years afterwards, Napoleon offered and pressed upon her his hand in marriage, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages.

After Napoleon had became First Consul, the City of Montpelier asked his permission to erect a Monument to his father. With many thanks he declined the request—"Let us not disturb," said he, "the repose of the dead. Let their ashes remain in peace. Had I lost my father yesterday, it would be proper and natural to pay his memory some token of respect consistent with my present position; but it is nearly twenty years since his death, and it is a matter in which the public can now take no concern."

Louis Bonaparte, however, at a later period, without the knowledge of his brother, removed the ashes of his father to St. Leu, on his own estate near Paris, and over them erected a monument.

XVI.

His tomb will in all time to come be worthy of resort as one of the remarkable places of Europe. If the curious traveler stops a day to look into the sepulchre where Rudolf de Hapsburg mouldered to ashes, why should he not halt an hour to contemplate the tomb of the Father of the Napoleon Dynasty?

XVII.

LETITIA RAMOLINI,

Born at Ajaccio, 24th August, 1750—died at Rome, February 2d., 1836.

The mother of Napoleon, was worthy of the honor fortune assigned her, of giving birth to a Dynasty of the People. The sceptres of Europe were held by the degenerate descendants of the military Chieftains of the Middle Ages. They were characterized by the tyranny of their ancestors without their heroism. The people had got far beyond them, and they called for a Dynasty of progress. The effete monarchies of a past age they overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Revolution, and Napoleon's Empire was established.

XVIII.

Letitia Ramolini, the fairest and most brilliant maiden of Corsica, was of an ancient Italian family. The Ramolinis are descended from the Counts of Colalto. The first, who settled at Ajaccio, married the daughter of the Doge of Genoa, and received concessions and distinguished honors from that Republic. Letitia's biography should begin with a portraiture of her character sketched by the bold hand of her son. Says Napoleon:—"She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Left without a guide or protector, she was obliged to assume the management of affairs—but the burden did not overcome her. She administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age or sex. Her tenderness was joined with severity: She punished, rewarded all alike; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her. Losses, privations, fatigue had no effect upon her; she endured all, braved all. Ah! what a woman! where look for her equal?"

LETITIA BONAPARTE.

XIX.

At the death of her husband [1785] away from home, Signora Letitia who had only reached her 35th year, had already become the mother of thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived their father. The order of their birth was as follows:—1. Joseph, born in 1768; 2. Napoleon, in 1769; 3. Lucien, in 1775; 4. Eliza, in 1777, 5. Louis, in 1778; 6. Pauline, in 1780; 7. Caroline, in 1782; 8. Jerome, in 1784. "Left a widow at an early age," (says Madame Junot, who was intimate with the family,) "in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the energy of her character." She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes the Corsicans; "but in her this quality," says the Dutchess d'Albrantes, who knew her intimately, "she was habitually candid. Her soul beamed in her looks, and it was a soul full of the loftiest sentiments. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity, when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior; and at the period of which I speak, she was very scrupulous in exacting from every body, what she considered her due. She was a good mother. They treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her."

XX.

Before she had completed her sixteenth year, Letitia had become a wife. Her native country was now involved in civil discord and revolution. During the war for Corsican independence, she shared the dangers of her husband, frequently accompanying him on horseback in his expeditions. When the French army entered Corsica, many of the principal families, and among them the Bonapartes, were compelled to fly. They assembled at the foot of Monte Rotondo, the highest mountain in the island. In their flight and during their sojourn among the mountains, they underwent many hardships. This was in the year 1769; and whenever he had occasion to speak of the events which preceded his birth, Napoleon always dwelt with admiration on the courage and magnanimity with which his mother had borne losses and privations, and braved fatigue and danger.

XXI.

Left a widow in the prime of life with but little property, Signora Letitia devoted herself to the care of her numerous family. Joseph, the eldest of her children, was nearly eighteen years of age, and seconded her efforts, with ardor and paternal affection. Napoleon was pursuing his military studies in France. When [1789] he had returned to Corsica the whole family were there assembled and resident with their mother; Lucien and Eliza having also received their education in France. Louis, Jerome, Pauline and Caroline were still children. The Archdeacon Lucien, a brother of their father, although in infirm health, had become chief of the family, and watched over their welfare with paternal solicitude. The young Abbé Fesch, half-brother of Letitia, [and who had attended her husband in his last moments,] also resided with her family.

The education of her four eldest children on the continent, and the deputation of her husband to Paris, had rendered the family entirely French in their character and political sentiments. Corsica had been declared, [30th of November, 1789], an integral part of the Monarchy of France; and that declaration, which had satisfied the islanders generally, had somewhat effaced from their minds the bitter souvenirs of the conquest. The revolutionary cause of the continent was embraced by the Bonapartes; Joseph entered into public life in the administration of the Department, while the younger brothers were preparing to take part in the approaching contest.

XXII.

In 1792 public opinion in Corsica changed with regard to the French Revolution. Instigated by the venerable chief Paoli, the people declared against the sanguinary Republic. Ajaccio was the only town that had refused at the command of Paoli, to lower the tri-color. The chief had urged the Bonapartes, the sons of his old companion in the war of independence, to join them in a fresh struggle against France. But their feelings, ambition and interest, lay in the opposite direction, and a separation took place. Paoli and his followers, in 1793, marched on Ajaccio; the three Bonaparte brothers were absent at this critical time; but the heroic Letitia, who had in earlier days followed her husband, in scenes of danger, was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of herself and children. She dispatched messengers to Joseph and Napoleon by sea and land; and gave notice that they would soon arrive in the port with the representatives of the people. She thus succeeded in paralyzing the partisans of Paoli in the town.

XXIII.

While waiting for the French fleet, Signora Letitia was on the point of falling into the hands of her enemies. Roused suddenly at midnight, she found her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. She at first thought herself surprised by the partisans of Paoli; but by the light of a fir-torch she saw the countenance of the chief, and felt reassured. It was Costa of Bastelica, the most devoted of the partisans of France. "Quick, make haste, Signora Letitia," he exclaimed; "Paoli's men are close on us. There is not a moment to lose; but here I am, with my men. We will serve you, or perish."

XXIV.

Bastelica, one of the most populous villages of Corsica, lies at the foot of Monte d'Oro. Its inhabitants are renowned for their courage, and loyalty: one of the villagers had encountered a numerous body of the followers of Paoli descending on Ajaccio. He had learned that this troop had orders to take all the Bonaparte family, dead or alive. He returned to the village and roused their friends, who to the number of three hundred, armed, and preceded their enemies by a forced march to Ajaccio.

Signora Letitia and her children rose from their beds, and in the centre of the column left the town in silence—the inhabitants being still asleep. They penetrated the deepest recesses of the mountains, and at day-break halted in a forest, in sight of the sea. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the troops of the enemy in the neighboring valley, but they escaped the risk of an encounter. The same day, the flames rising in dense columns from the town, attracted attention. "That is your house now burning," said one of her friends, to Letitia. "Ah! never mind," she replied; "we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*"

After two nights' march, the fugitives descried a French frigate. Letitia took leave of her brave defenders, and joined Joseph and Napoleon, who were on board the vessel at Calvi with the French deputies who had been sent on a mission to Corsica.

XXV.

The frigate turned her prow towards Marseilles where she landed the family of exiles, destitute of resources, but full of health and courage. All the fortitude of Letitia was called into exercise in these trying circumstances. She was reduced to poverty, and gratefully received the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowances, in the military service.

France was then bleeding under the wounds of a ferocious civil war, and threatened with the dangers of foreign invasion. The principal cities of the Republic had revolted against the central authority of Paris which was ruled by the Jacobins, and Marseilles led the rebellion : But the reduction of Lyons, and the vengeance inflicted on it, restored the supremacy of Paris. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Marseilles fled for protection to Toulon, which had called in the aid of the British and Spanish fleets to uphold the cause of the Bourbons. In this general flight, however, the Bonapartes did not participate—they belonged to the triumphant party. This connection may in some measure be ascribed to Lucien, who, though a youth, had distinguished himself as a Republican orator and partisan. In this early revolutionary career, he greatly promoted the fortunes of the family ; but Joseph, who continued to reside at Marseilles, with his mother, was too mild and unobtrusive to gain favor with the Jacobins, while Napoleon was yet but an unknown subaltern.

The Abbé Fesch had accompanied his sister in her exile, and the family incurred the danger of harboring a priest, then the most obnoxious of all men to popular wrath. The Abbé, however, prudently discarded his clerical robes, and sought a safer calling as a keeper of military stores in the army of General Montesquiow, who, in the autumn of 1793, overran the country of Savoy.

XXVI.

The close of 1793 was marked by the capture of Toulon, the last of the revolted cities which had held out against the victorious banner of the Republic. That event revealed to the French nation the genius of Napoleon, and elevated him to the rank of General of Brigade. To his promotion the family of Signora Bonaparte owed better days. To be near him while he was stationed at Nice, the family had established themselves at the Chateau Salle, in the environs of Antilees, a few miles from Napoleon's head-quarters. He announced one day to Joseph and Lucien that he must set out for Paris the following morning, to be in a position to establish all the family advantageously. He however reconsidered the step.

"They offer me," said Napoleon, "the place of Henriot. I am to give my answer this evening. Well, what say you to it?" His brother hesitated a moment. "Eh! eh!" rejoined the general; "but it is worth the trouble of considering. It is not a case to be the enthusiast upon; it is not so easy to save one's head at Paris, as at St. Maximin. The young Robespierre is an honest fellow; but his brother is not to be trifled with. He will be obeyed. Can I support that man? No, never! I know how useful I should be to him in replacing his simpleton of a commandant at Paris; but it is what I will not be. It is not yet time; there is no place honorable for me at present but the army we must have patience—I shall command Paris hereafter. "Such (says Lucien) were the words of Napoleon. He then expressed to us his indignation against the Reign of Terror, of which he announced the approaching downfall. The young Robespierre solicited him in vain. A few weeks after the 9th Thermidor arrived to deliver France, and justify the foresight of the general."

XXVII.

Notwithstanding his refusal to identify himself with Robespierre, Napoleon, on whom the fortunes of the Bonaparte family depended, was involved in the downfall of that tyrant, and after the 9th of Thermidor, [27th of July, 1794,] he was arrested as an adherent and partisan of Robespierre. He was restored to liberty in a few days. But his release was followed by the loss of his position in the army, and he went to Paris to solicit restoration and employment. His brothers shared in the reverses of the moment. Joseph retired to Genoa, and Lucien suffered incarceration in the prison of Aix for six weeks. Proscription was now the lot of the Bonapartes, in addition to the poverty from which they had partially emerged, but into which they were now again plunged. In this extremity of their fortunes, Joseph became the prop and support of the family. His marriage with the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Marseilles raised him to affluence, and gave him a position which enabled him to be of essential benefit to his mother, and the children still remaining with her.

Signora Letitia continued to reside at Marseilles, with her family, till Napoleon's marriage, [1796], and appointment to the command of the army of Italy. He at once assigned to his mother a portion of his income, by which she was raised from a state of comparative indigence to one of ease and comfort. Louis having entered the army, at the early age of seventeen, Jerome alone of all the sons remained with his mother, whose household was further reduced in 1797, by the marriage of her eldest daughter.

About this period, Signora Letitia visited Corsica, and returning to Marseilles, finally removed with her family to Paris, in 1799, where she took up her residence with her son

Joseph. The family of Lucien were also in Paris at this time, when Napoleon unexpectedly returned from Egypt.

XXVIII.

When the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, [9th November 1799,] took place, Paris had been violently agitated for some days. All were apprehensive of some decisive event without knowing the cause of their disquiet. The Dutchess d'Albrantes thus describes her visit to Signora Letitia, on whom she called after the affair was nearly over. "She appeared calm, though far from being easy; for her extreme paleness and the convulsive movement she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow, even if the others escaped. This she felt most forcibly. My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalizing day; and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's messengers, who were frequently sent to calm her disquiet. The danger to which the Bonaparte family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 18th or 19th. If the Directory and the Councils had triumphed, all Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold; and their friends and partisans would have been exiled, to say the least."

XXIX.

After the revolution, which placed Napoleon at the head of the consular government, Madame Letitia lived very retired in Paris—a manner of life which was equally in accordance with her own taste and the wishes of the First Consul, who was desirous that for a time his female relatives should make no display. From the trials and misfortunes to which she had been exposed, Letitia who was naturally provident, had acquired habits of severe economy, and she always condemned superfluous expenditure on the part of her children. She entertained little fondness for her daughter-in-law, Josephine, preferring the society and familiarity of the wives of Joseph and Lucien. She took part with Lucien in his quarrel with Napoleon, and greatly to the chagrin of the latter, followed the family of Lucien to Rome, in 1805. When upbraided by Napoleon with an undue partiality for Lucien, she answered, that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear to her ; which she proved afterwards by a memorable devotion to himself. Shortly after the creation of the Empire, however, she was induced to return to Paris, whither Napoleon invited her by tender solicitations, and offers of a splendid establishment. The Emperor settled upon her an annual income of a million francs [$200.000] assigned her a separate court, and gave her the title of *Madame* Mère, equivalent to that of Empress Mother. She took up her residence in the sumptuously furnished mansion which had been occupied by Lucien, but she was far from maintaining the princely state and hospitality which had distinguished her banished son in his days of prosperity and power. She always adhered to the economical habits she had formed in adversity, not from an ignoble love of gold, but from a dread she could never discard, that poverty and want might again become the portion of the family, and that her savings might be wanted in the hour of calamity. It would be unjust not to add, that Madame Letitia took delight in offices of kindness. Often called on to solicit from her son favors for others, she was happy when her exertions were crowned with success.

XXX.

On the approach of the Allies toward Paris, in April, 1814, Madame Mère accompanied the empress Maria Louisa and her court to Blois. Her wonted prudence and prescience did not forsake her ; for on this occasion she took care to receive her arrears of allowance, [375.000 francs,] and dismissed the greater part of her attendants.

By the treaty of Paris, in 1814, she was allowed to retain the title of "Madame Mère," and an annuity of 200.000 francs, secured on the great book of France, was settled upon her. In August of the same year, attended by two maids of honor, and her chamberlain, she followed her son to Elba, and presided on the 15th, at a ball given in honor of his birth-day. After the return of Napoleon from Elba, Madame Letitia repaired to Rome, where she took up her residence for her remaining days. Immediately after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, she proffered him all she possessed in the world to assist him in restoring his fortunes. "And for me," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "she would without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on black bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast; pride and noble ambition were not subdued by avarice."

Count Las Casas, on his return to Europe from St. Helena, witnessed the truth of Napoleon's remarks. No sooner had he detailed his story of the Emperor's situation, than the answer returned by the courier was, that "her whole fortune was at her son's disposal."

XXXI.

In October, 1818, she addressed an affecting appeal in his behalf to the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. "Sires," she wrote, "I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal Majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this, I implore God, and I implore you, who are his vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits, and posterity which gives immortality, adores above all things, the generosity of conquerors."

And in 1819, Napoleon having expressed his determination, whatever might be the extremity of his case, not to permit the visits of an English physician, and his desire to have the company of a Catholic priest, she cheerfully defrayed the expense of a mission to St. Helena, selected by Cardinal Fesch, with the approval of the Pope, consisting of Dr. Antommarchi, Father Bonavita, and Abbé Vignali.

XXXII.

Madame Letitia continued to reside at Rome, with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falconnieri, until her death, which took place on the 2d of February, 1836, at the advanced age of 86 years. She occupied an extensive suite of apartments in the palace of her brother, which were handsomely furnished, and with more attention to neatness and comfort than is common in Italy. Her establishment was splendid, but private and unostentatious. She lead a very retired life, in her declining years, amid the social circle of her children and a few intimate friends, and dispensing charities to the poor. She retained marks of her former beauty after she had reached her eightieth year. Canova's magnificent bust of her strikingly resembles the original. Her children and descendants were unwearied in their attentions to her to the last, and she died as she had lived, a zealous devotee of the Catholic faith.

She is buried in Rome—and her dust has mingled with the imperial soil which holds the ashes of the mother of the Gracchi, and half the heroes of the earth.

XXXIII.

CARDINAL FESCH,

Born at Ajaccio, January 3rd., 1763—died at Rome, May 13th., 1839.

The maternal uncle of Napoleon, Cardinal Fesch, was the son of Francis Fesch, by the mother of Letitia Ramolini, who, after the death of her first husband, contracted a second marriage with a captain in one of the Swiss Regiments in the service of France, then garrisoned in Corsica. Captain Fesch was a native of Basle, in Switzerland, and a Protestant; but adopted the Catholic faith to win the hand of the beautiful widow Ramolini.

Joseph Fesch [afterwards Cardinal] remained in his native place till his thirteenth year, when he was sent to the college of Aix, in France, where he stayed till 1789, when he was nominated by the Pope, Archdeacon of the cathedral of Ajaccio, an office which had become vacant by the resignation of Lucien Bonaparte, the great-uncle of Napoleon. At this time, and for many years afterward, the Abbé Fesch resided in the family of his sister, Letitia Bonaparte, whose husband he had accompanied on a journey to France, in a futile search for health, and whom he had attended in his last hours.

Between the Abbé Fesch, and his relatives of the Bonaparte family, there appears always to have been the most affectionate regard and mutual attachment. Proscribed in Corsica by the partisans of Paoli, with the other members of the Bonaparte family, the Abbé was compelled to leave his church and flock at Ajaccio. Fly-

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CARDINAL FESCH.

ing with his sister and her children from the Island, the exiles took up their residence at Marseilles. His sympathies like those of all his relatives, being in favor of Republican principles, Fesch withdrew from his clerical profession, which was proscribed during the reign of terror in France, and entered as a keeper of stores in the army of Montesquiou, in Savoy. In 1796 he became commissary-general in the army of Italy, under his nephew Napoleon. In that capacity he was believed to have acquired a considerable fortune.

XXXIV.

When Napoleon became First Consul, [1799], Fesch resumed the clerical profession, and after the Concordat with the Pope, [July, 1801], he was appointed Archbishop of Lyons, being consecrated by the Cardinal Legate in person, [15th of August, 1802.]

The Concordat is the name given to any formal agreement between the Pope of Rome and a foreign government, by which the ecclesiastical discipline of the Catholic clergy, and the management of the churches and benefices within the territory of that government, are regulated. Concordats have been made between the Pope and the Sovereigns of France and other European nations at different periods, but have become most frequent since the middle of the eighteenth century, an epoch from which the European Catholic governments have made themselves more independent of the ecclesiastical power; and the Popes have been for the most part men of an enlightened and conciliatory spirit. But the most celebrated Concordat in history is that now referred to, agreed upon between Cardinal Gonsalvi, in the name of Pius VII, and Joseph Bonaparte on the part of the

First Consul and Government of France, in 1801. The Pope made several concessions, seldom, if ever, granted by his predecessors. He suppressed many bishopricks, sanctioned the sale of church property which had taken place, superseded all bishops who had refused to take the oath to the Republic, and consented that the First Consul should appoint the bishops, subject to the approbation of the Pontiff. The clergy became subject to the civil power, like laymen. All immunities, ecclesiastical courts and jurisdictions were abolished, and the regulations of public worship were placed under the control of the secular authorities. This Concordat restored the Roman Catholic religion in France, and on the stipulations agreed on, it was proclaimed, on the part of the French government, that the Catholic religion was that of the majority of Frenchmen; that its worship should be free, public, and protected by the authorities, but under such regulations as the civil power should think proper to prescribe for the sake of public tranquility; that its clergy should be provided for by the State; that the cathedrals and parish churches should be restored to them. The total abolition of convents was also confirmed. This Concordat was not agreed to by the Pope without some scruples, nor without much opposition from several of the theologians and canonists of the Court of Rome. But considering the situation of France, where so many of the Catholic churches had been closed during the Revolution, and the persecutions to which the clergy had been subjected for years, they submitted to circumstances, and accepted the terms of the Concordat as a boon from the First Consul, whose power and influence alone could have carried it into effect against the discontent and opposition of the infidel portion of the people, still strong in numbers, power and influence.

XXXV.

On Easter Sunday, 1802, the Concordat was published at Paris, with a decree of regulations on matters of discipline, which were so drawn as to appear a part of the original Concordat. The regulations were, that no bull, brief, or decision from Rome, should be acknowledged in France without the previous approbation of the government; no nuncio or apostolic commissioner to appear in France, and no council to be held without a similar consent; appeals against abuses to be laid before the Council of State; professors of Seminaries to subscribe to the four articles of the Gallican church of 1682; no priest to be ordained unless over twenty-five years of age; and lastly, that the grand vicars of the respective dioceses should exercise the episcopal authority after the demise of the bishop till the election of his successor, instead of vicars elected *ad hoc* by the respective chapters, as prescribed by the Council of Trent. This last article grieved most the court of Rome, as it affected the spiritual jurisdiction of the church. The Pope made remonstrances, to which the First Consul turned a deaf ear.

Regulations were issued at the same time, concerning the discipline of the Protestant churches in France. The Protestant clergy were also paid by the State.

XXXVI.

On the occasion of the solemn promulgation of the Concordat in the cathedral of Notre Dame, the Archbishop of Aix officiated, and the First Consul attended in full state. The old generals of the Republic had been invited by Marshal Berthier in the morning to attend the levee of the First Consul, who took them unawares with him to Notre Dame. The observation of Religious ceremonies, and attendance on public worship soon became fashionable in Paris and other parts of France, and the restoration of the Catholic faith as a religion of state was confirmed. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he never repented having signed the Concordat; that it was a great political measure; that it gave him influence over the Pope, and through him over a great part of the world, and especially Italy; and that he might have ended by directing the Pope's councils altogether.

In the arrangements of the Concordat, Fesch cordially concurred, zealously co-operating with his nephew in his efforts to re-establish the Catholic religion. On the 17th of January, 1803, he received from Pope Pius VII, the appointment of Cardinal, and soon afterwards was sent by Napoleon ambassador to the Court of Rome, where he was received with marked distinction.

XXXVII.

The Viscount de Chateaubriand accompanied the Cardinal, as first secretary to the Embassy. During his residence at Rome, Fesch gave concerts in his Palace, even in Lent, to which he invited his colleagues of the Sacred College; but in consequence of a special regulation, and an intimation from La Somaglia, the Cardinal Vicar, the cardinals declined these invitations. When Napoleon had restored his uncle to the clerical profession, at the time of the general restoration of the priesthood, he would only do so on condition of exemplary conduct; for while commissary of war of Italy, no one, judging from his manner of life, would have taken M. Fesch to be a minister of religion. Returning to his first profession, where his powerful relationship warranted him in hoping the first rank and influence in the church, the Abbé, with a rare moral resolution, altered his manners, disguised his habits, and presented in a seminary, the spectacle of an edifying penitence. We have noticed the rapidity of his advancement in honors and preferment. When he had received the Archbishopric of Lyons, which had been kept vacant for him, and a Cardinal's hat, he showed himself, in the opinion of some, not the supporter of Napoleon, but rather his antagonist in the church; and it was suspected that he intended some day to compel a nephew to whom he owed everything, to be dependent upon an uncle who was supported by the secret ill will of the clergy. Napoleon had complained of what he thought a new instance of family ingratitude, and M. Portalis, one of his counselors, had advised him to rid himself of that uncle, by sending him to Rome.. "There," said M. Portalis, "he will have enough to do with the pride and prejudices of the Roman Court, and he will employ the faults of his disposition to your service instead of your injury." It was to this end, and not for the purpose of some day making him Pope, as was pretended at the time, that Napoleon accredited Cardinal Fesch to the court of Rome.

XXXIX.

In the autumn of 1804, the Cardinal accompanied Pius VII. to Paris, to assist at the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine. He had already been employed in negotiations necessary to overcome the scruples of the Pope and his Cardinals, in inducing the head of the Catholic church to accept the invitation of Napoleon, to undertake the journey over the Alps, at an inclement season. The restoration of the Catholic church in France had given Napoleon peculiar claims on the court of Rome, and after consulting with the cardinals, Pius gave his consent, and arrangements were made for his journey. The negotiations had been conducted in private, but although the secret had been well kept by Cardinal Fesch, the news from Paris and some inevitable indiscretions of the agents of the Holy See, caused the negotiations to be divulged, and the prelates and diplomatists of the court of Rome, indulged in censures and sarcasms. Pius VII. was styled *the Chaplain of the Emperor of the French;* for that Emperor, standing in need of the ministry of the Pope, had not come to Rome, as Charlemange, Otho, Barbarossa, and Charles V. of the olden times; he had summoned the Pope to his palace in France.

The negotiations at Paris were conducted by the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Caprara. In his dispatches to Rome he described what was passing in France, the good to be accomplished there by the Pope's visit; and he positively affirmed that the Emperor's invitation could not be refused but with the greatest perils; and that the Pope would derive only satisfaction from his journey. The Pope had his cardinals enlightened by the letters of the legate, and urged by Cardinal Fesch, finally consented; and it was settled that the Pontiff should start from Rome the 2d and reach Fontainbleau the 27th of November.

As soon as the consent of the court of Rome was obtained, Cardinal Fesch declared that the Emperor would defray all the expenses of the journey; and he further made known the details of the magnificent reception in preparation for the head of the Catholic church. He desired that twelve cardinals, besides the Secretary of State, Gonsalvi, should accompany the Pope; he also wished, contrary to the established custom, by which the cardinals take precedence in the order of seniority, to have the first place in the pontifical carriage, in quality of ambassador, grand almoner, and uncle to the Emperor.

Pius VII. yielded some points, but was inflexible in the number of cardinals, and the attendance of the Secretary of State. Imagining his health worse than it really was, and mistaking the nervous agitation into which he was thrown for a dangerous illness, he thought it very likely he might die on his journey. He also feared that some advantage might be taken of his presence in France. With this apprehension, therefore, he had drawn up and signed his abdication, and placed it in the hands of Cardinal Gonsalvi, that he might be able to declare the pontificate vacant. In the event of his death or abdication it would be requisite to convoke the Sacred College to appoint his successor, and it was necessary, therefore, to have as many cardinals as possible at Rome, among others Gonsalvi, who was best qualified to guide the church in such an exigency. The Pope wished also to prove to the Court of Austria that he would not, as he had promised, treat with Napoleon upon any question foreign to the French church; by not taking with him to Paris, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the man by whom all the important business of the Roman Court was transacted.

For these reasons Pius refused to be attended by more than six cardinals, and the Secretary of State remained at Rome. He yielded to the personal pretensions of Cardinal Fesch, who was to occupy the first place from their arrival in France.

XL.

Having confided all necessary powers to Cardinal Gonsalvi, the Pope, [the morning of the 2d of November], went to the altar of St. Peter, and knelt for some time, surrounded by the cardinals, the nobles, and the people of Rome. On his knees he offered up a fervent prayer, as though about to brave imminent perils. From the tomb of the apostle he entered his carriage, and the cortege took the road towards Paris. The people followed his carriage for a long time, weeping. He traversed the Roman States and Tuscany, along roads lined by kneeling multitudes. At Florence he was received by the Queen Regent of Etruria with due honors, and began to recover from his anxieties. Thence he was conducted by Piacenza, Parma and Turin, through Piedmont, to the Alps, which he crossed in safety. Extraordinary precautions had been taken to render the journey safe and comfortable to himself and the aged cardinals who accompanied him. Officers of the imperial palace provided everything with zeal and magnificence. Descending the Alps he reached Lyons, where his alarm was changed into positive delight. The crowds of people who had assembled from the surrounding country, welcomed the head of the Catholic church with veneration. He now perceived that Cardinal Caprara spoke truly when he told him that his journey would be beneficial to religion, and prove a source of infinite gratification to himself. Receiving at Lyons a letter of thanks from the Emperor, the Pope hastened on towards Paris. Napoleon met him [25th November] near Fontainbleau, and cordially embracing him, the two sovereigns entered the Imperial carriage, for the favorite retreat of the Emperor. At the entrance to the palace, the empress, the court, and the chiefs of the army were arranged in a circle, to receive the Pontiff and offer him their homage. Accustomed as he was to the imposing ceremonies of Rome, he had never before gazed on so magnificent a scene. He was conducted to the apartments prepared for him, and after some hours of repose, received with cordiality the presentations of the court.

He conceived an affection for Napoleon which through many vicissitudes he cherished to the close of his life. On his reception at Fontainbleau he was filled with the emotion—he could not repress the joy of a welcome which to him seemed only the triumph of religion.

XLI.

The 28th of November, by the side of the Emperor the Pontiff entered Paris in the midst of every demonstration of love and reverence. He was conducted to the Palace of the Tuilleries, where he was installed with the sovereign honors of the Empire. He often went on the balcony of the Tuilleries, accompanied by Napoleon, where he was saluted by joyous acclamations. He looked on the people of Paris—that people who had been the actors of the ferocious scenes of the Revolution, and inaugurated the goddess of Reason. They knelt before him, and received the pontifical benediction. It is not strange that when Protestant Europe heard the news there was a general exclamation, Catholicism is far better than no religion.

The coronation was celebrated Sunday, the 2d of December, 1804. The evening previous, the Empress Josephine, who had found favor with the Pope, sought an interview with him, and declared that she had only been civilly married to Napoleon, as at the time of their nuptials, religious ceremonies had been abolished. The Pope, scandalized by a situation which in the eyes of the church, was a mere concubinage, declared to Napoleon that he could not by crowning Josephine give the divine consecration to the peculiar state in which they had lived. Napoleon, fearing to offend the Pope, whom he knew to be inflexible in matters of faith, and moreover unwilling to alter the programme which had been published, consented to receive the nuptial benediction. Josephine, sharply reprimanded by her husband, but delighted with her success, received the very night preceding the coronation, the sacrament of marriage in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Cardinal Fesch, with M. Talleyrand and Marshal Berthier for witnesses, and with profound secrecy, married the Emperor and Empress. The secret was faithfully kept till the divorce of Josephine.

XLII.

Having received from the Emperor the appointment of Grand Almoner of France, Cardinal Fesch took up his residence in Paris. In February, 1805, he was invested by the Emperor with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, having been chosen by the Electoral College of Lot a member of the Senate. Decorated in July of the same year with the Order of the Golden Fleece, by the King of Spain, the Cardinal in 1806, was by Dalberg, Elector of Mayence, Arch-chancellor of the German Empire, and afterwards Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine nominated as his colleague, and destined to be his successor. Napoleon refused his sanction to this nomination, and afterwards appointed in his place for the German dignity, Eugene Beauharnais, with the title of Grand Duke of Frankfort. The 31st January, 1809, Napoleon nominated Cardinal Fesch, to the high Ecclesiastical station of Archbishop of Paris, but for reasons connected with the discussions which had for some time been going on between the Emperor and the Pope, he thought it his duty to decline the appointment. Elected President of the Sacred Council of Paris, in 1810, the firmness with which he opposed some of the acts of Napoleon, particularly his violent treatment of Pius VII., excited general astonishment. This honorable conduct, however, while it gained for him the esteem of the wise and virtuous, prejudiced his own interests. When the divorce of Josephine was agitated, Napoleon was very angry with Cardinal Fesch, for having divulged the secret of the religious consecration which had been given to his marriage, on the eve of their coronation, in 1804. The Emperor said that the ceremony performed without witnesses, in the chapel of the Tuilleries, was invalid; that it had taken place solely to quiet the Pope's conscience; and that to think of raising such an obstacle against him at that moment [Nov. 1809,] was perfidious on the part of his uncle.

XLIII.

It was settled, however, that as soon as there was no more need of secrecy the Arch-chancellor, [Cambaceres,] should assemble several bishops, and invent some means of dissolving the spiritual union without having recourse to the Pope, from whom nothing was to be expected, under the circumstances. Canonical proceedings were, therefore, instituted before the diocesan court, to obtain the annulment of the religious marriage between Napoleon and Josephine. Cardinal Fesch, and Messrs. Talleyrand, Berthier and Duroc were heard as witnesses; the Cardinal as to the forms observed, the others as to the consent given by the parties. Cardinal Fesch declared that he had received from the Pope a dispensation—for waiving certain forms in the execution of his duties as grand almoner, which in his opinion justified the absence of witnesses and of a *Curé*. As to the title, he affirmed its existence, and thus rendered useless the precaution which had been taken to withdraw from Josephine's hands the certificate of marriage, which her children had with much difficulty obtained from her. Talleyrand, Berthier and Duroc affirmed that Napoleon had repeatedly told them, he had consented only to a mere ceremony to satisfy the conscience of Josephine, and the Pope; but that his formal intention at all times had been not to complete his union with the Empress; being unhappily certain he should soon be obliged to renounce her, for the interests of his Empire.

The decision of the ecclesiastical authority was, that there had not been sufficient consent—that there had been no witnesses, and no *proper priest*—that is to say, no parish clergyman—a minister accredited by the Catholic religion, to impart validity to a marriage. It declared that the dispensation granted to Cardinal Fesch in a general manner as grand almoner, could not have conferred on him the curial functions; and consequently the marriage was null, through defect of the most essential forms. The marriage was therefore broken, before both the diocesan and the metropolitan jurisdiction, with the full observance of the canon law. At the marriage [in April, 1810,] of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, however, Cardinal Fesch gave the nuptial benediction.

Having fallen into disfavor at the court of Napoleon, Cardinal Fesch retired to his See at Lyons, where he purchased and furnished with great splendor the magnificent edifice which formerly belonged to the Carthusians; where he resided, till the advance of the Austrians, toward Lyons in January, 1814. Dissatisfied with the Lyonese, who, he said, "had not the sense to defend themselves," he withdrew from his See; and after various changes of place, and narrowly escaping capture by the Austrians, arrived on Easter-day, at Orleans, whence with his sister, Madame Letitia, he took the road to Rome, where his recent fatigues were soon forgotten in the kind reception he met with from his old friend, Pius VII.

The Cardinal now seemed anxious to live in retirement at Rome, but on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, he threw open his palace, became unusually cheerful, gave splendid evening parties, and openly acknowledged that he considered his nephew's return to France, as the special work of Divine Providence. Following Napoleon, to Paris, the

Cardinal was created a Peer of France, only a fortnight before the battle of Waterloo.

XLIV.

Soon after the Battle of Waterloo, Cardinal Fesch addressed the following letter to his neice, the Princess Pauline Borghese. It was intercepted and published in the Turin Journal, in August, 1815 :—

"PARIS, June 28th, 1815.

"Lucien set off yesterday for London, in order to get passports for the rest of the family. Joseph and also Jerome will wait for their passports. Lucien has left here his second daughter, who has just arrived from England; she will set off again in a few days. I foresee the United States will be the end of the chase. I think you ought to remain in Italy; but recollect that character is one of the most estimable gifts of the Creator, with which he has enriched your family. Exercise courage then, and strength of mind, to rise superior to misfortune. Let no economy appear a sacrifice. At this moment we are all poor. Your mother and brothers embrace you.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"CARDINAL FESCH."

On the second return of the Bourbons, and the dispersion of the Bonaparte family, Cardinal Fesch, in the company of his sister, once more set out for Rome, where they were to spend the rest of their days.

With the same firmness he had once opposed the measures of Napoleon he disapproved, Fesch refused to accede to the demand of the Bourbons to resign his archbishopric of Lyons. In this dilemma, the Abbé de Rohan, a French noble, was appointed Grand Vicar-General of Lyons, against the will of the Cardinal. A papal brief in 1824 prohibited Fesch from the exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction in that diocese.

XLV.

In the possession of great wealth, the cardinal was liberal in his expenditures in France and at Rome, especially in objects of art, of which he was a judicious and munificent patron. His gallery of paintings at Rome occupied three stories of his princely palace. The collection embraced fourteen hundred pictures, and was considered one of the largest and best in Rome. Besides many of the first Italian masters, it was singularly rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Some years before his death, he sold a large part of his paintings, and by his will divided those remaining between the Vatican and his relatives, to the latter of whom he left most of his other property.

Cardinal Fesch died in Rome, May 13, 1839—in his 77th year. As a member of the Sacred College he had participated in the election of three Popes, viz: Leo XII. in 1823; Pius VIII. in 1829; Gregory XVI. in 1831. His funeral was celebrated in the church of San Lorenzo, in Lucina, and was attended by many of the cardinals, and upwards of one hundred bishops and archbishops.

In person, Cardinal Fesch was corpulent, of middle height, and in early life handsome; while his manners were pleasing and devoid of assumption or arrogance. Though considered by many vain and ambitious, there was nothing stern or intolerant about him, and to strangers he was particularly liberal and affable. During a large portion of his career his influence in the church of Rome was very great, enabling him to be of essential service to the Bonaparte family, and notwithstanding his occasional differences with Napoleon, showing his uniform attachment to them in prosperity and adversity. Zealously devoted to the interests of Napoleon, we have seen that he did not hesitate to withhold his approval of those great errors of the Emperor, the treatment of Pius VII., in his advanced years, and the repudiation of Josephine, coinciding doubtless in these respects with the feelings of Napoleon's best friends, and a great majority of the French nation.

BOOK II.

NAPOLEON.

Born at Corsica, August 15, 1769; Died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821; Buried in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. Dec. 15, 1840.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I.

Most of Napoleon's biographers have crowded his childhood and youth with miracles—but there was nothing marvelous about it. So far from having displayed any precocity of genius, he was rather a common-place boy. The only quality he was distinguished for in his childhood on his own confession, was obstinacy. Even after the Seige of Toulon, his mother and the friends of the family regarded Joseph, his elder brother, as his superior. His conduct on the 13th Vendémaire, [Oct. 4, 1795], was the first display he had ever made of the elements of true greatness. He grew up rather slow ; and this may account for the sturdiness of his growth. It has often been observed that "late springs produce the greatest plenty." The lioness may produce but one whelp at a birth—but it is a lion : and the oak which defies a thousand whirlwinds, grows slow.

II.

The first twenty-five years of Napoleon's life he was growing *down*—but when he started up, he shot to the stars. He has titles enough to greatness, without borrowing plumes from the gratuitous bedeckings of prurient writers. On every subsequent emergency he displayed capacity for which his contemporaries found no parallel. He outstripped the standard measurements of power in all its forms, and distanced competition at every step.

III.

It has often been remarked by superficial authors that Napoleon rose at a favorable moment—that events were waiting for him. It is true—but not in the sense they understand it. It was a favorable moment for a great pilot to seize the helm—for the ship was driving on the rocks—but it took a mighty hand to guide her.

The fiery chariot of Revolution was rolling by, but every Phæton who had mounted the flying-car, had been dashed to pieces. It had crushed a thousand leaders in the dust, and was still careering its lightning-way over the bosom of France. Napoleon sprang to the car, and drove it whithersoever he listed. His will was too strong for everything but omnipotence!—He had a great opportunity, but to attempt to grasp it would have been fatal to any other man. He reached the shore when it was strewn with the wreck of a whole mob of great men. Among them lay the mangled corpse of Robespierre—that coward demon of the Reign of Terror. This Canute of a political ocean controlled the waves.

IV.

In an age of Heroes he became the first of Soldiers—in an age of Kings the only monarch men feared—in a century and a country of trappings, and lace, and powder, the master of the only brilliant Court—in an age of a hundred Sovereigns, the only throne-maker. And whatever he built, he constructed out of Chaos. It grew, too, by the act of his own will; as the wand of the Genii built the palace for Aladdin. His palaces, too, were inhabited, not by the puling inheritors of Hapsburgh sceptres; but by the Great-Hearts of the People—who lived in the air of Liberty and Battle—who had trampled old crowns into the dust, and made new ones more to their liking—kingdoms cut out of Feudal domains, by the only real Damascus blade—Heroism!

V.

The traveler who visits Corsica, should give a few hours for a ride to the Country *Villa* of the Bonaparte Family. Passing up the lawn where rude peasants now press their vintage, he will go through the old *Villa* into the garden, where his ears will ring with the echoes of the gay shouts of that infantile horde of kings and queens, that played there in their childhood!

VI.

There is nothing marvelous after all, in the spirit of Mythology. Hero-worship is an instinctive sentiment. The Classic Lands were peopled by heroes, and history turned them into divinities. In those days, when all was so fair and innocent in the garden of the Bonaparte *Villa* at Corsica, and the death-flood was submerging France, there were many groups of infant triflers the world has never heard of. But in *this* home-nest, there was an Eagle; and when he soared, he bore with him his little companions to the summits of the earth.

So much for heroism. Historians have set these talons growing too quick—as if there were danger they would not grow fast and large enough! Young Napoleon was not an extraordinary boy. His boyhood was filled with moodiness, solitude and reflection.

VII.

It was decided that Napoleon should be a soldier; and in his tenth year he was sent to the Military School at Brienne as a pensioner of the king. He was a poor boy; and his position often and for many years subjected him to the keenest mortification. The school was made up chiefly, of the sons of the proud *old Noblesse* of the realm, whose ancestry dated from the times of Charlemagne. They were furnished with all the appliances of luxury, and they inherited the pride as well as the souvenirs of their race. Napoleon was prouder than they; and he seldom mingled with those he so earnestly despised. The five years he passed at Brienne, were made up of solitude, secret suffering, chagrin and study. But when his course was finished, he went through his examination so well, he was recommended by his masters for admission to the Royal Military School at Paris, where he came within the vortex of the Revolution.

VIII.

Although his genius alone, had given him the passport to this focal point of rank and refinement to which others were admitted only by the accident of birth, or the favor of the court, he encountered a still more intolerable, and repelling atmosphere; for while every third boy that looked on him, was a duke from his cradle, the young Corsican was still a pensioner of the king! It is easy to imagine how the pride of a boy like Napoleon, must have been stung by the imperious manners of his haughty companions; and what he suffered, inflamed in his soul a deep contempt for mere hereditary rank, and a love for popular rights. He declaimed violently against the luxury in which his rich companions were indulged; and drew the contrast between their education, and the manner in which the Spartans trained up their sons. His feelings were so deep on the subject, that on being reproved by an uncle of the Dutchess d'Albrantes, for ingratitude as a pensioner of the king, he furiously broke out with an expression of his indignation—"Silence," said the gentleman, at whose table he was sitting—"It ill becomes you who are educated by the king's bounty, to speak as you do." Those at the table afterwards said, they thought he would have been stifled with rage. He turned red and pale in an instant, and said, "I am *not* educated at the *king's* expense—but at the expense of the *nation.*" He addressed a memorial to the chief of the school, remonstrating against the luxurious elegance of the young nobles; and attempted to show, that no men could be fitted for the hardships of military life, without habits of greater independence. That they should be obliged to clean their own rooms, groom their own horses, and inure themselves to some of the hardships they would encounter in war—"If," said he one day, "I were king of France I would change this state of things very quick."—He had the satisfaction of doing this before he became king!

IX.

The three years he spent in the school at Paris, decided his character and history. He was standing by the side of the crater of the Revolution, and he grew feverish with its subterranean fires. He was nurturing deep in his soul, the passions and principles that were to guide his life. He mingled little in society; but he saw much of the people, *and took sides irrevocably with the cause of the nation.* This has always been a Bonaparte trait. His studies were prosecuted with zeal and intensity. He made such advancement in mathematics, that the great La Place, by whom he was examined for admission to the army, could not withhold a public expression of his admiration and praise. He read profoundly all the great Histories of men and nations; while his closest and deepest studies were given to Tacitus, that profound master of political wisdom, and Plutarch, the sculptor of ancient Heroes. The wild and gorgeous poems of Ossian had just flashed on Europe. Gleaming with the chivalry of an ideal age, and filled with dim solemn pictures of love, victory and death, those wonderful writings became his favorite poems throughout life. They are filled with scenes not unlike some in his own history. While he was scaling the summits of the Great St. Bernard amidst the desolations of an eternal winter, and when his cannon waked the echoes of the holy mountains of Judea, that had once responded to the voice of God, he must have recalled the awful imagery of Ossian. Thus it was that his intellectual, social, political and military character was formed. His intimacy at this time with the learned Abbé Raynal, contributed materially to his intellectual progress; and during this period he must have learned nearly all that he ever knew of books; since his subsequent life was passed chiefly in camps, battles, courts and cabinets.

X.

In August, 1785, he received his first commission in the army; and he had just completed his 16th year when he joined his Artillery at Valence as Second Lieutenant. He now moved more in society, and frequented intimately the family of Madame Colombier—an accomplished lady, to whose daughter he offered his hand in marriage. But the "pennyless Lieutenant" was rejected. The girl married. Napoleon met her at Lyons after he became Emperor, and placed her as Lady of Honor to one of his sisters, and provided a good place for her husband in the public service.

XI.

But most of his leisure at Valence was devoted to study, and he competed anonymously for a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best essay on a thesis proposed by Raynal—"What institutions are best calculated to promote the highest happiness of a nation?" Many years later Talleyrand found the successful manuscript and showed it to the Emperor, who glanced over a page or two and cast it into the fire.

He also meditated a History of the Revolutions of his native Island, and had nearly prepared a portion of it for publication, [two chapters in manuscript being still in the possession of the Earl of Ashham of England], which after being carefully read by Raynal, he thought worthy of sending to Mirabeau, who, on returning the manuscript to Raynal, said, "That it indicated a genius of the first order." His studies were soon broken by the explosion of the Revolution. He had been promoted to a first lieutenancy, and early in 1792 he became a Captain of Artillery. He was in Paris during the terrible summer of that year and witnessed the insurrection of June 20, and the terrible assault on the Tuilleries. From one of its terraces he saw the head of poor Louis crowned with the Cap of Liberty by the mob. Fired with indignation he said to Bourienne, who was standing at his side—"Why did they give way to that *Canaille!* I would have blown five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels." Napoleon always abhorred anarchy. He said there was no remedy for mobs but grape-shot.

He witnessed also the terrific 10th of August: another assault on the Palace—the National Guard joining the insurgents—the royal family flying for refuge to the National Assembly—the massacre of the Swiss Guards at their posts—the infernal howlings of a brutal mob drenched in blood carrying on pikes the dripping heads of their fellow-citizens. Napoleon withdrew with horror and disgust from Paris, and with a leave of absence visited his mother at Corsica.

XII.

Paoli, who had been made Governor of Corsica by the National Assembly, was now endeavoring to bring the Island under the government of England; and he tried to seduce Napoleon from his loyalty to France. The old Corsican Patriot slapped him on the shoulder and said good-naturedly, "You are modeled after the ancients—you are one of Plutarch's men." This was true—but it did not win Napoleon; and although Paoli had been his idol from his childhood, he now deserted him forever. Corsica yielded to England—Napoleon fought to save it. He saw Ajaccio laid in ashes, and the home of his childhood burned. The Bonapartes escaped from the Island for an asylum in France, and Napoleon returned to Paris.

XIII.

The head of Louis XVI., had rolled from the block, [21st Jan. 1793], a gauntlet for the monarchies of Europe; and a month after, the Convention had declared War against England. This precipitated all Europe on France, and kings leagued together to crush her Republic. The Bourbon party was still strong in France, particularly in the South, where they had delivered the great arsenal and seaport of Toulon, into the hands of England: The arsenal was filled with military stores; and twenty-five English and Spanish line-of-battle-ships were riding in the harbor. The Convention bent all its forces at once to the recovery of Toulon The Seige had been now four months in progress—but the incompetency of one commander, and the cowardice of his successor, left the place untaken. Napoleon was dispatched from Paris to take command of the artillery. He arrived, examined the works, detected the blunders of the commander—formed a plan of attack—and was at last allowed to carry it into execution, by General Dugommier. While he was collecting his artillery, and planting batteries of 200 guns, with Duroc and Junot to aid him, he displayed what he afterwards became so distinguished for—an apparently total insensibility to fatigue. He worked through daylight, and slept nights by his guns till his batteries were ready, when the attack began.

XIV.

Eight thousand bombs and shells were thrown into Little Gibraltar Castle, which shattered the walls, and at daybreak the French with the dauntless Muiron for a leader, rushed over them, and put the whole garrison to the sword. This fort commanded the harbor, and Napoleon had said that the only way to get Toulon, was to carry Little Gibraltar, and the city would surrender in two days. His words were prophetic. He turned the new batteries he had seized, in another direction, and poured down a destructive fire upon the hostile fleets. The scene which followed for many hours baffles description. Upwards of 14,000 of the Bourbonists crowding the shores to find refuge from the Republican victors on board the fleets which were now moving out to sea—the explosion of vessels and arsenals—the merciless shower of shells falling from the French batteries—the screams of thousands of women—the groans of the wounded and dying—and spreading flames; all mingled in a drama of terror, death and victory.

Napoleon's science and valor had thus saved France from humiliation—taught her enemies to respect her—suppressed the spirit of insurrection in the Southern Provinces and given the government of the Convention control of the whole army. His name was not mentioned in the Dispatch of the Representatives, giving an account of the conflict—But a truly great man can always afford to bide his time.

XV.

Under the same General Dugommier, he was appointed to join the army of Italy at Nice, for the Campaign against Piedmont, with the rank of *Chef de Battalion.* His skill and boldness gave success to the expedition. He suggested the plan which resulted in the expulsion of the Piedmontese from the Col di Tende, [7th March, 1794], the strong fortification of Saorgio with its rich stores capitulated—and the maritime Alps fell into the hands of France. But again his superiors reaped the honors of victory, and so far from deriving any credit or advantage from his achievements, he was arrested on the fall of Robespierre, and thrown into prison. History has finally branded the meanness of this proceeding upon Salicetti—a Corsican adventurer who had risen into temporary power in France, and who resolved to crush his young countryman, whose genius he comprehended, and whose future eminence he foresaw. Salicetti was, however, foiled in his malicious attempt on the life of Napoleon. He succeeded, however, so far—that Napoleon was declared unworthy of public confidence and dismissed from the army, [July 28, 1794]. In a bold, concise and energetic letter to the Committee of Public Safety, he says, * * "You have suspended me from my functions—arrested, and declared me suspected. Therein you have branded me without judging—or rather judged without hearing. * * Hear me; destroy the oppression that environs me and restore me in the estimation of patriotic men. An hour after, if villains desire my life, I shall esteem it but little: I have despised it often."

The resolution was reconsidered, and he was released provisionally from arrest and offered the command of a General of Infantry in La Vendée, which he indignantly refused.

XVI.

It is a strange spectacle—to see the young officer struck from the rolls of the French army by the very men who afterwards contended for the honor of the meanest posts in his Empire, and one of whom (Salicetti) owed to Napoleon's magnanimity his life, which his villainy had forfeited a hundred times.

He withdrew for a while from Paris, and joined his family who were living in very reduced circumstances at Marseilles. It appears that he there formed another tender attachment, and would have married Mademoiselle Clery, [who afterwards became the wife of Bernadotte and queen of Sweden], had it not been for his poverty, which was now extreme.

In the month of May, [1795], Napoleon returned to Paris and applied to the Government for employment. He had fixed his eye on the East, that old theatre of Empire, and he asked for a mission to Turkey, to render that kingdom a more formidable barrier against the encroachments of Russia and England—to repair the old defences and erect new ones, and diffuse through the East the spirit of modern civilization. There were doubtless dreams of glory and the charm of adventure in his imagination. Bourienne remarks that "if the Committee had written *granted* at the bottom of the application, it would have changed the fate of Europe." So the young soldier turned away dejected; and had it not been for his friend Junot, who divided with him his purse, he would most likely have grown desperate. It is more than probable that the timely arrival from Junot's mother of a small sum of money, which he at once shared with Napoleon, kept him from suicide.

But events were thickening, and the idle and neglected young aspirant was soon to find scope for all his activity.

XVII.

Once more Paris was on the eve of a Revolution—and again 40,000 of the National Guard were in arms against the Goverment. A collision had taken place, [3rd Oct.], when the troops of the Convention were drawn off by the Commander. The insurgents were prepared to attack the Palace the next morning, put an end to the National Convention and take the Government into their own hands. There was no time for trifling when the Convention assembled. "There is but one man who can save us," said Barras to his colleagues: and Napoleon's name was at once proposed, as second in command under Barras. The convention confirmed the choice by a decree, and Napoleon was present during the proceedings. He hesitated half an hour before he gave his answer. He accepted the trust on the sole condition that he should not be interfered with by the representatives of the people. The trembling Convention yielded to the condition, and without the loss of a minute began his preparations for the morrow which was to decide whether the mob should triumph and France lose all the fruits of her Revolution, or law and order be established. Murat, Junot and many of the best officers of France, were flying all night through Paris collecting cannon and arranging the forces.

XVIII.

When the morning *reveil* sounded, the 40,000 insurgents began their march in compact and heavy columns from every section of Paris up to the Palace. The column which was advancing along the Rue St. Honoré, found a detachment of Napoleon's troops drawn up to dispute their passage, with two cannon. The National Guards leveled their muskets—

but a flint had hardly struck fire before a storm of grapeshot swept them from the street. The signal had been given, and all Napoleon's batteries, throughout the city, guarding the bridges of the Seine and the approaches to the Tuilleries, poured forth their murderous fire in all directions. In less than forty minutes the victory was complete, and the 40,000 insurgents had fled, leaving the streets where they stood barricaded with the wounded and the dead, and drenched with their blood. Napoleon gave orders for the instant disarming of the Sections; and the sun went down as calmly over the helpless city as though nothing had happened. The supremacy of the laws had been triumphantly asserted—life and property were secure in Paris for half a century. That same evening the theatres were opened and illuminated, and there were general rejoicings. Napoleon's star rose that night above the horizon, and began to mount and blaze towards the zenith.

XIX.

The victor was rewarded by the appointment of General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior. All Paris rushed to catch a glimpse of the Commander. To give France the full benefit of the 13th Vendemaire, everything was to be done, and Napoleon had to do it. His labors were enormous; but he still found time for study, and frequented very little the gay society of the Capital. As Commander of Paris, he had to hold his Military Levées, at one of which an incident occurred one morning which claims its place even in this brief sketch. A beautiful boy about twelve years old approached Napoleon and said, "My name is Eugene Beauharnais. My father, Viscount and a General of the Republican Armies, has died by the guillitone, and I am come to pray you to give me his sword." Napoleon complied with his request, and the boy covered it with his kisses and tears. He ran with it to his mother, who, penetrated with gratitude, went to the General the following day, to thank him, in person. That interview had much to do with his future life.

XX.

The Reign of Terror had ended with the death of Robespierre, and order had been restored in Paris. The Government had time now to provide for the external affairs of the State, and the Army of Italy, languishing under a nerveless Commander, demanded its first attention. It had accomplished nothing since Bonaparte was dismissed from it in disgrace, and the Directory resolved to send them a new General. All eyes were turned towards Napoleon, and he received the command, without a rival or superior in his camp.

XXI.

On the 9th of March, 1796, the young Conqueror of the Sections married Josephine Beauharnais, and a few days later set out to take command of the Army of Italy. He traversed France with the swiftness of a courier, spent a few hours with his mother at Marseilles, [whose comfort and independence were now provided for], and before the expiration of the month, he thus addressed his army of 50,000 destitute and disheartened men in Italy :—

" Soldiers !—You are hungry and naked : the Republic owes you much, but she has nothing to give you. Your endurance amidst these barren rocks deserves admiration ; but it brings you no glory. I come to lead you to the most fertile plains the sun shines on. Opulent provinces and large towns will soon be in our power, and there you will reap riches and glory. Soldiers of Italy !—will you be wanting in courage ?"

This was the first word of encouragement the army of Italy had heard ; and it shot martial enthusiasm through their veins like electric fire. Under the incompetent management of Scherer that great army had been brought to wretchedness and want, and their horses had died of famine. And yet their battalions were headed by such officers as Massena, Menard, Surrurier, Laharpe, Rampon, Joubert, Lannes, and Augereau, and a hundred others thirsting for battle.

In his dispatch to the Directory of the 8th April, the Commander-in-Chief says, " I found this army destitute of everything and without discipline. Insubordination and discontent had gone so far that a party for the Dauphin had been formed in camp, and they were singing songs opposed to the tenets of the Revolution. You may, however, rest assured that peace and order will be restored. By the time you receive this letter, we shall have met the enemy."

XXII.

Napoleon's career of victory began as it continued, in defiance of the established rules of warfare ; and what distinguished him above all his contemporaries was his ability to convert the most unfavorable circumstances into the means of success. Where other men would have recoiled from inevitable death, he advanced to decisive victory. Where other generals saw reasons for discouragement, he borrowed inspiration for hope.

He now found himself under the weight of a responsibility seldom cast upon so young a man. He was in the dominions of hostile sovereigns whose royal kinsmen had died by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror. The Sardinian King was father-in-law to both the brothers of Louis XVI., and Maria Antoinette was sister to the Emperor of Austria. He was moreover, in a land which had been ruled for ages by the Hierarchy of Rome, who saw in the French Revolution only the destruction of God's altars and the murder of his priests. He was obliged to provide resources for himself in an enemy's country, and within a day's march of him lay three powerful armies, with either of which it seemed mad ness to attempt to cope. He had yet achieved no fame in the field, and not a general in Europe would have blamed him if he had only succeeded in holding the territory of Nice and Savoy, which France had already won.

XXIII.

But his views were bounded by no such limits. He undertook to accomplish three objects—so great, that the conception of either indicated the vastness of his mind, and the measure of his confidence. *First*, to compel the King of Sardinia—with a strong army in the field, to abandon his alliance with Vienna. *Second*, to force Austria to concentrate her forces in her Italian Provinces, thus obliging her to withdraw them from the bank of the Rhine. *Third*, to humble the power of the Vatican, and break the *prestige* of its Jesuitical diplomacy forever.

To accomplish these bold endeavors with such slender means, [and of his 50,000 men only 25,000 could be brought into the field], he was obliged to forget all that men had taught about the art of war, and invent a system for himself—a system in which the favors of fortune might be won by the daring of chivalry ; and genius and intrepidity atone for numbers in battle. He knew he would have to deal with veteran soldiers and experienced generals—men who had learned the art of war before he was born. He therefore resolved that every movement should be made with celerity, and every blow leveled where it was least expected.

XXIV.

Beaulieu, the Austrian General, with a powerful, disciplined and well-appointed army determined to cut off Napoleon's advance into Italy. He posted himself with one column at Voltri, a town on the sea, ten miles west of Genoa —D'Argenteau with another column occupied the heights of Monte-Notte, while the Sardinians, led by General Colli, formed the right of the line at Ceva. This disposition was made in compliance with the old system of tactics. But it was powerless before new strategy. On the morning of the 12th April, when D'Argenteau advanced from Monte-Notte to attack the column of Rampon, he found that by skillful manœuvers during the night Napoleon had completely surrounded him. He fought gallantly, but seeing that to continue the battle would only end in destruction, he fled to the mountain-fastnesses, leaving his colors and cannon, with 1000 dead and 2000 prisoners on the field. This was the centre of the great Austrian Army. It was completely routed before either of the wings, or even the Commander-in-Chief knew that a battle had begun. This was the VICTORY OF MONTE-NOTTE—from which Napoleon dated the origin of his nobility.

XXV.

Beaulieu fell back on Dego where he could open his communication with Colli, who had retreated to Millesimo. They were again strongly posted, and dispatching couriers to Milan, intended to wait for reinforcements before they risked another engagement. But they were not dealing with an old general, and this respite they could not have.

The morning after the victory of Monte-Notte, Napoleon dispatched Augereau to attack Millesimo ; Massena to fall on Dego, and La Harpe, to turn the flank of Beaulieu. Massena carried the heights of Biastro at the point of the bayonet, while La Harpe dislodged the Austrian General from his position, which separated him hopelessly from the Sardinian commander, and put him to precipitate flight. Meantime Augereau had seized the outposts of Millesimo and cut off Provera with 2000 men from Calli's army. The next morning, Napoleon who had arrived in the night, forced Calli to battle—shattered his army, and put them to flight—Provera surrendered to escape slaughter. Hotly pursued by the victors, Calli rallied his fugitives at Mondovi, where they again yielded to the irresistible onset of the French. He left his baggage and cannon, and his best troops, on the field. The Sardinian army had ceased to exist, and the Austrians were flying to the frontiers of Lombardi.

Napoleon entered Cherasco—a strong place ten miles from Turin, where he dictated the terms by which alone the Sardinian King could still wear a crown. From the castle where he stood, and looking off upon the garden-fields of Lombardy, which had gladdened the eyes of so many conquerors, with the Alps behind him, glittering in their perennial snows, Napoleon said to his officers, "Hannibal forced the Alps—we have turned them." The following Bulletin sums up the history of the campaign to this moment:—

"Soldiers! in fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stand of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont: You have made 15,000 prisoners, killed or wounded upwards of 10,000 men. Hitherto you have fought for barren rocks, rendered famous by your valor, but useless to your country. Your services now equal those of the victorious army of Holland and the Rhine. You have provided yourselves with everything of which you were destitute—You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. Republican phalanxes, Soldiers of Liberty, only could have endured all this. Thanks for your perseverance, and if your conquest of Toulon presaged the immortal campaign of 1793, your present victories presage a still nobler. But, Soldiers, you have done nothing while so much remains to do. Neither Turin nor Milan are yours. The ashes of the Conquerors of the Tarquins are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville."

To the Italians he said :—

"People of Italy! The French army come to break your chains. The People of France are the friends of all nations —confide in them. Your property, your religion and your customs shall be respected. We make war with those tyrants alone who enslave you."

His army flushed with victory, were eager to continue their march, and the People of Italy hailed Napoleon as their deliverer. The Sardinian King did not long survive the humiliation of his crown—he died of a broken heart. In the meantime the couriers of Napoleon were almost every hour riding into Paris with the news of his victories, and five times in six days the Representatives of France had decreed that the army of Italy deserved well of their country.

XXVII.

The Austrian General concentrated his flying battalions behind the Po, between Turin and Milan, with the hope of arresting the French Army in their victorious march to the Capital of Lombardy. In his descent to Piedmont he had crossed that great river at Valenza, and he supposed Napoleon would do the same. But the French had crossed the Po at Piacenza, fifty miles below, before Beaulieu knew they were in motion; and this hazardous feat had been performed without the loss of a man. The Austrian followed him, intending to bring him to an engagement, with the Po in his rear. But Napoleon forced his march on to Fombio, where as the advanced columns met [8th May,] the French carried the day at the point of the bayonet. Leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy the Austrians crossed the Adda, another large stream behind which Beaulieu gathered his forces, posting strong guards at every ford of the river, particularly at the wooden Bridge of Lodi, which by a fatal mistake he left standing. But at that place he planted a battery of 30 cannon, so arranged that they could sweep every plank of the Bridge.

XXVIII.

Napoleon came up and resolved to bring on the battle at once. While he was making his preparations, he dispatched a heavy body of Cavalry to cross the river by a distant ford, and hold themselves in readiness to fall on the Austrian rear, while Napoleon charged across the Bridge. He watched anxiously, and at the first sign of their appearance in the distance, he gave the order to advance, and a column of grenadiers rushed on the Bridge mingling their shouts of *Vive la Republique* with the roar of the Austrian cannon which were raining grape-shot into their ranks. The solid masses of indomitable valor recoiled for a moment when they received the storm. But Napoleon and his principal officers rushed to their head—the French bugles again sounded to the charge, and the irresistible tide swept the Bridge as the waves sweep the floods of the ocean. Lannes was the first man who cleared the Bridge and Napoleon the second. The batteries were carried—the men bayoneted at their guns, and the on-rushing phalanx plunged into the very heart of the Austrian column. Meantime the French Cavalry were doing their work of death on the rear. Once more Beaulieu's army was broken and put to flight. When Europe heard of the battle they named the Conqueror "THE HERO OF LODI." The few men still living who mingled in the carnage of that day, never mentioned the name of Lodi without a shudder. The Battle of Lodi gave the victor control of the home of the Lombard kings, whose massive gates flew open four days after for his triumphal entry. He issued the following order of the day to his men :—

XXIX.

"SOLDIERS ! You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Appenines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours ; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic.

"To your generosity only, do the Dukes of Parma and of Modena now owe their political existence. The army which proudly threatened you, finds no remaining barrier against your courage. The Po, the Tessino, the Adda, could not stop you a single day. Those vaunted ramparts of Italy proved insufficient ; you traversed them as rapidly as you did the Appenines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the heart of your country. Your representatives have decreed a festival to be celebrated in all the Communes of the Republic, in honor of your victories. Then will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs and boast that you belong to them.

"Yes, Soldiers, you have done much ; but much still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us—we know how to conquer, but not to profit by victory. Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? Nay, fellow-soldiers! I hear you already crying, 'to arms!' Inaction fatigues you; and days lost to glory are to you days lost to happiness. Let us then begone! We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; laurels to gather; and injuries to avenge. Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who have pusillanimously assassinated our Ministers, who have burned our vessels at Toulon—let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has sounded!

"But let not the people be disquieted. We are the friends of every people; and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and other great men, to whom we look as bright exemplars. To reestablish the Capital; to place there with honor the statues of the heroes who made it memorable; to rouse the Roman People, unnerved by many centuries of oppression—such will be some of the fruits of our victories. They will constitute an epoch for posterity. To you, Soldiers, will belong the immortal honor of redeeming the fairest portions of Europe. The French People, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace, which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne, the last six years. Then by your own firesides you shall repose, and your fellow-citizens, when they point out any one of you, shall say:—'He belonged to the Army of Italy.'"

XXX.

At the end of five days, his columns again started in pursuit of the discomfited Beaulieu, who had fled beyond the Mincio, with his left wing resting on the impregnable Castle of Mantua, "the citadel of Italy," and his right on the Venetian fortress of Peschiera. He had chosen one of the strongest positions in Europe. Napoleon forced the passage of the Mincio at Borghetta, and Beaulieu was compelled to abandon that river and fall back on the Adige. On the day of this last victory, Napoleon was surprised by a detachment of the enemy, and narrowly escaped falling into Beaulieu's hands. He now organized a small band of chosen men to watch over his person—and these guides grew at last into the Imperial Guard of Napoleon.

The French General had now stripped Austria of all her Italian possessions except Mantua, and the tri-color was waving from the Tyrol to the Mediterranean. He was now in effect master of Italy.

But the Cabinet of Vienna saw that a more earnest and vigorous struggle must be undertaken, or the victor who annihilated her Italian army and wrested from her her Italian dominions, would soon march into the heart of her Empire, and dictate a peace under the walls of her Capitol. A new army was therefore drafted from the Austrian forces on the Rhine, and at their head the veteran Marshal Wurmser, began his march over the Tyrol, to atone for the reverses of Beaulieu, on the plains of Italy.

XXXI.

He had 80,000 of the best troops in the world under his command, and Napoleon had scarcely a third of that number. But Wurmser's first movement after fixing his headquarters at Trent was fatal. He divided his magnificent army—which, united, Napoleon never could have met—into three columns, each of which was successively broken and captured. Melas with the left wing, was to march down the Adige and expel the French from Verona—Quasdonowich with the left wing, followed the valley of the Chiese, toward Brescia, to cut off Napoleon's retreat on Milan, while the Marshal himself led on the centre down the left shore of Lake Guarda toward the still besieged Castle of Mantua. The eye of Napoleon, who had hitherto been watching with the intensity of an eagle's gaze all the movements of his antagonist, now saw the division of Quasdonowich separated from the centre and left wing; and he flew to the encounter. But he was obliged to draw off his army from the seige of Mantua—which not one general in a hundred would have done. On the night of July 31st, he buried his cannon in the trenches, and intentionally marked his retreat with every sign of precipitation and alarm. But a courier could have hardly borne to Quasdonowich the news of his raising the siege of Mantua, before Napoleon had attacked and overwhelmed him, and he was glad to save his shattered forces by falling back on the Tyrol.

XXXII.

This ill-omened beginning fired the blood and quickened the evolutions of Wurmser, and falling on the rear-guard of Massena under Pigeon, and Augereau under Vallette, the one shamefully abandoned Castiglione, and the other retired on Lonato. These inconsiderable successes were gained by good generalship, and the brave Marshal now attempted to open his communication with his defeated Lieutenant. His column was weakened by extending the line, and an electric movement of Massena regained Lonato, and cut the Marshal's division in two. The flight of some regiments, the surrender of others, and the confusion of all, left on history the BATTLE OF LONATO.

The brave old German, however, rallied his battalions at Castiglione, where Augereau, who was determined to wipe out the disgrace of Vallette, achieved a victory so brilliant, that Napoleon afterwards created him Duke of Castiglione—a lasting *souvenir* of the gallant achievement.

The rout of the Austrian army was complete; its discomfited columns were flying in all directions toward the Mincio, and Napoleon's couriers, mounted on the fleetest horses of Lombardy, were riding toward Paris with the news of the defeat of another and a larger army of Austrians, headed by a Marshal of the Empire!

XXXIII.

In the midst of this great campaign, an incident occurred on which the fate of Europe for a moment hung. One of the flying divisions of Wurmser's army in passing Lonato, came up suddenly on Napoleon himself, with no protection but his staff and guards. The Austrian officer who went to demand a surrender, was taken blindfolded into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. Napoleon saved himself by an *impromptu* stroke. At a secret sign, his staff closed around him. The bandage was stripped from the head of the messenger, and he found himself in the presence of Napoleon. "What insolence is this! Do you even after defeat beard the General of France in the midst of his army?" The terrified messenger went back to his Commander, related what he had seen, and 4,000 men at once laid down their arms, when, had they known the truth, a tithe of the number could have captured Napoleon and his officers, and put an end to the war.

XXXIV.

A detailed history of these achievements occupies the pen of the Historian, longer than they did the sword of the Conqueror. This campaign against Wurmser lasted but seven days. But while it lasted, Napoleon's boots were not taken off his feet, nor did he sleep one hour at a time! He and his army needed repose, and flushed with victory they could afford to take it. But he pressed on the rear of his enemy, till he had set down before Mantua, dug up his buried cannon, and renewed the siege. The old Marshal had re-victualed the fortress, and taken refuge within its walls. But in one week he had lost his stores, artillery and nearly 40,000 men.

While Napoleon was giving some respite to his wearied army, suppressing revolts and conspiracies, and rendering the subjugation of Italy complete, Austria was hurrying a new army to the relief of its aged, but not disheartened Marshal. The reinforcements arrived, and Wurmser again was in the field with an army vastly larger than Napoleon's. But again he split his army into divisions, and again each division was to be cut to pieces. He marched 30,000 to the relief of Mantua, and left Davidowich at Roveredo with 20,000 to protect the passes of the Tyrol.

XXXV.

The two Austrian divisions were now separated and their fate was sealed. On the 4th September, by the most rapid marches Europe had seen, Napoleon reached Roveredo, where Davidowich was intrenched in a strong position before the city, covered by the guns of the Calliano Castle overhanging the town. The camp was yielded before the terrific charge of Dubois and his huzzars, and his dying words as he fell—"Let me hear the shout of victory for the Republic before I die"—fired his troops with deeper ardor. They drove the Austrians through the town, and carried the frowning heights of the Castle at the point of the bayonet as they had carried the batteries of Lodi. A town, a castle, 15 cannon, and 7,000 prisoners!—We find these items in the dispatch of Napoleon on the evening of the BATTLE OF ROVEREDO!

Wurmser had not recovered from his dismay on the news of the overthrow of his Lieutenant, before Napoleon, by a march of sixty miles in two days, descended on his Vanguard, at Primolano, and cut it to pieces. An hour after his army were advancing on Bassano, where [8th Sept.] Wurmser made his last stand. After the most heroic resistance he again fled from the frightful onset of the Republican phalanxes. Six thousand Austrians laid down their arms—and the hunted Wurmser and his paralyzed army took refuge in Mantua, whither they were pursued by the eagle-cavalry of Napoleon. Again a call was made on Vienna to send a new army, and a greater general, to restore the Hapsburgh dominion in Italy.

XXXVI

Another powerful armament was at once dispatched to the Italian frontier, and this fourth campaign against Napoleon was intrusted to the supreme command of Alvinzi, another illustrious Marshal of the Empire. In less than thirty days from the defeat of Wurmser, this new army had met the French. Vaubois and Massena were forced to yield to superior numbers. Trent and Bassano were abandoned, and even Napoleon had retreated on Verona. Austria seemed likely in this campaign to recover her immense losses. Again Napoleon had to contend with an enemy vastly his superior in numbers, and most completely appointed. Twelve new battalions only had been sent to him from France to recruit his decimated and exhausted regiments, and nothing but the exercise of the highest military genius could even save him from destruction. His army, too, from their recent reverses, no longer displayed their wonted fire, and his generals began in some measure to distrust fortune. But the genius of Napoleon rose with the occasion and mastered the exigency. The abandonment of Calliano by Vaubois had inflamed the indignation, and wounded the pride of the Conqueror of Wurmser. He ordered Vaubois's division to be drawn up on the plain of Rivoli and thus addressed them :—

"Soldiers! I am not satisfied with you: You have shown neither bravery, discipline, nor perseverance: No position could rally you: You abandoned yourselves to a panic-terror: You suffered yourselves to be driven from situations where a handful of brave men might have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are not French soldiers. Quartermaster-general, let it be inscribed on their colors, 'THEY NO LONGER BELONG TO THE ARMY OF ITALY!'"

XXXVII.

The effect of these words was overwhelming. The veteran Grenadiers sobbed like children, and a thousand cheeks which had gone unblanched through the carnage of Lodi, were wet with tears and burned with shame. They broke out from their ranks and clustered around their general, trembling under his terrific displeasure. They pleaded once more for their arms and their colors—they begged once more to be led to battle that they might wipe out the disgrace. Their general forgave them, and when they were again unleashed on the enemy they swept him before them like a rolling tide of fire.

But a spirit of discontent pervaded his entire army. "We cannot," said they, "work miracles. We destroyed Beaulieu's great army—and then came Wurmser with a greater. We conquered and broke him to pieces—and then came Alvinzi, more powerful than ever. When we have conquered him, Austria will pour down on us a hundred thousand fresh soldiers, and we shall leave our bones in Italy."

Napoleon said :—" Soldiers, we have but one more effort to make, and Italy is ours. The enemy is no doubt superior to us in numbers, but not in valor. When he is beaten Mantua must fall, and we shall remain masters of all ; our labors will be at an end ; for not only Italy, but a general peace is in Mantua. You talk of returning to the Alps—but you are no longer capable of doing so. From the dry and frozen bivouacs of those sterile rocks you could very well conquer the delicious plains of Lombardy ; but from the smiling flowery bivouacs of Italy you cannot return to Alpine snows. Only beat Alvinzi and I will answer for your future welfare."

XXXVIII.

There were no more murmurs. The sick and the wounded left the hospitals of Milan, Pavia, Bergamo, Brescia, Cremona, and Lodi, to join the army ; and as they came up, day after day—many of them with wounds still bleeding—their comrades embraced them, and along the lines of the French army rang the shout for battle.

The French General was now ready, and darting between the two Austrian divisions before Alvinzi knew that he had left Verona, he ordered Augereau at day-break to carry the Bridge of Arcola. This movement, even to the intrepid Augereau, seemed to be courting annihilation. But he obeyed orders and fought most gallantly. His column, however, at last wavered and turned to fly over the corpses of nearly half their comrades. One moment now lost would have been ruin. Napoleon dashed to the head of the column, snatched a standard, and cried out to his grenadiers, "Soldiers! are you no longer the brave warriors of Lodi?—Follow me." They rushed with him till they grappled the Austrian division. But the arrival of a fresh column of the enemy rendered it an impossibility to carry the Bridge *at that moment.* The French fell back, and Napoleon was himself seized by his grenadiers by the arms and clothes and dragged along with them through the smoke, the dead and the dying, and hurled into a morass up to his waist. The Austrians were between him and his baffled column—the battle was decided, and Napoleon himself was lost! As the smoke rolled off, the army saw the position of their Commander. The grenadiers formed in an instant, and with the cry—"*Forward, soldiers, to save the General*"—launched themselves on the enemy like a bolt of fire. The Austrian column melted away, and was rolled from the Bridge—a blackened, bleeding ruin.

Alvinzi's loss was so great it paralyzed his army. He had shared the fate of all his predecessors, and like them sent to Vienna for reinforcements. The news of the BATTLE OF ARCOLA, [17th November, 1796], threw France into transports of joy, and filled Europe with consternation.

XXXIX.

The short interval of fighting, after the day of Arcola, had been one of ceaseless activity on the part of Napoleon. Worn out with the oppression of the Austrian yoke, and disgusted with the heartless and hollow mummery of the priests, the intelligent classes of Italy greeted the triumphs of the French arms with joy, and hailed the day-break of a new period of light and advancement.

Napoleon knew that the Pope had raised his army to 40,000, and that the King of Naples was ready to unite with him and fall on the French the first moment fortune turned against them. Finding a secret combination forming against him in every part of Italy, Napoleon no longer hesitated in consolidating as far as he could, the civil power of France in the Peninsula, and in compliance with the wishes of the French Party, he organized a Republic for Piedmont and another for Lombardy—They immediately made levies of money and men for carrying on the campaign.

XL.

Marshal Alvinzi had now completed his preparations for a fresh campaign, and once more [7th January, 1797,] at the head of 60,000 soldiers, he descended from the northern barriers of Italy, to release the brave Wurmser from his prison at Mantua, and overwhelm the French invaders.

It seems incredible, but this Fifth Austrian Army was also *divided*—one column under Alvinzi, for the line of the Adige, and another for the Brenta, under General Provera, who was to join the Marshal under the walls of Mantua. When Napoleon learned this from his head-quarters at Verona, he posted Joubert at Rivoli to dispute Alvinzi's passage, and Augereau to watch the movements of Provera—knowing that he could in a few hours concentrate his own forces on either column where he could fight to the best advantage. An hour after sunset, [13th January], Joubert's messenger brought the news that he had met Alvinzi, and with difficulty held him in check through the day. Napoleon at once set his column in motion, and by one of his lightning marches reached the heights of Rivoli two hours after midnight.

XLI.

The Austrian army was clearly visible in the moonlight, lying in five encampments below. Napoleon determined to bring on the battle, before Alvinzi was ready, and he accomplished his object. His plan was conceived with the subtlest and most comprehensive genius, and executed with the most consummate skill. From the lofty heights of Rivoli he held the fortunes of that decisive day in hands. For hours the wave of battle ebbed and flowed only at his bidding. The world is familiar with the history of the BATTLE OF RIVOLI. Before the sun, which had risen brilliantly over one of the most splendid armies of Modern Europe had reached the zenith, that joyous and confident host had been broken and put to flight.

Before the victory was complete, Napoleon, who had had three horses shot under him during the engagement, committed the closing scenes of this sanguinary day to Joubert, Murat and Massena ; and having heard during the battle, that Provera with his division had already reached the Lake Guarda, where he would at once be able to relieve Wurmser, he mounted a fresh horse, and marching all that night and the next day, joined Augereau's division at Mantua, carrying with him, to his exulting comrades, the news of Rivoli. That night Napoleon explored the ground and watched the movements of the enemy. In his rounds he found a grenadier-sentinel asleep. He took the gun and did the sentinel's duty till he woke. When the grenadier saw Napoleon he fell on his knees in despair. "Take your musket, my friend," said he—"You had a hard march—I happened to be awake, and did your duty. Somebody must watch, for a moment's inattention now may prove fatal."

It is not strange that Napoleon's men were ready to die for him, as so many of them did, to save his life.

XLII.

The next morning the French General brought Provera to battle in the suburb of St. George, and forced him to retreat, and old Wurmser who had hazarded a sortie from Mantua, was glad to make his way back again, or he would have been taken by a detachment led by Napoleon himself. Provera was cut off hopelessly from Alvinzi, surrounded, disheartened and defeated. He and his 5,000 men laid down their arms. General René, with 6,000, surrendered—the Austrian fugitives, from the Brenta to the Adige followed their example. The magnificent army of Austria had, in three days, ceased to exist!

The campaign ended by the capitulation of Mantua. When the gallant old Wurmser was required by the fortunes of war to surrender his sword, Napoleon withdrew, to save the feelings of the aged chief—Serrurier received it with respect. The delicate generosity of the French General was never forgotten by the veteran Marshal. The Directory complained of Napoleon. In reply he said to them, "I granted the Austrians such terms as I thought due to a brave and honorable foe, and to the dignity of the French nation."

XLIII.

This fifth campaign was the most glorious and decisive of all. The Austrians had lost in it 30,000 men, sixty stands of colors, 500 brass cannon, and an immense quantity of military stores. Augereau was dispatched to France with the captured standards of Austria, and his arrival in Paris was celebrated as a National Festival.

The defeat of Alvinzi, and the fall of Mantua recalled in Rome the terror of the days of Alaric ; for it was supposed the Conqueror would soon enter the Eternal City. Victor was in fact sent to the South with 8,000 men, half of whom were Lombards. The papal troops attempted to arrest his progress at Imola, but they were routed, and Faenza was carried by the bayonet. General Colli, with 3,000 men, surrendered, and the French division took possession of Ancona. The disgusting tricks and deceptions resorted to by the priests, to operate on the minds of the people, were exposed. An image of the Holy Virgin at Ancona, which shed tears at the approach of the *unholy French*, was examined, and her tears turned out to be a string of beads moved by clock-work! We abstain from other statements of a similar character which degrade their perpetrators, without impairing the glory of religion, or robbing human nature of its dignity.

XLIV.

Of the vast army of Priests who had fled from popular rage during the Reign of Terror, many had taken refuge in Italy. This class by the thousand trembled at the approach of the victorious General of the Republic of Robespierre. One of them in his despair surrendered himself to Napoleon, and begged that as his fate was sealed, he might be executed at once. "Why, Father," said Napoleon, "don't be in a fret to die—you may do much good yet—you will have, at all events, a fine chance to, before we kill you—Be re-assured; no harm will come to the ministers of religion." And he at once published a proclamation to that effect.

The Pope sent an Envoy to Napoleon, who received him with great respect, and the Treaty of Tolentino [12th Feb., 1797,] was signed, conceding to the French a hundred of the finest works of art, the Castles and Legations of Ferrara, Ancona, Romagna, and Bologna, the ancient papal possession of Avignon in France, and about two millions of dollars. Tuscany had of course yielded to the terms dictated, and Naples foreseeing her doom was ready to submit to the Conqueror.

XLV.

Napoleon now turned towards the North. Venice, an ancient Republic, still cherished her pride and no small portion of her power; and she had 50,000 men to bring into the field against Napoleon. But the Doge assured Napoleon, that his State would preserve neutrality. "Let the neutrality then," said the French General, "be entire and sincere, or the independence of Venice shall cease to exist." Leaving a few garrisons to watch Venice, Napoleon turned his face towards the Tyrol, and reinforced by 20,000 men from France, prepared to encounter another formidable Austrian army, under a new and more brilliant commander.

XLVI.

The Arch-Duke Charles, the last great man the Hapsburgh race has produced, had already won the fame of an accomplished general on the Rhine, where he had defeated Moreau and Jourdan, who had no equals in the French army but Napoleon. This heroic young prince and enlightened statesman, had heard with mortification of the overthrow of five great armies in Italy, during his own victorious campaign on the Rhine, and he longed to try his strength with the terrible foe of his house. He set out from the palace of his fathers with the *sixth* and best army Austria could enroll, to retrieve the honor of the arms of his country, and restore the lost Italian jewels to the crown of Rudolph. The two young generals met on the Taliamento where the struggle began, [March 12, 1797], with the capture of 5,000 Austrian prisoners and the retreat of the Arch-Duke. The rivals met and fought ten times in twenty days. At last Charles found his army melting away like the snows of the Tyrol, and he turned his face towards Vienna, resolved to make a final stand against his antagonist under the walls of the Austrian Capital. Terror-stricken when they heard that Napoleon had stormed the passes of the Julian Alps, the Royal family—embracing little Maria Louisa, then six years old, afterwards Napoleon's wife—fled with their crown jewels and treasures into Hungary, that loyal and generous ally of the Hapsburgh crown.

XLVII.

Napoleon now addressed a frank letter to Charles, proposing negotiations for peace, which was calculated to produce an effect, since he appealed to him as a brother-soldier who knew the horrors of war, and the writer wrote from the scene of a late victory. The Arch-Duke entered into negotiations, and the Provisional Treaty of Leoben was signed April 18, 1797.

Meantime the Venitian Senate, believing that the danger was past, had violated their pledge of neutrality, by declaring war against France, and instigated the Veronese to massacre the wounded French soldiers in their hospitals. In other places the same atrocious butcheries were perpetrated. Venice invested most of the towns where Napoleon's troops were garrisoned—and cut off his supplies for his main army. But the hour of vengeance was approaching, and if anything could hasten Napoleon to make good his threat to extinguish the independence of Venice, it was the brutal butchery of his Lodi and Arcola heroes. His victorious legions had heard of the fate of their helpless comrades from the lips of Napoleon; and when his bugles sounded the return from the Tyrol, they swept down on the Queen of the Adriatic like an Alpine storm.

XLVIII.

After the cowardly massacre of the wounded grenadiers of France, the Doge and his Senate trembled at every arrival of news from the North; but when they heard of the Treaty of Leoben, they were plunged in despair. They dispatched messengers to meet the Conqueror, but they were sent back with this answer:—"You have perfidiously murdered my brave men in their beds. If you held the treasures of Peru in your hands, and could cover your dominions with gold, you could not buy your ransom. The Lion of St. Mark [the arms of Venice] must lick the dust."

An English historian has said in speaking of the result:—"These tidings came like a sentence of death on the devoted Senate. Their deliberations were unceasing; their schemes innumerable; their hearts divided and unnerved. Those secret chambers, from which that haughty Oligarchy had for so many ages excluded every eye, and every voice, but their own, were invaded by strange-faced men, who boldly criticised their measures, and heaped new terrors on their heads, by announcing that the mass of the people had ceased to consider the endurance of their sway as synonymous with the prosperity of Venice. Popular tumults filled the streets and canals; universal confusion prevailed. The commanders of their troops and fleets received contradictory orders, and the city seemed ready to yield everything without striking a blow."

XLIX.

On the 31st May his soldiers had entered the city, and the Senate sent their unconditional submission. He called for the murderers who had instigated the butchery of his soldiers—they were delivered up. The Senate were deposed, and the power given to the people. Napoleon asked, and

Venice gave $600,000 in gold, and the same amount in Naval stores; five ships of war; twenty works of Art, and five hundred MSS. Napoleon took possession of the city, and *the history of the Venitian Republic was ended.* A silly attempt was made to corrupt Napoleon by a tender of seven million francs from Venice—as Austria had offered a vastly larger sum and a Principality. To such proposals, (and he received them often,) he had but one answer—"If I become rich or great, it must come from France."

Venice offered Napoleon something meaner than a bribe—the person and papers of Count D'Entraigues, a French agent of the Bourbons. It was thus proved that Pichegru, the French General, who had conquered Holland, had betrayed the cause of the Republic to the Bourbons; and this information he sent to the Directory. Pichegru was exiled.

Venice humbled and her heavy tribute paid, Napoleon marched on the ancient and opulent city of Genoa, established the New Ligurian Republic, and then took up his quarters in the palace of Montibello in the neigborhood of Milan, whither he had the satisfaction a few days after, of greeting Josephine, whom he passionately loved, and whom he had not seen since his departure from France a year before.

L.

Napoleon was now in the bloom and splendor of his life; and although for many subsequent years he seemed to mount higher at every step on the road to glory, yet his biographer pauses a moment at the Palace of Montibello to contemplate the young Conqueror of Italy, the Pacificator of Europe—the Creator of Republics—the Founder of Institutions—the husband of Josephine. His position was sublime. He had finished the most brilliant campaign recorded in History. He had emancipated the most beautiful land on the earth, from the despotism of the most loathsome race of tyrants. He had taught emperors and kings, who had made war on the French Republic, the great principle of the right of nations to govern themselves. He had made despots respect and fear a Republic. He had shaken to its foundations the hoary structure of Feudalism, and opened an age of advancement to mankind.

LI.

The Palace of Montibello—a venerable and magnificent structure—now presented a beautiful spectacle. In the apartments of Napoleon, in one wing of the classic pile, all was activity—investigation—diplomacy—earnest, intense work—universal progress. No roads had been built in Italy since the Romans—Napoleon projected them through every part of the Peninsula. He conceived a broad road from Paris to Geneva, and from Geneva to Milan, over the Simplon, thus bringing Italy into direct communication with France, and Northern and Western Europe. He projected canals, bridges, harbors, arsenals, hospitals and institutions of learning, art and science. He called around him a university of scholars, philosophers, artists, engineers and statesmen. His couriers, agents and lieutenants, were flying in every direction to carry his messages and execute his orders. His schemes of progress embraced every field of science and art, and every interest of commerce, agriculture and industry. They, moreover, comprehended the advancement of the great mass of the Italians, in intelligence, wealth, political and personal independence. His comprehension also embraced the policy and fortunes of other nations. To show how profoundly he had contemplated the position and strength of the only foe that never has yielded to France—England—he thus wrote to the Directory :—

"From these different points, [the Islands of the Mediterranean which he proposed to seize,] we can command that Sea, keep an eye on the Ottoman Empire, which is crumbling to pieces, and we can render the supremacy of the ocean almost useless to Great Britain. *Let us take possession of Egypt*, which lies on the road to India, and there we can found one of the mightiest colonies in the world. It is in Egypt we must make war on England."

LII.

While these great schemes of science and government, whose execution was to reflect so much lustre on his name, and change so materially the condition of mankind, were springing into existence in one wing of the majestic pile of Montibello; the superb *salons* of the other were flashing with the beauty and wit of the most entrancing women of Italy, from whose magic centre shone the peerless wife of the youthful Conqueror. Learned and gallant men, high-bred and beautiful ladies, artists of fame and poets of genius illuminated her halls, and bent in homage and admiration before that unrivaled woman. Her loveliness of person, and blandness of manner; her tact for society, and genius for conversation; her amazing intelligence, and earnestness of sympathy; and above all, the courtly grace with which she yielded to more than queenly honors, gave to her nightly soirées among the polished Italians, the title of the Court of Montibello, and they eclipsed every court in Europe. Every body who came near Josephine—if it were only to serve her—loved her. Napoleon gave one hour a day to the blandishments of Josephine's drawing-rooms, where he always found her encircled by a waving crowd of worshipers. On one occasion, when he had joined that circle without attracting one of the countless eyes fixed on his wife, he gayly said, "I only subdue provinces; Josephine conquers hearts."

LIII.

The day came for the Treaty with Austria, and Napoleon met her four negotiators at the humble village of Campo Formio. They attempted to impose conditions which no one of the Generals he had vanquished would have dreamed of. Napoleon instantly rejected them. They endeavored to intimidate him by the threat of an alliance of Russia and the aid of the Cossacks. Napoleon sat silent a moment—then rising, took from the *buffet* a porcelain vase—"Messieurs," he said, as he lifted the vase, "the truce is broken; war is declared. In three months I will dismember your Empire as I now shatter this vase,"—and the porcelain flew into a thousand pieces. The enraged General left the room, and dispatched an officer to the Arch-Duke Charles to announce that he should begin his march on Vienna in twenty-four hours. He ordered his carriage, and flew to the head-quarters of the army. But he was soon joined by a messenger from the negotiators acceding to his terms. In a few hours the Treaty of Campo Formio was signed, [3d Oct., 1797]. It extended the borders of France to the Rhine—and recognized the Cisalpine Republic of Lombardy and Piedmont. Napoleon gave up perfidious Venice to Austria, and under her yoke it groans to this hour.

LIV.

The victories of Napoleon had affected the political fortunes of every State in Europe, and a Congress of the German powers was called at Rastadt, to arrange definitively all the conditions of a general Peace. The Directory could send no one but Napoleon to act as the Ambassador of France, and he was commissioned to proceed to Rastadt.

His farewell to the army, and the affecting scenes which attended it ; his inspiring and noble councils to the Republic of Lombardy ; the tokens of admiration, gratitude and love, the Italians poured in upon him as he left them ; his journey through Switzerland to Rastadt, which was one continued triumph ; his reception by the representatives of the German States—We must leave all these and a thousand other passages in the life of Napoleon to the History of Modern Europe.

LV.

But the Conqueror of Italy soon grew tired of the dull details of diplomatic technicalities, and, leaving them to the more patient care of his colleagues, set out in two days for Paris. There were many reasons why he should lose no time in returning to his adopted country. During his absence he had been the salvation of France. He had compelled Europe to give up the old principle of intervention, and let France govern herself as she pleased. He had made fifty sovereigns recognize a Republic. And he had done something greater and better than this for the French Nation—he had given internal peace and domestic tranquillity to a land torn by faction and deluged by blood. The feeble and corrupt Directory who governed in Paris would have long before been overthrown, had it not been sustained by his victories. The men who composed it, jealous of his rising fame, had interposed every obstacle to his victorious career in Italy, and would have recalled him from his con quests had they dared to brave the indignation of the people. But the Directory had sunk into contempt, and Napoleon knew that France was waiting for his return.

When he withdrew from the Congress of Rastadt he laid aside all the insignia of rank and power ; and in the dress of a private citizen returned to Paris, where he took up his residence with Josephine in the humble lodgings they had occupied before he set out for Italy. He walked the streets and mingled with the people in his citizen's dress, without attracting observation, and had been a day or two in Paris before it was generally known that he had returned.

LVI.

But when it was known that he had returned, the city was filled with enthusiasm, and the curiosity to see Napoleon was intense. The most distinguished persons in the Capital, went to pay their homage to the man who had achieved so much for his country. But with great modesty, dignity and good sense, he evaded every species of display, and sinking the Conqueror in the Citizen, revealed another attribute of greatness that excited still higher admiration. Another significant fact should be mentioned, since it indicates a striking trait in his character. He continued to employ the same tradesmen and artisans, who had worked for him in his poorer and humbler days. Having obtained from a silversmith, just as he was starting for Italy, credit for a dressing-case at a cost of $250 he remained through life the friend of the person who had obliged him, and by his favor, he became one of the most opulent citizens in Paris. But at no period did he ever employ in any service a man without talent. Every other consideration was made to give way to this. However obscure may have been a man's birth, the ability and disposition to execute any commission in a superior manner, always entitled him to the favor of Napoleon.

LVI.

This fact is worthy of being mentioned in the history of any great man; more especially such a man as Napoleon.

The *anciene noblesse* had been overthrown; but Paris could not live without a tribunal of taste and fashion. It had been erected on the fall of Robespierre by the women of beauty and the men of wit of the Republic. It was perhaps more imperious and exacting than that of the Bourbons—far more vulgar, and at least equally heartless and corrupt.

Every attempt, however, to inthrall Napoleon by the blandishments of elegant dissipation was unavailing. He would not be shown. His whole history proves that he cared little about the popularity of the hour. He despised the homage of the mob. His mind on this subject, is indicated by a reply he once made to a favorite Marshal, when congratulated on a public demonstration by the people—"Bah!" said he, "What is fame!—A great noise. They would shout just as loud if they saw me going to the guillotine."

The Directory were by no means anxious to add new splendor to the reputation of a man whose glory had long oppressed them; but Paris felt that his unparalleled achievements called for some public signs of the gratitude of the nation, and Napoleon was invited to deliver the Treaty of Campo Formio to the Government, in the presence of the chief personages of the State, and the citizens of Paris.

LVII.

This imposing ceremony took place in the Court of the Louxembourg, under a canopy of standards and banners captured in the Italian campaign. When the young Conqueror appeared, followed by his band of heroic generals, and the vast assembly caught—many of them for the first time—a sight of the victor, they could scarcely believe their senses. That slender, boyish form, and that lean, bronze, impassive face, would not have seemed to belong to the Conqueror of Beaulieu, Wurmser, Alvinzi, and the Arch-Duke Charles, had not the invincible soldier bespoke him at every step.

The wild cry of the assembly broke forth, and poured down upon his uncovered head like the storm of the battle-field. He bent to it as he bowed to no other storm, and his slight frame trembled to the shock. When he had recovered his self-possession he said to the Directory :—

" To achieve their freedom the French people had to fight allied kings ; and to win a Constitution founded on reason, they had to combat the prejudices of eighteen centuries. Superstition, the Feudal system, and Despotism have successively governed Europe for twenty ages ; but the era of representative governments may be dated from the Peace you have concluded. You have accomplished the organization of the Great Nation, whose vast territories are bounded only by the limits nature herself has interposed. I present you the Treaty of Campo Formio, ratified by the Emperor. This peace secures the liberty, prosperity and glory of the Republic. When the happiness of the French People shall be established upon the best founded laws, all Europe will be free."

Such a scene as this must, in any nation or in any assembly, have wrought up the feelings of the spectators to the intensest enthusiasm, but among so mercurial a people as the Parisians, the language which we employ in describing the emotions of other men fails in graphicness and power. Barras, the presiding director, said, in reply to Napoleon's terse and patriotic words—" Nature has exhausted all her powers in the creation of Bonaparte."

LVIII.

The honors of the French Institute have never been cheapened by bestowment upon men who were the favorites only of rank or fortune. There are but so many places to be filled, and when the exile and the supposed death of Carnot had made an opening, Napoleon was unanimously elected to fill the place. His reception by the Institute was the highest tribute ever paid to his genius. Seldom have the honors of that great Institution been conferred upon a man so young, and never where they were received with greater modesty, or had been more nobly won. From this time he devoted all his leisure to the profoundest studies, and intimate intercourse with the illustrious savans of Paris. Those who were most intimate with him were most surprised at the extent of his knowledge, and the intensity of his philosophical investigations. Assuming no importance as a military chieftain, and throwing aside altogether the trappings and livery of war, he appeared only in the simple dress of the members of the Institute; thus displaying what he at all times felt, how much worthier science and learning are of the homage of men than mere military glory.

Thus passed a few months of repose from the fatigues of his campaigns. He allowed the feeble and incompetent Directory to take its downward course, knowing that the time was not far distant when he would be called by the unanimous voice of the French people to preside over the nation. To those who may think that we are disposed to exaggerate the political foresight of Napoleon, we wil merely refer to his letters and conversations at this period, which will show that he not only felt the clearest presentiment of his future elevation, but that his subsequent course was decided more eminently than that of almost any other illustrious man, by the settled purposes of his own indomitable will.

LIX.

Immediately after the termination of Napoleon's campaign in Italy, when couriers were no longer flying daily over the great roads to Paris with the bulletins of fresh victories, the Directory hit upon a new scheme of conquest —the invasion of England. Such was the military fame of Napoleon they could not have intrusted the conduct of this enterprise to any other man, and he had now for several months been indicated by the Directory as the leader of this undertaking. When the preliminary preparations had all been made, Napoleon left for the seaboard, to consummate the undertaking. He carefully inspected the fortifications and naval resources along the French coasts, from the British Channel around to Bordeaux; he became as thoroughly acquainted with the naval resources of Great Britain as any Englishman in her service; he conceived many important improvements which from that time began to be carried out, and some of which have been only recently perfected under the government of his nephew; he calmly contemplated the plan conceived by the Directory; he weighed in the balances of an enlightened judgment the results that would probably attend the undertaking, and he at last came to the conclusion that the whole plan of the Directory of an invasion of England was a wild chimera, and he resolved to defeat it. He returned to Paris and made his views known to the Directory, who offered no effectual resistance to his decisions. He, moreover, recalled a suggestion he had made to them from Italy, which had doubtless almost entirely escaped their observation, of making Egypt the theatre of a decisive conflict with England. He at once proposed the Expedition to Egypt, and it was decided on without delay by the Directory. The necessity of secrecy was so great, every man connected with the execution of the scheme acted with the greatest discretion. Everywhere throughout France the military and naval preparations were increased, new men were levied for the campaign, new vessels were launched at the ports and arsenals; and the cities and villages of France everywhere resounded with the clangor of preparation. The intensest excitement pervaded France. Europe itself was occupied only with the idea of the invasion of England by the Conqueror of Italy, and the southern coast of that sea-girt Island was blackened with men who rushed tumultuously to make a bulwark against a foreign invasion.

LX.

In the meantime Napoleon had completed his scheme for the Expedition to Egypt. He had organized the most efficient scientific corps that had ever been seen. There was not a book, nor an instrument of science, or investigation—there was not an agency for the advancement of mankind in knowledge, that he had not already brought under his control. One or two of the guiding spirits of the French Institute were in his confidence, and all that Institution could furnish was placed at his disposal. The ultimate success of the Expedition to Egypt may be attributed, in some degree at least, to the fact that England had been concentrating her maratime resources on her own coast to repel the invasion. This is precisely what Napoleon intended, for while England was profoundly ignorant of the point where Napoleon intended to strike, he was himself consummating his plans.

At last, when his preparations were complete, and he had concentrated all the forces he wished on the southern coast of France, he started for Toulon. A few hours afterward he reviewed his exulting soldiers, and said—"Rome fought Carthage on the sea as well as on the land. England is the Carthage of France. I have come to lead you in the name of the Divinity of Liberty across mighty seas, and into distant regions, where your valor may achieve such life and glory as will never await you beneath the cold skies of the west. Prepare yourselves, soldiers, to embark under the tri-color, for achievements far more glorious than you have won for your country on the blushing plains of Italy."

LXI.

It was known that Nelson, the Neptune of the seas, was in the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet, which had been seen hanging off Toulon for many days; but a wild tempest from the Alps had swept down and driven his vessels far out to sea. It had scarcely passed, before Napoleon gave the order for the embarkation of all his troops, and the preparation for the voyage.

Many a great enterprise has been conceived and carried out on the Mediterranean. Its waters have been plowed by the triumphant keels of many a conqueror, but history gives no traces of such an expedition as this. The embarkation had been conducted with the rapidity which characterized all the military movements of Napoleon, and it was consummated at day-break the first fair day after the storm.

The signal was given by the orders of Napoleon from the Admiral's vessel, and immediately the whole fleet weighed anchor, and put out into the open sea. Thirteen immense line-of-battle ships, fourteen frigates, and four hundred transports carrying forty thousand picked soldiers, generaled by officers whose names had already become immortal on the scrolls of chivalry, unfolded as they rode out to sea, and when the sun came up over the Mediterranean it shone upon the vast armament extending twenty miles. On the passage, Napoleon was reinforced by the division of the French army in Italy, under the command of General Dessaix. The Heavens themselves seemed to smile upon the expedition, and on the 10th of June it appeared before Malta. That impregnable rock which had for ages been held by the renowned Knights of St. John, scarcely attempted to resist the progress of Napoleon, and from the battlements of their fortifications he saw the flag of welcome streaming. He halted at Malta long enough only to raise the French flag, and leave a garrison of soldiers, and the fleet was again signaled towards the East.

LXII.

Nelson, who had heard of the embarkation of the armament from Toulon, had now been several days scouring the Mediterranean in search of his foe; but he was foiled by the genius of Napoleon, and the fortune which presided over his destiny. In the midst of a violent gale, the expedition landed at the mouth of the Nile, and in a few hours his army was within the walls of the city that had been founded by Alexander. The following General Order had been published to the army before debarkation:—"The people we are now to associate with are Mohamedans; the first article of their faith is 'there is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet.' Do not contradict them: treat them as you have the Jews and the Italians: respect their muftis and imans. The Roman Legions protected all religions. This people treat their women differently from us; but in all countries the violator is a monster: pillage enriches only a few. It dishonors us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom we ought to gain as friends."

The following was published to the people of Egypt:—

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

"You will be told that I come to make war on your religion; but believe it not. Say that I am come to restore your rights; to punish the usurpers; and that I respect God, his Prophet, and the Koran, more than they were ever respected by the Mamelukes. * * * * Woe to them that take up arms for the Mamelukes;—they shall perish."

LXIII.

Egypt was then a province of the Ottoman Empire, and Turkey was at peace with France; but Egypt was groaning under the despotism of the Mamelukes. This body of men which was recruited entirely from boys taken captive in Europe, had acquired the control of Egypt, and they obeyed none but their own twenty-four chiefs, each of whom ruled over his own separate district. Napoleon considered them the finest cavalry in the world. Armed with the best instruments of warfare that could be manufactured, and mounted upon the fleetest and noblest Arabian horses, their charge had till that time been irresistible.

He remained but a short time in Alexandria, and [July 7th, 1798,] passed out from the gates of that city, resolved to bring the Mamelukes to an engagement. His march over the desert towards the pyramids, exhausted the vigor of his army, and his Lodi heroes melted under the burning African sun. The army was filled with murmuring and was on the verge of mutiny. But, says an English writer, "Napoleon altered nothing; wore his uniform buttoned up as at Paris; never showed one bead of sweat on his brow; nor thought of repose except to lie down in his cloak, the last at night, and start up the first in the morning. It required, however, all that this example of endurance and the influence of character could do, to prevent the army from breaking into open mutiny."

For fourteen days, this vast army marched over the burning sands of the desert, till the 21st of July, when their eyes were gladdened by a sight of the pyramids. As they rose on a gentle eminence, and gained a full view of these hoary structures of antiquity, rising in solemn majesty over eternal desolations, they saw the camp of the army of the Mamelukes. As he had treated the Marshals of Austria, so did Napoleon deal with the Mamelukes of the Nile. With a small staff he rode towards the camp of the enemy to reconnoitre for himself. With his glass he saw the batteries of the Beys, and by a closer inspection perceived that their guns were without carriages, and consequently could be leveled only in one direction. He rode back to the army, resolved to bring on the battle at once.

LXIV.

Mourad Bey, the gallant commander of the Mameluke host, who had for some days been impatiently awaiting a sight of the dreaded Commander of Europe, drew up his army for battle, and showed himself quite as ready as his antagonist for the encounter. Riding by his battalions, which had been formed into separate compact squares, Napoleon said—" Soldiers, from the summits of yonder pyramids forty centuries are looking on you." The infantry of Mourad Bey was now marching rapidly down upon the French, and their cavalry was sweeping round them on both wings like the simoom of the desert. They brought with them to the charge clouds of dust, and made the desert ring with their terrific war-cries as they bore down on their foes. Their charge had been irresistible wherever they had encountered human power; but when they met the French columns they dashed against a solid battlement of steel. The French squares received them upon a gleaming front of bayonets. Their wounded horses reared and turned backward. Again they were urged to the encounter, and again they fell back, pouring the blood out of their bosoms. To and fro, squadron after squadron swayed before the unwavering French battalions. The Mameluke horsemen, wild with fury, drove their horses on, discharged their firearms, and in their desperation hurled their pistols into the faces of the French, and again retreated. At last the charge had been so often made and so often repelled, and the fire of the French had been so sure and deadly, that before them lay a bleeding barricade of Mameluke cavalry—itself a protection against their enemy; and behind this rampart, still stood the unbroken columns of Napoleon.

LXV.

For the first time the charge of the Mamelukes had proved unavailing. The Cavalry of the Desert had recoiled from the chivalry of Europe. Napoleon saw their discomfiture, and seized the moment of victory. His bugles sounded the charge, and he led his battalions upon the main body of the Egyptian army. They drove them from the camp—vast multitudes were swept into the Nile—thousands were left bleeding on the sand, and the rest fled in dismay over the Desert. Such was THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

It left Napoleon master of Lower Egypt, and wherever the flying Mamelukes were carried on their fleet horses, they spread only the terrible bulletin—"Sultan Kebir"—[King of Fire]. Under the shadow of the pyramids, Napoleon's soldiers rifled the bodies of the slain. They swam into the Nile, and caught the turbans that were floating on its waters flashing with jewels, and many a single corpse made a French soldier rich for life. It was the custom of the Mamelukes to carry their treasures with them on their bodies when they went to battle, and every Mameluke that fell added to the spoils of the victors. But before the fallen Mamelukes had yielded up their treasures with their blood, one hundred of Napoleon's *savans*, fired by a thirst for science as quenchless as the victorious soldier for his spoils, had scaled the dizzy heights of the pyramids, and were pressing for admission at the sepulchre of the Pharaohs. The empire of science was spreading as rapidly as the dominion of France. A messenger from Monge, the chief of those university-exploring *savans*, announced to Napoleon that the secret-chamber of the great pyramid was opened, and awaiting his entrance. Threading the labyrinths by the torches of his guides, he crossed the strange threshold, and stood uncovered in the presence of the dust of one of the dynasties of antiquity. "There is no God but God," said Napoleon, "and Mohammed is his Prophet." Two or three learned Saracens who had attended him, answered with solemnity and half-disguised sarcasm, "Thou hast spoken like the greatest of the Prophets, *but God is merciful.*"

The invincible soldiery of Napoleon, enriched by the battle-plain of the pyramids, took up their quarters in Cairo, and forgot the toils of the campaign, in the luxuries of the deserted harems of the dead Mamelukes.

LXVI.

Ten days after the battle of the pyramids, Nelson, who had been scouring the Mediterranean in search of the enemy, at last discovered the hostile fleet in the Bay of Aboukir. He at once bore down upon it and brought the French admiral to an engagement. For more than twenty hours, with no interruption except when the Orient, a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship, caught fire and blew up with a terrific explosion, the conflict lasted. The French fleet was utterly destroyed, and Napoleon, with fifty thousand men, and two thousand miles from the French coast, was left without the means of return. All his communication with France was cut off. Month after month passed by, without bringing with it any intelligence of the political state of the country. The immense calamity which the French General had suffered, caused but a temporary depression of feeling. He at once proceeded to organize a better government and state of society than Egypt had had for centuries. Guided by the most scientific men in the world, and with a material force for the accomplishment of almost any purpose, the monuments of Egypt were ransacked to their foundations. Canals that had been closed for ages, were once more opened, and the waters of the Nile again flowed where they had been first directed by the genius and the labors of the Pharaohs. Egypt was now bristling with activity. Science was exploring the entombed history of a great nation, and the Egyptians began to enter upon a career of improvement which continues to the present time.

LXVII.

The principal object of the expedition to Egypt had, however, been defeated. It was the overthrow of the power of England in the East. Had not the French fleet been destroyed, it could have blockaded if not taken Constantinople, and Napoleon would have marched on the Euphrates. He had acquired by his victories and administration, such fame and influence over the Oriental nations, it was not doubted that at least a hundred thousand Moslems, who were looking forward upon an age of progress, would have joined the French army; and with the Mamelukes, the Arabs of the desert, the Druces of Mount Lebanon, the

Christians and the Sheiks of Azor, Napoleon would have had a force sufficient to revolutionize Asia, and prostrate the English dominion on that continent. It is impossible to conceive, much less to calculate with probability the consequences, that would have attended a triumphant march from the Nile to the Ganges. The inscrutable purposes of the Almighty are unfolded slowly to the comprehension of men; but at this period, those who understood the vast conception of Napoleon, thought they saw the hand of Providence shaping out new destinies for the six hundred millions of Asia. If those stupendous and hoary structures of government and superstition, which have for ages overshadowed that continent, are finally to give way to the light of Christian civilization, it would seem probable that it would be achieved by some man like Napoleon, who, by an electric stroke, would shiver these immense fabrics to pieces.

LXVIII.

But another fatal circumstance occurred to defeat the lofty conception of Napoleon. It was understood that the Directory would bring all its force to sustain the Rebellion in Ireland, and thus divert, as far as possible, the military power of England from the conflict with France. But the treachery or incompetency of the Directory, and their counter-order for the Irish expedition, made the destruction of the French fleet a still greater calamity.

England had also succeeded in getting the Sublime Porte to proclaim war against France, and two powerful Turkish armies with all the aids of Lord Nelson's fleet, were assembling at Rhodes, and in Syria, to attack Napoleon in Egypt. Forty pieces of artillery and twelve hundred gunners had been concentrated at Jaffa; and at Gaza stores had been collected and preparations made to enable sixty thousand men to march over the Desert. To remain where he was would have been fatal; and again the French Commander not only extricated himself from imminent peril by a rapid and unexpected movement, but he achieved some of the most brilliant victories of his life.

While those two armies were preparing to assail him, and the Mediterranean an impassable barrier, lay between him and France; and burning sands stretched away on the other side, he started across the Desert with ten thousand of his best men—took the fortress El-Arish, whose garrison capitulated—marched on to the Philistian city of Gaza, which he entered in triumph; and then carried the walls of Jaffa by storm, where at least three thousand resolute Turks died in the defence of the city. The garrison, which held out some time longer, at last surrendered; and Napoleon, two days after, had them marched off to the summit of the sand-hills where over one thousand were shot. They met their fate like Turks. Their bodies were stacked into a pyramid, and their bones which have been whitening for over half-a-century, are seen there still. This is the first great act of Napoleon which the world has agreed, dimmed the lustre of his fame.

LXIX.

After failing to reduce St. Jean D'Acre, which he besieged for sixty days, the plague broke out in his camp, and the whole army turned pale with terror. Napoleon determined to fly from this visitation of Heaven, and he treated the plague as he had often before a human foe. He began his retreat across the Desert. The return to Egypt of his decimated, wearied, parched and plague-stricken army, was a drama of terror, suffering and heroism on a small scale, not unlike the frightful retreat from Moscow. The Arabs of the Desert swept around the staggering column as the Cossacks had hung upon the rear of the army of Russia. Valiant and hard-muscled men yielded to the intolerable heat of the Desert as the army of 1812 had been overwhelmed by the Poland winter. Few generals could have executed so difficult an undertaking. It was not like a march through an ordinary country. It was rather a moving hospital. Napoleon gave up his last horse to aid in the transportation of the sick and wounded, and walked on foot by their side through the sands, cheering them by his beaming countenance and heroic example.

LXX.

At last his weary legions rose slowly over a sand-ridge of the Desert, and saw before them the Nile, sweeping down in majesty to the sea. These heroic soldiers, whose cannon had waked the echoes of all the sacred mountains of Judea, now forgot their sufferings, as they bathed in the refreshing waters of that glorious river. Napoleon entered his head-quarters in Cairo, and addressed himself to the work of constructing civil institutions for Egypt. But the Beys of the Upper Nile were preparing to force a passage down to Alexandria, and there form a junction with an immense debarkation of Ottomans, which would have effected the ruin of Napoleon. But again he outstripped in celerity the movements of the enemy, and thus defeated their design. He at once descended the Nile to Alexandria. The Turkish fleet had already entered the bay of Aboukir and landed eighteen thousand men, who had taken possession of the fortress. A battle was to be fought the next day, which, said Napoleon, "go as it may, will decide the fate of the world."

The conflict began on the morning of July 25, 1799, and before noon it had ceased to be a battle or even a victory. It was a massacre! Thousands of the flying Turks plunged into the river rather than meet the stroke of the invincible Murat, whom they named, all through the Oriental world, "Le Beau Sabreur," or the terrible fire of "The Sultan Kebir." At least six thousand Turks lay dead on the battle-field; as many more surrendered at discretion; and the corpses of about the same number were floating in a turban-wave to the sea. Such was THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR, which atoned in a great measure for the loss of the fleet, and again made Napoleon master of Egypt.

But the most astounding and alarming intelligence had reached Egypt of the progress of the revolution of Europe. The perfidy and folly of the Directory had again precipitated the allied armies on the French Republic, and although the Directory had established the shadow of a republic in Switzerland, dethroned the King of Sardinia, instigated a bloody insurrection in Rome, and set up the form of another republic there, driven the King of Naples over to the island of Sicily, and established for the moment, what was called at Naples, the Parthenopean Republic, still a new and mightier coalition than had yet been formed against France, had been consolidated by England, and this time the Emperor of Russia had been induced to join it. All was alarm and terror at Paris, and Napoleon saw very clearly that there was no man in France capable of governing the country, and he at once resolved upon his return to Paris.

LXXI.

Admiral Gantheaume had succeeded in saving two ships on that terrible day of the battle of the Nile, and against the advice of his associates, and in defiance of every rule of discretion, except heroism, Napoleon weighed anchor for France. The Mediterranean was scoured at almost every league of water by the invincible ships of Nelson. Not a soul, except Napoleon, dreamed, even, of a successful voyage. He was bearing home the rich fruits of the scientific discoveries the Institute had made in Egypt. Some of his best officers were with him, and above all the vessel carried the only man, as the result proved, who could have saved his country. For nearly two months of calms and baffling winds, and evasions of the English fleets, the timid voyagers were kept at sea. Napoleon was the only man on board who preserved his equanimity, cheerfulness and repose. He spent all his time in a profound study of the Bible, the Koran, and those other great works which the spirit of inspiration or the genius of ages had elaborated to guide mankind. During this voyage, it was afterwards remarked by the *savans* who accompanied him, that Napoleon cast light over every problem that was offered for discussion, and asserted in the completest manner his title to the rank of a *savan* himself.

LXXII.

At length, on the 30th of September, after they had escaped thus far the perils of their long voyage, the two vessels came to anchor in the port of Ajaccio. Nothing had been heard of Napoleon for many months, until the people learned of the magnificent victory of Aboukir. His reception by his native islanders, was enthusiastic beyond description, and the most satisfactory indications were everywhere visible that France was awaiting the return of Napoleon as the forlorn hope of the nation. Seven days he remained at Ajaccio, when, almost in full view of a great English fleet, he gave orders for getting under way. During the night his vessel passed safely through the English fleet, and on the morning of the 9th entered the bay of Frejus. His reception was more brilliant than was ever accorded to an imperial sovereign. The inhabitants went wild with joy, and wherever the news flew, the French ran to see the Conqueror of Egypt; but with only a few hours of detention the carriages were prepared, and he took the road to Paris, where he arrived before the couriers who were sent to carry the news of his landing. The Directory regarded their doom as sealed the moment they heard of his arrival, and Paris was convulsed with joy. When Napoleon presented himself at the Louxembourg, he was received with every token of respect and delight. The honor of a magnificent banquet was tendered to him, but no expression of opinion escaped his lips, except the toast he proposed of *the union of all parties.* Paris, her legislative bodies and the Directory were now divided into two parties—the *Moderates,* headed by Sieyes; and the *Democrats,* by Barras. Finding it impossible to remain neutral, Napoleon took sides with the former. Lucien, who had just been elected president of the Council of Five Hundred, the subtle and able Talleyrand and the accomplished Sieyes, were his confidants, and he determined to overwhelm the imbecile government and take the reins in his own hands. He had measured his strength, established his purpose, and now went calmly to its execution.

LXXIII.

Several regiments of dragoons of the garrison of Paris, the forty adjutants of the National Guard which he had remodeled before the Italian campaign, and a large number of other commanders and military corps, had tendered their congratulations and thanks to Napoleon, and begged of him the honor of a review. Without fixing the time when this was to be done, he invited all those officers to visit him at his house the next morning at six o'clock, while the three regiments of dragoons were requested to be ready at the same hour for their review in the Champs Elysée. There was a universal expectation that some decisive event was about to take place, but what the event was, or the manner in which it was to be effected, none but those who were in the confidence of Napoleon could imagine. At seven o'clock on the same morning, the Council of the Ancients assembled in the Tuilleries, when the President, one of Napoleon's confidants, arose, and, after a short speech, proposed the passage of two decrees ; one which transferred the meetings of the legislative bodies to the Palace of St. Cloud, beyond the walls of the city, and the other placing all the military forces in Paris and its neighborhood, under the command of Napoleon.

These decrees were passed with acclamation and without debate, and before Napoleon had left his house a messenger came to announce to him the news. He instantly mounted his horse and rode to the Tuilleries with all his staff, where being presented to the Council, he said—"You are the wisdom of the nation, surrounded by the Generals of the Republic. I come to offer you our support. Let us waste no time in seeking for precedents. Nothing in history resembles the close of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembles this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure : our arms will put it in execution."

LXXIV.

Barras, who with his party was thunderstruck when he saw what a single hour had accomplished, sent his Secretary to protest before Napoleon against what he declared to be a usurpation. With the decision the crisis called for Napoleon, said—"What have you been doing for that beautiful France which I left to you so prosperous when I started for Egypt? Instead of peace, I find war ; instead of the wealth of Italy, I find taxation and distress. Where are the hundred thousand brave Frenchmen whom I knew, the companions of my glory? They are dead." Napoleon dispatched some confidential troops to guard the Louxembourg and the Directory ceased to exist.

The Council of Five Hundred an hour or two later assembled to learn their fate. Resistance would have been ldle, and adjourning for their next session at St. Cloud, they mingled with the enthusiastic people, shouting—*Vive la Republique.* When the two legislative bodies assembled at St. Cloud the next morning, they found that beautiful chateau completely invested by the brilliant battalions of Murat. The Gallery of Mars was thrown open for the reception of the Council of the Ancients, and a stormy debate began. During the previous night an attempt had been made to resist on the coming day the power of Napoleon, and if possible to supplant him. In the midst of the confusion, Napoleon himself entered the hall, and asking permission of the President, thus addressed them—" Citizens, you stand on a volcano. Let a soldier frankly proclaim the truth. I was quiet in my home when this Council summoned me to action. I obeyed: I assembled my brave comrades, and placed the arms of my country at the service of you who are its head. We are paid by calumnies—they talk of Cromwell—of Cæsar. Had I aspired to power, the opportunity was mine long ago. I swear that France holds no patriot more devoted than I. We are encircled by danger. Let us not hazard the advantages we have bought so dearly—Liberty and Equality:"—" And the Constitution," interrupted a Democratic member. " The Constitution!" resumed Napoleon, " it has been thrice violated already—all parties have invoked it—each in turn has trampled it in the dust; since it can be preserved no longer, let us at least save its foundations—Liberty and Equality. It is on you only that I rely. The Council of Five Hundred would restore the Convention, popular tumults, the scaffold, the Reign of Terror. I will save you from all these horrors—I and my brave comrades, whose swords and caps I see at the door of this hall: and if any hireling traitor talks of outlawry, to those swords will I appeal."

LXXV.

A single shout rang through the arches—*Vive Bonaparte.* In the meantime, in the Council of Five Hundred, where were concentrated all the ferocious elements of the days of Robespierre, a storm of passion raged. With the same steadiness of purpose and calmness of manner, Napoleon walked into the chamber with two grenadiers on either side, who halted at the doors that were left open, while the general advanced towards the centre of the chamber. At the sight of the drawn swords through the passage-way, and the presence of armed men at the doors of that deliberative body, the fiercest cries broke forth—"Down with the traitor!" "Long live the Constitution!" A large number of members rushed upon Napolean, and Arena, a Corsican deputy, struck for his throat with a dagger. In an instant the grenadiers rushed forward and bore their Commander out of the hall. "Soldiers!" he said, "I offered them victory and fame—they have answered me with daggers."

We do not deem it necessary even to notice the silly report that was afterwards spread, that Napoleon was terrified, and trembled with fear. His generals were alarmed at the consequences. "It was worse, gentlemen," said Napoleon calmly, "at Arcola. I have led you to victory, to fame, to glory. Soldiers! can I count on you now?" "We swear it," they cried: "*Vive Bonaparte,*" was the answering shout.

LXXVI.

The confusion of the Assembly had grown still wilder, and Lucien had endeavored in vain to be heard; the Assembly drowned his voice. The grenadiers once more entered the hall and bore him away from the fury of his colleagues. He mounted a horse, and in a loud voice thus spoke to the soldiers:—"General Bonaparte, and you, soldiers of France, the President of the Council announces to you, that factious men with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the Senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved." Le Clerc was at once dispatched to execute the order of the President, and with a detachment of grenadiers, with a roll of drums and leveled pieces, Lucien at their head, mounted the tribune. "Such," said he, "are the orders of the General." The Council had lost the day. Most of them made their escape from the windows. Lucien immediately assembled the *Moderate* members of the Council, who resumed its sessions, and in conjunction with that of the Ancients, a decree was passed investing the entire authority of the State in a Provisional Consulate of Three—Napoleon, Sieyes and Ducos.

LXXVII.

Thus ended the 18th and 19th Brumaire, and consummated one of the most decisive revolutions of which history has preserved any record; and, so admirable had been the arrangements of Napoleon, it had not cost France a drop of blood. However men's opinions may be divided in justification or condemnation of his course, no man who comprehends the state of affairs in France and in Europe at that time, has ever doubted that the usurpation saved Paris from frightful scenes of carnage and terror. It was one of those unforseen but mysterious events in the history of Napoleon, upon which the fate of all Europe was suspended.

LXXVIII.

The next morning the three Consuls met at Paris, and France began to make progress. Napoleon guided and controlled everything, and from this hour the supreme authority may be considered vested in him for life. The first day they devoted to the consideration of the public finances. France was impoverished, and the people had been scourged by forced loans and proscriptions till they would endure it no longer. A decree was published at once, raising all the regular taxes twenty-five per cent., and the revenues and expenditures of the government were immediately subjected to the severest scrutiny, and the most perfect system. "The Law of Hostages," a most despotic and cruel edict, by which French citizens were held responsible for all the acts of their kinsmen who had fled from France, was abolished—Christianity was again restored, and the Churches everywhere opened with acclamation and gratitude, and every priest who was willing to take the oath of fidelity to the government, was restored to his functions as a minister of Christ. Upwards of twenty thousand of this proscribed and persecuted class, now came forth from the prisons of France to bless the name of Napoleon. La Fayette and other patriots and statesmen who had been banished because they did not approve of the Reign of Terror and the despotism of the Directory, were recalled from their exile, and many other salutary reforms at once stamped the new government with the seal of public approbation and the confidence of Europe. Tranquillity once more prevailed. Law and order were established, crime was punished, virtue and patriotism rewarded, and there was throughout France every-

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BONAPARTE, 1st CONSUL

where a growing feeling of delight and satisfaction, that the nation had recovered from the terrible days it had passed through since the beginning of the revolution, and men looked forward to the future with hope. In everything that was done the genius of Napoleon was visible. A great man was at the helm, and the world saw that Napoleon was breathing over the chaos of the revolution the regenerating fire of his creative genius.

LXXIX.

On the 14th of December the new Constitution was published, and the Consuls thus announced it to the French people. " Citizens, the Constitution is grounded on the true principles of a representative government, on the sacred rights of property, equality, and liberty. The powers it institutes will be vigorous and permanent—such they should be to secure the rights of citizens and the interests of the State. Citizens, the revolution is established on the principles from which it originated : it is ended."

The Constitution was hailed with gladness and confidence by France, and on the 19th of February, 1800, the First Consul took up his residence in the Tuilleries, the old home of the monarchs of France. When those spacious halls were again thrown open under the reign of law, order and progress, even Europe itself and the foes of Napoleon contemplated the brilliant spectacle with amazement and delight. Shortly after, Napoleon reviewed the army of Paris, amounting to one hundred thousand men, on the Place du Carousal, and for the first time in modern history, perhaps, the world saw the greatest General of the age, the civil Chief of the most brilliant State in Europe.

LXXX.

The Bourbons now began, when they saw the reign of order established, to hope that their exiled and deposed race would once more be restored to the throne of their fathers. Napoleon was approached by the negociators who privately, during a midnight interview, attempted to gain from him some pledge to that effect, but the attempt was unsuccessful. "The restoration of the Bourbons," he said, "cannot be effected without enormous slaughter, and I shall entertain but the single idea to forget the past, and gladly accept the aid of those who are desirous to see the will of the nation fully carried out."

With a spirit of conciliation and liberality he called into the service of the government, without regard to their former acts or opinions, the ablest men in France. Talleyrand was complained of as a political trickster, and a man of no established principles. "Be it so," said Napoleon, "but he is nevertheless the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs I can find." Carnot, whom Napoleon had recalled from exile, was objected to as a republican. "Let us," he said, "avail ourselves of his unrivaled talents in the administration of the war department, and who cares for his opinions? Fouché everybody knew to be a heartless villain, but, said Napoleon, "since we cannot create men we must take them as we find them, and Fouché makes the best Minister of Police in France." The consummate ability with which Napoleon now managed the affairs of the State, the army, and the foreign relations of France, created a new era for his country. "From this day," says Lockhart, "a new epoch was to date. Submit to that government, and no man need fear that his former acts, far less opinions, should prove any obstacle to his security—nay, to his advancement. Henceforth the regicide might dismiss all dread of Bourbon revenge—the purchaser of forfeited property, of being sacrificed to the returning nobles; provided only they chose to sink their theories and submit. To the royalists, on the one hand, Bonaparte held out the prospect, not indeed of a Bourbon restoration, but of the re-establishment of a monarchial government and all the concomitants of a court. For the churchman the temples were at once opened, and the rebuilding of the hierarchical fabric in all its wealth and splendor and power was offered in prospective. Meanwhile the great and growing evil from which the revolution had really sprung was forever abolished. The odious distinction of castes was at an end. Political liberty existed, perhaps, no longer, but *civil* liberty—the equality of Frenchmen, in the eye of the law—was, or seemed to be, established. All men must henceforth contribute to the State in the proportion of their means; all men appealed to the same tribunals; and no man, however meanly born, had it to say that there was one post of power or dignity in France to which talent and labor never could elevate him." A higher eulogy never was passed upon a conqueror or a statesman, and the most wonderful three months in the progress of human government or human fortunes that history speaks of, is the period from the 18th Brumaire to the proclamation of the New Constitution.

LXXXI.

During the absence of Napoleon in Egypt, the tri-color which he had left floating on the castles along the Rhine, and from the Julian Alps to the Mediterranean, had been humbled, and England and Austria, with all the allies they could bring into the coalition, were preparing once more to compel the French to retire to their ancient boundaries, and ultimately offer the crown to the exiled Bourbons. But

Napoleon knew that France needed internal repose, and he was desirous if possible to atone for the treachery and weakness of the Directory, and establish universal peace in Europe. Waving the usual etiquette of diplomacy, the First Consul had already [December 25th, 1799,] addressed the following letter to King George, and if England had been wise enough or magnanimous enough to give it the answer it merited, she would have saved herself whole decades of struggle, incalculable treasure and countless hecatombs of men. But England had not then, with all the boasted wisdom of her Pitts and Grenvilles, learned the great lesson which Napoleon afterwards taught her so effectually—non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. Louis Napoleon has been saved all the trouble of teaching England this lesson which his Uncle taught her so well. That France should have proclaimed a Republic, was in the opinion of British statesmen an unpardonable crime in 1792; but England saw no crime in it when France repeated the act half a century afterwards. Kossuth has received the credit of first proclaiming this principle, and it has been conceded to him; but the true author and vindicator of the great doctrine of the right of every nation to govern itself, without the intervention of others, was first and longest and hardest fought for by Napoleon Bonaparte.

LXXXII.

But the letter. "*French Republic—Sovereignty of th People—Liberty and Equality. Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain an Ireland:*—Called by the wishes of the French Nation to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I have thought proper in commencing the discharge of its duties, to communicate the event directly to your Majesty.

"Must the war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness, to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence comes it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as of glories? These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your Majesty, who rules over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy. Your Majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually for the second time to a general pacification—by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms which, however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble States, only serve to discover in the powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England, abusing their strength, may long defer the period of its utter exhaustion; but I will venture to say that the fate of civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world. I have the honor, &c., &c.,

"BONAPARTE."

LXXXIII.

In a very short-sighted letter, Lord Grenville, then Secretary of State, replied to Talleyrand. We will spare England the humiliation of another edition of this dispatch. She paid very dearly for the insult, and George III himself afterwards said, that he was very sorry he did not have the opportunity of replying to General Bonaparte's letter himself. It would have saved England millions of money, and Europe millions of lives.

One word from Lord Grenville's note :—"The war must continue until the causes which gave it birth cease to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family will be the easiest means of giving confidence to the other powers of Europe." When Napoleon read the letter, he said—"I will answer that from Italy,"—and immediately called his Generals together, and ordered them to get ready for another campaign beyond the Alps. Three days after the receipt of the Grenville note, the First Consul electrified France by an edict for an army of reserve, embracing all the veterans who had ever served the country, and a new levy of 30,000 conscripts. Four great armies were already in the field—one on the North coast was watching Holland, and guarding against any invasion from England ; and this division was sufficiently powerful, after the humiliating defeat of the Duke of York : Jourdan commanded the army of the Danube, which had re-passed the Rhine : Massena was at the head of the army of Helvetia, and held Switzerland ; and the fragment of the mighty host that Napoleon had himself led to victory, still called the army of Italy.

LXXXIV.

After dispatching his orders, by which upwards of 350,000 men were marched to various points of conflict with the European powers, Napoleon joined Berthier at Geneva, [May 8th, 1800], where Marescot, the engineer, who had at the order of Napoleon, explored the passes of the Alps, described minutely the all but insuperable obstacles that would oppose the passage of an army. Napoleon impatiently demanded—"Is it possible for an army to pass?" "It might be done," was the answer. "Then, it shall be," said Napoleon ; and preparations were instantly made.

Says Botta, in his superb description of this campaign—

"The First Consul set forth on his stupendous enterprise, his forces being already assembled at Martigny at the foot of the great St. Bernard. The soldier gazed on the aerial summits of the lofty mountains with wonder and impatience. On the 17th of May the whole body set out from Martigny for the conquest of Italy. Extraordinary was their order, wonderful their gayety, and astonishing also the activity and energy of their operations. Laughter and song lightened their toils. They seemed to be hastening, not to a fearful war, but to a festival. The multitude of various and mingled sounds were re-echoed from hill to hill, and the silence of these solitary and desolate regions, which revolving ages had left undisturbed, was for a moment broken by the rejoicing voices of the gay and warlike. Precipitous heights, strong torrents, sloping valleys, succeeded each other with disheartening frequency. Owing to his incredible boldness and order, Lannes was always chosen by the Consul to take the lead in every enterprise of danger. They had now reached an elevation where skill or courage seemed powerless against the domain of nature. From St. Pierre to the summit of the great St. Bernard there is no beaten road whatever, until the explorer reaches the monastery of the Religious Order devoted to the preservation of travelers bewildered in these regions of eternal winter. Every means that could be devised was adopted for transporting the artillery and baggage; the carriages which had been wheeled were now dragged—those which had been drawn were carried. The largest cannon were placed in troughs and on sledges, and the smallest swung on sure-footed mules. The ascent to be accomplished was immense. In the windings of the tortuous paths the troops were now lost and now revealed to sight. Those who first mounted the steps, seeing their companions in the depths below, cheered them on with shouts of triumph. The valleys on every side re-echoed to their voices. Amidst the snow, in mists and clouds, the resplendent arms and colored uniforms of the soldiers appeared in bright and dazzling contrast: the sublimity of dead nature and the energy of living action thus united, formed a spectacle of surpassing wonder. The Consul, exulting in the success of his plans, was seen everywhere amongst the soldiers, talking with military familiarity to one and now to another, and, skilled in the eloquence of camps, he so excited their courage that, braving every obstacle, they now deemed that easy which had been adjudged impossible. They soon approached the highest summit, and discerned in the distance the pass which leads from the opening between two towering mountains to the loftiest pinnacle. With shouts of transport they hailed this extreme point as the termination of their labors, and with new ardor prepared to ascend. When their strength occasionally flagged under excess of fatigue, they beat their drums, and then, re-animated by the spirit-stirring sound, proceeded forward with fresh vigor. At last they reached the summit and there felicitated each other as if after a complete and assured victory. Their hilarity was not a little increased by finding a simple repast prepared in front of the monastery, the provident Consul having furnished the monks with money to supply what their own resources could not have afforded for such numbers. Here they were regaled with wine and bread and cheese, and enjoyed a brief repose amidst dismounted cannon and scattered baggage, amidst ice and conglomerated snow, while the monks passed from troop to troop in turn, the calm of religious cheerfulness depicted on their countenances. Thus did goodness and power meet and hold communion, on this extreme summit."

LXXXV.

The passage of the Alps had been achieved with so much celerity, that long before the Austrians knew Napoleon's army was in motion, he had descended into Italy, where Lannes [June 9th,] had met and cut to pieces a powerful division, and taken five thousand prisoners on the field of Montibello. On the 14th of June, the Austrian and French armies came together on the plain of Marengo. We cannot trace the events of that wonderful day. Napoleon had fought against terrible odds in numbers and in position; and, nearly overpowered, his army was slowly retiring from the field when Dessaix, riding up to the First Consul, said—"I think this a battle lost." "And I," said Napoleon, "think it a battle won." He drew up his army on a third line of battle, and riding along said to them—"Soldiers! we have retired far enough. You know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle." A final charge was then made, when Dessaix, whose gallantry changed the fortunes of the day, was shot dead through the head. Napoleon embraced him an instant and said, as his tears fell on his dead general—"Alas! I must not weep now,"—and mounting his horse again plunged into the battle. So far from being disheartened by the terrible spectacle of the loss of the beloved Dessaix, the whole army concentrated themselves together and hurled their invincible columns upon the Austrian lines. They marched victorious over thousands of the slain. The broken infantry and the terrified cavalry fled in confusion to the banks of the Bormida, into which they were plunged by the French cavalry, who swept the field. The Bormida was clogged and crimsoned by German corpses. Such was the BATTLE OF MARENGO, the most decisive perhaps which had been fought in Europe. It opened to Napoleon the gates of all the principal cities of Northern Italy.

LXXXVI.

The Conqueror at once marched to Milan, where he was received with exultation, and immediately reconstructed the fallen Cis-Alpine Republic. Leaving the army of Italy under the command of Massena, and Jourdan minister in Piedmont, by a flying journey he was again, on the second day of July, in the Palace of the Tuilleries. We believe that few historians have attempted to describe his triumphal entry into Paris. It was but a few days before, that he had set out for the campaign of Marengo, and his achievement seemed to transcend the bounds of possibility. Every house in Paris was illuminated, and the joy was so much the greater since a French traveler had just before reached Paris with the announcement that he had left the field of Marengo at a late hour in the day, when Napoleon's army had retreated before the Austrians and General Melas had achieved a great victory. He stated only the truth, which Napoleon himself confirmed on his arrival; but the turn in the fortunes of the day a single hour afterward he had not waited to observe.

Napoleon's power and fame were now greater than ever, and the Bourbons believing that the moment had come for the restoration of their fortunes, again pressed Napoleon with their offers. "You are very tardy," said the Count de Lille, afterwards Louis XVIII., "in restoring to me my throne. It is to be feared that you will let the favorable moment slip. You cannot establish the happiness of France without me, and I on the other hand can do nothing for France without you. Make haste, then, and point out yourself the posts and dignities which will suit you and your friends."

In reply, the First Consul wrote—"I have received your Royal Highness' letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France—you could not do so without marching over five-hundred thousand corpses. For the rest I shall always be zealous to do whatever lies in my power toward softening your Royal Highness' destinies, and making you forget, if possible, your misfortunes."

LXXXVII.

Napoleon had now reached such a point of power, that the Bourbons resigned all hopes of a restoration through his agency; and as there were not wanting instruments ready to be employed for such a purpose, the assassination of Napoleon was agreed on, and through countless futile schemes it was for years prosecuted most unrelentingly. In August, 1800, Ceracchi, the famous and infamous Italian sculptor, attempted the assassination of Napoleon as he was entering the theatre; but one of the accomplices had betrayed him, and the chief conspirator was seized. Then followed the infernal-machine, which consisted of a barrel of gunpowder, surrounded by an immense quantity of grape-shot, stationed on the night of the 10th of October, at Nacaise, a narrow street through which Napoleon was to pass on his way to the opera-house. At St. Helena, he himself thus related the circumstance:—"I had been hard at work all day, and was so overpowered by sleep after dinner that Josephine, who was quite anxious to go to the opera that night, found it very difficult to rouse me up and persuade me to go. I fell asleep again after I had entered the carriage, and I was dreaming of the danger I had undergone some years before in crossing the Tagliamento at midnight by the light of torches, during a flood, when I was waked by the explosion of the infernal machine." "We are blown up," he exclaimed, to Bessieres and Lannes, who were in the carriage. "Drive on," said Napoleon. The coachman, who was intoxicated, heard the order, and having mistaken the explosion for a salute, lashed his horses up to the theatre. The machine had been fired by a slow-match, and the explosion took place just twenty seconds too soon. Summary justice was executed upon the immediate perpetrators of this infamous design, and not long after the blood of the Duke D'Enghien atoned dearly for the part, whatever it may have been, that the Bourbons had taken in these murderous schemes.

LXXXVIII.

After the battle of Marengo, Austria had been glad enough to sign an armistice, but being somewhat reassured by these attempts upon the life of Napoleon, she delayed the final negotiations of the treaty for five months, when Napoleon, perceiving that he was being trifled with by the Austrian Cabinet, gave orders in November to all his Generals to put their divisions in march along the frontiers of the French dominions. The shock was instantaneous, from the Rhine to the Mincio. Brune overwhelmed the Austrians on the Mincio ; Macdonald held the Tyrol, and Moreau achieved the glorious victory of Hohenlinden. With three victorious armies, either of which could now have marched triumphantly into Vienna, Napoleon hesitated long enough before taking that final step to allow Austria to sign an honest and definitive peace. The treaty of Luneville [February 9, 1801], wrung from the Austrian Emperor, who also acted as chief of the German Empire, a guarantee to France of her boundary of the Rhine, the possession of Tuscany, the union of the Batavian Republic with the French, the existence and integrity of the Cis-Alpine and Ligurian Republics, and a final withdrawal from the coalition against France. Mr. Pitt now considered his diplomatic note to Talleyrand replied to in full, and when he read the bulletin of Marengo he threw aside a map of Europe which he held in his hand, and said—"Fold it up! We sha'nt want it again these twenty years."

LXXXIX.

The British nation had now become tired of the policy of Pitt, which held England in hostility against France, and made Europe a universal battle-field. Perceiving that he could not long continue to press his policy upon the British Parliament, he resigned office, and Mr. Addington became his successor. Napoleon was determined to bring England to a negotiation of peace and a recognition of the French Republic. After the news of the reverses which had happened to his Egyptian army, and the great sea-victory of Copenhagen by Nelson, Napoleon gathered an armament of 100,000 men on the coasts of France, with a flotilla sufficiently large to effect a landing in England whenever circumstances should seem to favor such a movement.

It has always been doubted whether Napoleon seriously entertained the purpose of invading Great Britain, but he succeeded, at all events, in convincing the world for the time that such was his design, and Lord Nelson was put in command of the mightiest fleet England could gather for the Channel. English statesmen seemed to feel that the salvation of Great Britain depended upon keeping Napoleon from landing on her coasts, for it was supposed that, once on the shore of England at the head of 100,000 men, he would have marched on London and taken possession of the British capital. The British ministry and the British nation had become thoroughly convinced of the folly of Pitt's policy, and when the peace of Amiens was signed, [March 25th, 1802], it was amidst universal demonstrations of joy in Paris and London, and indeed throughout the British and French empires, and all civilized nations.

XC.

For nearly ten years the English had been shut off from the Continent, and it is estimated that within a few weeks upwards of a hundred thousand crossed the Channel. Fox and many other British statesmen and a vast number of English noblemen, scholars, artists, men of learning, rank and talents, thronged the levees of the First Consul, and they were all received with courtesy and kindness. It was hoped that a period of permanent peace had arrived, when kinder and nobler feelings could be cultivated between the two nations.

In the meantime, Napoleon had been working ceaselessly and intensely in the great business of re-constructing society, whose foundations in France had been so completely upheaved by the revolution. The inauguration of Christian worship once more in France, is a fact we have only alluded to ; but it deserves, among the achievements of Napoleon, to be ranked perhaps in the very first place. France was now an infidel nation. It was the fashion, from the saloon of the elegant classes, to the rabble of the streets, to believe that there was no God. It required no little strength of purpose to take this step. "Religion," said he, "is a principle which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man." "Last Sunday evening," he said, "I was walking here alone, and the church-bells of the village of Reuel rang at sunset. I was strongly moved, so vividly did the memory of early days come back with that sound. If it be thus with me, what must it be with others ? In re-establishing the Church, I consult the wishes of the great majority of my people."

XCI.

In the life of Cardinal Fesch, we have already given a brief history of the Concordat, and Notre Dame was prepared for a solemn and magnificent ceremony on the occasion of its ratification. Napoleon was present with a retinue more brilliant, perhaps, than would have attended any sovereign in Europe. It was at about this period, too, that Napoleon turned his attention to the organization of a system of national education, and Monge, the celebrated savan, drew up the plan for the establishment of the Polytecnic School, which became the fountain of light and eminence to the French people and the whole continent of Europe. Every facility was also furnished to the corps of savans, on their return from Egypt, for arranging and preparing for the use of the world the results of their explorations in the East. When these results were published, the learned world felt that the Egyptian and Syrian campaigns had so materially contributed to the cause of science, that it would be a source of far more enduring glory to the Conqueror than all his victories. He also commenced the Herculean labor of preparing a Code of Law for the French nation, and in this work, as in everything else that he undertook, he not only laid tribute upon all the learning of his country, but he exhausted secretary after secretary by the intensity and protraction of their labors. The world is so familiar with the Code Napoleon, and the influence it has had upon the science of jurisprudence and the institutions of Europe, that we need only glance at it.

[illegible]

XCII.

A vast number of great public works which he had before projected were now begun, and afterwards carried into execution. Canals extending the inland navigation of France, bridges across rivers, roads between important places, museums for the collection of whatever illustrated history, science or the arts, monuments in honor of illustrious men and great events, schools for learning and art, and other great enterprises, which bespoke the genius of Napoleon for civil administration as impressively as his victories had his talent for war.

He also established the Order of the Legion of Honor not long after this period; and, for reasons which to his counselors of state are thus reported on authentic authority. "They talk about ribbons and crosses being the playthings of Monarchs, and say that the old Romans had no system of honorary rewards. The Romans had patricians, knights, citizens and slaves—for each class different dresses and different manners—mural crowns, civic crowns, ovations, triumphs and titles. When the noble band of patricians lost its influence, Rome fell to pieces—the people were a vile rabble. It was then that you saw the fury of Marius, the proscriptions of Scylla, and afterward of the emperors. In like manner Brutus is talked of as the enemy of tyrants: he was an aristocrat, who stabbed Cæsar because Cæsar wished to lower the authority of the Senate. You talk of child's rattles—be it so: it is with such rattles that men are led. I would not say that to the multitude, but in a council of statesmen one may speak the truth. I do not believe that the French people love *liberty* and *equality*. Their character has not been changed in ten years. They are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were—vain and light. They are susceptible of only one sentiment—honor. It is right to afford nourishment to this sentiment, and to allow of distinctions. Observe how the people bow before the decorations of foreigners. Voltaire calls the common soldiers 'Alexanders, at five sous a day.' He was right. It is just so. Do you imagine you can make men fight by reason? Never! You must bribe them with glory, distinctions, rewards. To come to the point—during ten years there has been a talk of institutions. Where are they? All has been overturned. Our business is to build up. There is a government with certain powers. As to all the rest of the nation, what is it but grains of sand? Before the Republic can be definitely established, we must as a foundation cast some blocks of granite on the soil of France. In fine, it is agreed that we have need of some kind of institutions. If this Legion of Honor is not approved, let some other be suggested. I do not pretend that it alone will save the State, but it will do its part."

XCIII.

The Legion of Honor was necessary at that time in France, and it may be necessary there for a long time to come. When Napoleon had himself seen the fruit of it in some thousands of instances, he said to a friend at St. Helena—"This Order was the reversion of every one who was an honor to his country, stood at the head of his profession, and contributed to the national prosperity and glory. Some were dissatisfied because the decoration was conferred alike on officers and soldiers; others, because it was given to civil and military merit indiscriminately; but if this Order ever cease to be the recompense of the brave private, or be confined to military men alone, it will cease to be what I made it—the Legion of Honor."

The Legion of Honor was instituted the 15th of May, 1802. On the 2d of June of the same year, Napoleon had visited Lyons to address, in their native tongue, a convention of four hundred and fifty Italian Deputies, who had assembled in that city to establish a permanent and independent Cis-Alpine Republic, and confer on him the honor of its Presidency. On the 15th of May, 1802, Napoleon, by the act of the Senate, and the universal suffrages of the French people, was appointed Consul for life.

XCIV.

We should in another place have noticed an act of Napoleon soon after he was first chosen Consul, which too many of his biographers have failed to record. While these turbulent scenes were then being enacted on the banks of the Seine, the Founder of the Young Republic of the West had peacefully breathed his last in the waveless repose of Mount Vernon, and his grave was wet with the tears of a nation's sorrow and gratitude. When Napoleon heard that he was no more, he said—"The great light of the world has gone out,"—and taking the pen in his hand, in the following *Order of the Day*, he thus announced the decease of the great patriot to the Consular Guard and the Armies of France :—"Washington is dead. This great man fought against tyranny ; he established the liberty of his country. His memory must always be dear to the French people, as well as to all the free of both worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and his American troops, fight in defence of liberty and equality. Therefore, the First Consul has ordered, that for the space of ten days, crape shall be hung on all the colors and standards of the Republic."

No American can read this tribute from the greatest man of Europe to the virtues of the greatest man of America, without emotion. Nor can we quite forget the contrast it offers to the course of the British Government. Sprung from Anglo-Saxon stock, descended from noble English ancestors, the Founder of a New England, on this side of the Atlantic, that seems destined to perpetuate the Language, Laws, Religion, Arts and Civilization of Old England to distant ages and races of men,—we have always regretted that Pitt could not have outrivalled Napoleon by some act of veneration to the memory of Washington.

XCV.

The armistice of Armiens lasted till March 13, 1803, when Great Britain again declared war against France. Her agents throughout the world, had been instructed suddenly to seize all the commerce of the French nation wherever found, and two hundred vessels, containing at least fifteen millions of dollars of property, fell at once into the hands of England. Napoleon, on the very night the news reached him, retaliated by arresting upwards of ten thousand Englishmen then in France. England made a loud and prolonged scream of horror at this act of despotism, and endeavored to excite the sympathy of all Europe on her side, and the abhorrence of mankind against Napoleon, because of the violation of private rights and the immense amount of personal suffering and sacrifice caused thereby. But the provocation had been severe enough, and it would have been very hard to show that a confiscation and robbery of $15,000,000 of French property had not caused as much suffering to the people of France as the arrest of ten thousand Englishmen had to the people of England.

The flames of war were again lighted in every part of Europe, and again 160,000 French soldiers were marshaled on the coasts of France threatening another invasion of England. Once more the loyalty and patriotism of Great Britain were kindled into a blaze; beacon-fires blazed along the hills; camps were established along the coast, and King George himself went familiarly through them to inspire his soldiers.

XCVI.

At this period England had brought every engine of power to the accomplishment of the overthrow of Napoleon, and in conjunction with the exiled Bourbons, other attempts were made upon the life of the First Consul. Every attempt, however, proved unavailing, because it seemed impossible that any conspiracy aimed against the chief of the State could elude the sleepless vigilance and subtle cunning of Fouché. A vast deal has been written on a subject we are now to dispose of in a single paragraph. Men of sense will never believe that the agents of England and the Bourbons were not making every attempt in their power to assassinate Napoleon. Conspiracy after conspiracy was detected, and there could have been no mistake on one point, that they had their origin with Napoleon's political enemies. Their connection with the Bourbons and the Jesuitical diplomatists was satisfactorily traced. Napoleon resolved upon retaliation. The Duke D'Enghien, the heir of Condé, was suddenly arrested in his castle in the Duchy of Baden, on the evening of the 14th of March, (1804), and conveyed to the Citadel of Strasbourg, where he was confined three days, and at midnight conveyed to Paris. After a few hours imprisonment in the Temple he was sent to the Castle of Vincennes, the old State Prison of France. He was tried by a Court Martial in the most summary and hasty manner, and pronounced guilty of having fought against the Republic, which was doubtless true, and he gloried in it. He was condemned to death, led down a winding stairway by torch-light, and shot in a ditch in the Castle at six o'clock in the morning, and his body thrown into a grave which had been prepared for him. It was a cold, merciless murder, and the young Condé's heroic and noble character, made all Europe sad for his fate; but it produced precisely the result Napoleon intended by it, and he always rejoiced that it was done. The kings, princes, jesuits and despots of Europe, who had crushed nations into the earth for successive ages, and perpetrated interminable catalogues of crime, sacrificing whole generations for the selfish purposes of power and ambition, saw nothing sacred in the life of Napoleon. It was not, in their estimation, murder to assassinate him, for he was a usurper. There was something sacred about the life of the Duke D'Enghien, for through his veins flowed the blood of a royal prince. The royalists of Europe were chilled with horror, and they turned pale at the thought that they were dealing with a man who would as coolly write the death-warrant of a Condé as they would of a Bonaparte. The death of the Duke D'Enghien was intended to be a retaliation, and it was a fearful one. No more attempts were made upon the life of the Consul.

XCVII.

Until Europe casts aside that false and fatal principle, that the life of a king is any more sacred than the life of any other man, until she plucks up by the roots the foul Upas tree of hereditary rank and nobility and royal prerogatives, till that moment Republicanism can never exist on the Continent. It is a plant which must grow up in the clear sunshine of the eternal principle of the inalienable rights of man, and all the struggles of European nations for Republican institutions will be dreams of romance, until this great principle is forever established. Whether Europe will ever reach, in our times or in the future, that political position in philosophy and in government which the American Republic started out on seventy years ago, remains yet to be seen. England never would have thought of making war on the French Republic, had not the head of Louis XVI. rolled from the block. She would have had no justification to adduce for her declaration of war in violation of the Treaty of Amiens, had she not been furnished with one by the opportune murder of the Duke D'Enghien.

"Peace to the ashes of the young Condé," said the English; and say we, "Peace to the ashes of Charles I., Anna Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh."

On the 18th of May, 1804, by the advice of the Senate, and the universal assent of the French nation, Napoleon assumed the imperial title and dignity; and on the 2d of the following December, in the midst of one of the most imposing and brilliant scenes ever enacted on the earth, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned in Notre Dame, by Pius VII., the Pontiff of Rome. The Senators of the Italian Republic requested that the Emperor would be crowned as their King, at Milan, and on the following May 26th, [1805,] in the Cathedral of Milan, he assumed the Iron Crown of the Lombard Kings.

XCVIII.

Napoleon had scarcely entered his Capital after the return from the Coronation in Italy, before he learned that a new Coalition had been set on foot against him, and that England, Russia, Austria and Sweden, with half a million men, were preparing once more to light the flames of battle among fifty nations, to reinstate the Bourbons on the throne of France. Napoleon desired peace—he wanted leisure to prosecute and perfect the great Public Works he had begun or projected; and he went as far as true honor and humanity could prompt a great man, to preserve the tranquillity of the Continent. He again addressed a letter to the King of England, which breathed a spirit of magnanimity. But again he was treated with insolence and contempt. Napoleon, however, could not believe that Austria would trample another treaty into the dust, and so soon, too, after the fatal day of Marengo; and he sent a messenger to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to learn the truth. But the Envoy soon returned with the best maps of the German Empire, and opening them on the council-table of the Tuilleries, said—“The Austrian General is advancing on Munich, the Russian army is in motion, and Prussia will join them.” The Emperor of Russia had also by post-horses pushed on to Berlin to win over the Prussian Monarch to the great Bourbon Coalition; and to play his part with more effect the Cossack asked his royal brother to attend him to the tomb of his ancestor. They descended by torch-light to the vault where Frederick the Great had been laid after his battles; and there over the honored dust, and pointing to the sword and orders of the immortal Conqueror, which lay on his coffin—as if those emblems could impart deeper solemnity to the oath—the Cossack made the heir of Frederick swear to join the European Coalition. A few weeks afterwards the Hero of Austerlitz also descended to that death-chamber, and said to an attendant, “These orders and sword shall witness no other scene of perjury over the ashes of Frederick.”

XCIX.

Finding another campaign against the Kings of Europe inevitable, and unable by words of kindness or Treaties of Peace, to divert its frightful calamities, the young Emperor of the French gathered his Eagles and led them toward the Danube. To embrace even the outlines of this magnificent campaign, whole volumes have been written. Napoleon's army which from the French coasts had so lately sent terror to the remotest hamlet of England, had now crossed the Rhine in six divisions, headed by Soult, Marmont, Vandamme, Davoust, Ney and Murat. Before a month had passed, 20,000 prisoners had fallen into the hands of the victorious generals, and Mack, the Austrian Commander, who had shut himself up in the Castle of Ulm, capitulated with 36,000 men and 50 pieces of cannon. As the news spread, it carried consternation through Europe. Sir Walter Scott says, " The death of William Pitt was accelerated by the Campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, as his health had been previously injured by the defeat of Marengo."

A Russian and Austrian army of 50,000, advancing to the relief of Ulm, now retreated from the victorious columns of France, into Moravia, where the Czar had fixed his head-quarters as a rallying point for both armies. Napoleon was advancing on Vienna, and the Emperor Francis fled from his Capital to the Camp of Alexander, at Brunn. On the 13th of November, Napoleon's army entered Vienna, and he took up his head-quarters in the Imperial Palace of the Schoenbrun. Probably the campaign would have now ended, had not the news come of the battle of Trafalgar. This splendid victory had put an end to the Naval power of France, and swept her flag from the ocean. " Heaven has given the Empire of the Sea to England," said Napoleon— " but to us has fate decreed the Dominion of the Land." He determined to respond to the cannon of Nelson from the centre of Europe.

c

He left Vienna at the head of his army, and marched towards Brunn, where the Austrian and Russian forces were concentrated under the eyes of their two Emperors. The armies met on the 1st December, [1805], and prepared for battle the following day. At midnight when everything was ready, and his mighty host was sleeping on the field, the Emperor laid himself down by a watch-fire for sixty minutes, then rose, mounted his horse and began to reconnoitre. He wished to escape observation, but some of his wakeful soldiers recognized him, and in a few moments piles of straw were thrown together, and they lit up his path as he rode from post to post, while shout rose above shout till the camp rang with the wild acclamations of eighty thousand soldiers. Napoleon could not account for so unusual a demonstration, and he was on the point of suppressing it by an order that would have been obeyed. But the shouts told him it was the Anniversary-day of his Coronation, and in their uncontrollable enthusiasm he found a pledge of its glorious celebration. An old grenadier approached him and said, "Sire, you will not need to expose yourself; I promise, in the name of the grenadiers of the army, that you will have to fight only with your eyes; and we will bring you the flags and artillery of the Russians to celebrate the Anniversary of your Coronation."

He rode back to his bivouac, a straw-cabin without a roof, which his grenadiers had prepared for him, and wrote a proclamation to his army, in which he said—"Soldiers, I shall myself direct your battalions; if with your accustomed bravery, you carry confusion and disorder among the hostile ranks, I shall keep out of the fire. But if the victory is for a moment uncertain you will see your Emperor in the front of your ranks"——"This," said Napoleon, as he threw down the pen, "is the noblest evening of my life: but I shall lose too many of these brave fellows to-morrow."

CI.

The whole camp had risen, and there could be no more sleep that night. Napoleon again mounted, and calling his Marshals and Generals together, gave them his orders, and the whole army waited for day-break. Towards morning a thick fog overspread the vast plain of Austerlitz, and covered both armies. This omen cast a gloom for a moment over the French battalions. But when the sun came up it rolled the mists into heaven, and flooded the field of Austerlitz with splendor. A single glance told that both armies were ready for conflict.

Napoleon was at this instant surrounded by his Lieutenants, and at a word, Marshals Davoust, Lannes, Soult, and Bernadotte and Prince Murat flew to lead their divisions to battle; while Napoleon himself with Marshal Berthier, Junot and all his staff, with ten battalions of his Guard, and ten battalions of Oudinot's grenadiers, and forty pieces of cannon, made up the reserve, ready to strike wherever they could decide the fortunes of the dav. Such were the scenes being enacted on the French side.

Across the plain glittered a not less confident, and still more numerous host—under the eyes and orders of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and led by the Princes and Marshals of two Empires. Two mightier or more magnificent armies never met in the shock of battle.

CII.

Riding along the lines on one of his fleetest horses, Napoleon said—"Soldiers, we must end the campaign to-day with a thunderbolt." "Long live the Emperor," rang from 80,000 men, drowning the blast of the bugles which sounded to battle. Two hundred heavy cannon opened their fire; powerful divisions engaged both wings of the enemy, and Murat charged the centre with his dreadful cavalry. For one hour two hundred thousand heroes struggled for the supremacy of Europe. The line of battle swayed to and fro over the plain like a prairie on fire. The soul of Napoleon seemed to have passed into his entire army, and wherever his columns charged, they trampled whole battalions on the plain. Division after division gave way, and from the heights of Austerlitz the two allied Emperors saw their army broken and put to flight.

CIII.

The whole conflict had been one of terror ; but when the Cossack host fled from the field, even Napoleon turned away from the sight. The right wing which had longest contested the day, and made Lannes with Murat's cavalry recoil three times from their deadly onset, were driven at last into a hollow, where they attempted to escape across a lake on the ice. Many had fallen, but 20,000 were in full flight. Napoleon's batteries were trained on their track, and a heavy cannonade broke the ice, and they sunk forever! The ruin was so complete, it seemed more like the destruction of the host of Senacharib by the breath of Heaven, than the work of man. The allied Emperors with the shattered remnants of their army of 100,000 men, fled in terror from the field. Thus ended the *Battle* of *Austerlitz*, or, as the victorious French grenadiers always persisted in calling it—THE BATTLE OF THE EMPERORS.

CIV.

At midnight the flying Emperors halted for council, and it was decided to dispatch a messenger to Napoleon before day-light, with proposals for peace. The envoy was courteously received, and arrangements were made for a meeting of the Austrian and French Emperors, the following day.

They met at ten o'clock near a mill, about three leagues from Austerlitz, each sovereign being attended by his suite and guards. Being first on the ground, Napoleon ordered two fires to be made, and with a squadron of his Guard drawn up at a distance of about two hundred paces, he awaited the arrival of Francis. He soon came in sight, accompanied by several princes and generals, and an escort of Hungarian cavalry who halted as the French had done. Napoleon walked to Francis' landau and embraced him, and both Emperors, with only two attendants—Prince John of Lichtenstein near Francis, and Marshal Berthier near Napoleon—went to the fire. Meantime the suite of the two sovereigns drew around the other fire which had been made a few paces distant across the high-way.

The interview lasted an hour, when the two sovereigns separated after a mutual embrace—Napoleon saying, in the hearing of the gentlemen of the suites—"I agree to it; but your Majesty must promise not to make war on me again." "No, I promise you I will not," was Francis' reply,—"and I will keep my word." He did make war again on France as soon as he dared, and thus, one by one, did every sovereign in Europe violate his honor and faith. It was most definitively understood that the Emperor of Russia, although not present, was to give his adhesion to the armistice just concluded by his ally of Austria. He so assured Marshal Davoust, who had pursued him the night of the battle, and now held him in his power with the entire remnant of his army. But subsequent events only showed that the Russian had descended to the meanness of a lie to save himself.

CV.

But Napoleon believed the "royal word" of the Hapsburgh Emperor, and allowed the Russians to retire unmolested to their own territory. He soon after concluded the Treaty of Pressburgh with Francis, [December 15, 1805], and another treaty with Prussia [December 26,] at Vienna, which he supposed would secure to all Europe the blessings of peace.

As a matter of course the victor of Austerlitz made his own terms in these negotiations. Austria gave up the last of her Italian usurpations to be annexed to the kingdom of Italy, and the Tyrol to Bavaria, and yielded to other stipulations which the Conqueror demanded. But the moderation of Napoleon in the moment of victory excited the surprise and admiration of Europe.

CVI.

To show the duplicity and treachery of the Russian Emperor, it is necessary only to state, that the news soon reached Napoleon of the joint entry of the English and Russian forces into Naples. Before an hour had passed Napoleon had come to a decision which made the treacherous Bourbons of Naples exiles from their throne. He dispatched couriers to the army of Italy, ordering them to prepare to march, and to his brother Joseph at Paris, to lead them to Naples—drive out its tyrants, and take possession of the throne himself. His orders were obeyed!

CVII.

The Campaign of Austerlitz consolidated the Empire of Napoleon, and when he returned to France he witnessed a delirium of exultation and joy. Then followed scenes of splendor and pageantry Europe had not witnessed since the gorgeous days of the Crusades. Wherever the victorious Eagles of Napoleon had gone, new Thrones, Dukedoms, Principalities and Sceptres arose for his kinsmen and heroes. Europe would have pomp and tinsel, and Napoleon gave them to her. He matched the blood of the people with the blood of princes—he substituted the genuine aristocracy of nature for the false aristocracy of birth. Daily Edicts inaugurated new kingdoms, and proclaimed new kings. Coronation succeeded coronation, royal alliance followed royal alliance, each attended by brilliant fêtés, until Europe seemed to have become but a vast theatre gazing on the Imperial Drama Napoleon was enacting at Paris.

CVIII.

But the honest republican, or the man of real progress, penetrates this glittering vail of flimsy splendor, to discover what substantial monuments—what noble institutions, what great public works were slowly rising in the back-ground—dimmed for the moment by the glare of crowns and fêtés—that would survive the wreck of this gossamer structure, and endure to bless mankind when every dynasty of Europe shall have crumbled. We will briefly glance at some of these enduring things, all of which were rapidly advancing—undisturbed by the convulsions of Europe.

CIX.

We will enumerate them in the language of Napoleon himself. "The magnificent docks of Antwerp and Flushing, capable of containing the most numerous fleets, and sheltering them both from the fury of the tempest and the attacks of the enemies—the hydraulic works of Dunkirk, Havre and Nice—the gigantic harbor of Cherbourg—the maratime works in Venice—the beautiful roads from Antwerp to Amsterdam—the plan and commencement of the canal intended to connect Amsterdam with Hamburg and the Baltic—the roads along the banks of the Rhine—the road from Bourdeaux to Bayonne—the passes of the Simplon, Mont-Cenis, Mont-Genêve, and the Comiche, which open up the Alps in four directions, are works which exceed in boldness, grandeur and art, anything ever attempted by the Romans. The Bridges of Jena, Austerlitz, Sevres and Mours—that over the Durance—those over Bordeaux, Moissac, Rouen, Turin and Lisere—the canal which connects the Rhine and the Rhone by the Doubs, and unites the German Ocean with the Mediterranean—that which unites the Scheldt and the Somme and forms a channel for commerce between Amsterdam and Paris—that which joins the Rance and the Vilaine—the canal of Arles, that of Pavia, and that of the Rhine—the draining of the marshes of Bourgoin, Cotentin and Rochefort—the works undertaken for draining the Pontine Marshes, which would have been completed in 1820—the rebuilding and reparation of almost all the churches in France, demolished or injured in the Revolution—the construction in eighty-three departments, of buildings, as establishments for the extirpation of mendicity, by offering work and a refuge to the poor against the infirmities of age and the evils of destitution—the embellishments of Paris, the Louvre, the Exchange—the square on the Quai d'Orsay, the triumphal arch of the Barriére de l'Etoile, the granaries, the Madeleine, the canal of Ourg, and the subterraneous channels for the distribution and the construction of sewers—the restoration of the monuments of Rome—the re-establishment of the manufactories of Lyons and the reconstruction of its buildings and streets destroyed in 1793—the erection of many hundred manufactories of cotton, of beet-root sugar, or of wood, all raised by the aid of millions supplied from the civil list—50,000,000 employed in repairing and embellishing the palaces of the crown—60,000,000 in furniture placed in the royal residences in France, Holland, Turin and Rome—60,000,000 in diamonds as a dotation to the crown of France, all purchased with my treasures—the Musée Napoleon estimated at more than 400,000,000, created by my victories, and containing nothing but objects legitimately acquired by treaties ;—these are the monuments left by my passage ; and history will record that all this was accomplished in the midst of continual wars, without a loan, whilst the public debt was in the course of extinction every year with a normal budget of less than 800,000,000 for more than 40,000,000 of people in the Empire, and when the army amounted to 600,000 men, with the crews of 100 sail of the line."

CX.

At this period, if Napoleon had attempted to play the same game as England, he could have realized his dream of a second Norman Conquest. Through storms and tempests, it is all vain to say, that he could not have landed on the shores of England; and had he done so, it is equally vain to say, that he could not with so mighty an army—flushed with so many victories, have made an onset which England [always lacking in a well-organized militia,] could not have resisted. Meantime the King of Sweden, having landed with an army in Germany, and besieged a garrison of Bernadotte, Napoleon decided to dethrone the dynasty of Gustavus, and he finally accomplished his purpose.

CXI.

One of the most important consequences of the Battle of Austerlitz, was the *Confederation of the Rhine.* The Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, Murat the Grand Duke of Berg, and several other sovereigns of Germany, had leagued together in an alliance with the French Empire; and they constituted so formidable a power, Napoleon added a new title to his name—the *Protector* of this Confederacy. From this moment the boasted Empire of the Cæsars, which had been assumed by the Hapsburgh Race—fell to rise no more.

Thus Napoleon became Sovereign of a principal part of Germany, and his allies were obliged to furnish at his call

60,000 armed men. Thus ended the "Holy Roman Empire," which had existed a thousand years.

Lockhart, [Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and whose Life of Napoleon is but a feeble paraphrase of Scott's], says—"Mr. Pitt, who dispaired of opposing Bonaparte on the Continent after Marengo, did not long survive the disastrous intelligence of Austerlitz. Worn out and broken by the endless anxieties of his situation, not even the glorious tidings of Trafalgar, could revive the sinking spirit of this great minister. He died the 23d of January, 1806."

CXII.

And well it was for England when he died. The brilliancy of his genius had well nigh wrecked his country. This was the man who gambled three thousand million dollars in the game of crushing Republics, and drenched the Continent with blood, "*to restore the ancient order of things*," now rendered impossible. He might as well have fought for the dynasty of Mohammed, or the altars of Zoroaster. Bourbons had become as impossible in Europe as Haroun Al Rachids! So, too, at a later day, died Castelreagh—with less genius, and more crime, but not more besotted by the foolery of Jesuitical policy.

CXIII.

Fox went to Pitt's funeral at Westminster Abbey; and became Premier of Great Britain. He had boldly charged the rupture of the Peace of Amiens on his great antagonist—Pitt; and he confidently assured England on his accession to power, that she would enjoy the blessings of peace. But finding himself environed with the ties and attractions of office, he could not disinthrall himself from the influence of Pitt's policy, and this sturdy Liberal at last became a reviler of the Man of Austerlitz—whom he had once so valorously defended. Fox would not treat with Napoleon till he gave up Malta!—Napoleon would neither do this nor recall his brother from the throne of Naples, and—Fox died.

CXIV.

Meantime countless intriguers in the British Court were stirring the embers of the half-smothered fire on the Continent, and over the graves of Pitt and Fox—whose ashes were now peacefully reposing side by side in Westminster Abbey—they lit again the torch of war, which brought half a million of men once more to the field of battle.

Prussia had intrigued, evaded, and descended to the most dishonorable tricks for eighteen months. "The beautiful Queen of Prussia and Prince Louis, brother of the King, two characters whose high and romantic qualities rendered them the delight and pride of the nation, were foremost to nourish and kindle the popular indignation. The young nobility and gentry rose in tumult, broke the windows of the ministers who were supposed to lean to the French interest, and openly whetted their sabres on the threshold-stone of Napoleon's Ambassador."

Such is the account we find in Lockhart's Napoleon. He even tells us exultingly, that "The lovely queen appeared in the uniform of the regiment which bore her name, and rode at its head!"

CXV.

Again the Jesuit Emperor of Russia, who had saved himself by the basest of lies, visited Prussia, and although it is not said that the farce of perjury was again enacted over the coffin of the Great Frederick yet he plied the pliant King with all the motives he could bring to his aid. By his side, too, stood the English Envoy, with his money-bag in hand, offering all the gold the campaign would require!

Such were the tricks and provocations which once more woke up the French Emperor from his dream of peace, and compelled him for the fourth time to dictate from the field of victory the terms of an armistice to the shattered Monarchies of Europe.

CXVI.

Again the Hero of Austerlitz set his army of Grenadiers and Marshals in motion. They marched by three divisions—under Soult and Ney; Murat, Bernadotte and Davoust; and Lannes and Augereau. The first news the truce-breaking King of Prussia received of the presence of Napoleon in his dominions was from the explosion of the magazines of Nauemberg, and the battle of Saalfield, in which his brother fell. On the evening of the 13th October, [1806], Napoleon with his army, pitched his tent on the field of JENA. His heavy train of cannon was forty hours' march behind, and something had to be done at once. Behind him rose a ledge of rocks, and foreseeing that his light field-pieces might there atone for the want of larger guns, he set his men at work, to cut a road up through the rocks, where they dragged their guns and planted a battery, which was to command the field on the coming day.

CXVII.

The Emperor of the French passed the whole night with his army; helped drag the guns to the cliffs, and recalling the inspiring souvenirs of former campaigns, robbed his battalions of repose, and transported them with impatient rapture for the day-break of another victory. Augereau commanded the right wing—Soult the left, and Lannes the centre, and Murat the reserve of cavalry, whose onset among wearied and heated columns was to decide the day.

Again, as at Austerlitz, a cloud of mist enveloped the contending hosts ; and both armies were closing in battle before the sun revealed to either commander the divisions of his foe.

Marshal Soult received the first charge of the Prussians, and it was a doubtful struggle—hand to hand. But Ney's division drove the Prussians back. The sun had now mounted the heavens, and so brilliantly that nothing but the smoke of battle obstructed the view.

Napoleon saw the position of both armies, and ordered a simultaneous charge throughout the lines. The Prussians withstood the shock, and fought with the heroism of patriotic despair. At last Napoleon, who with a spy-glass in his hand, [the one he always used in battle, and with which he could read the expression of a man, at a great distance], saw where a bold charge would decide the battle, ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry. A single blast of the bugle was enough. The chafing squadrons that had been snuffing the smoke of battle for hours, leaped to the contest and dashed through the lines. The Prussian columns were broken—infantry, cavalry, guards and grenadiers, were wrapped in a winding-sheet of smoke and death. When the conflict ended, and the fresh north breeze lifted the battle-cloud from the plain, 20,000 Prussians were dead or taken ; with 300 cannon, sixty royal standards, and twenty generals. Thus was defeated an army of 150,000 men ; and thus the Prussian Monarchy lay at the feet of the Conqueror.

CXVIII.

It was the hour for a terrible revenge, and the occasion invited it ; but Napoleon invariably displayed more moderation in the moment of victory than at almost any other time in his life. On the bloody field of Jena, the routed divisions that had escaped, soon afterward fell into the hands of the French as they roamed over the country. At Erfurth, Mollendorf and the Prince of Orange-Fulda laid down their arms. General Kalkreuth's corps was overtaken among the Hartz mountains, and Prince Eugene surrendered to Marshal Bernadotte. Prince Hohenlohe yielded his arms at Prenzlow, with a division of 20,000 men, and even the indomitable Blucher lost 4,000 men at Lubeck, and was finally compelled to surrender. The fortresses of Stellno, Hamelin, Custrin, Spandau and Madgeburg capitulated.

CXIX.

Napoleon entered Berlin, [October 25, 1806], and with the exception of Koningsberg, whither the flying King of Prussia had found refuge, the dominions of the House of Brandenburg had departed. Then, more especially than now, Prussia was a military state, and the people regarded the destruction of the army as the overthrow of the Monarchy itself. This campaign had lasted but a week. Napoleon had marked his stay at Berlin by what afterwards became so famous as the "Berlin Decrees," by which he attempted to establish the continental system, whose object was to shut out the commerce and intercourse of Great Britain from the Continent of Europe. The utter ruin of the maratime power of France, and the almost universal supremacy of the French Empire on the land, left Napoleon, in his own judgment, no other means of retaliation, and through the continental system he endeavored for several years most strenuously to annihilate all commercial intercourse between Great Britain and the Continent.

CXX.

At this moment, Napoleon had but to proclaim the union and independence of ancient Poland, and he would still have preserved the prestige of constitutional liberty, and the independence of nations—those great principles for which France had been compelled to fight so long, and to whose vindication he had himself devoted the mightiest energies of his character. The dismemberment of Poland by the tyrants of Europe, had inflamed the indignation of mankind; and not only the Poles, but the friends of Poland in every part of the world, now believed that the hour had come for her restoration. The veteran Koskiusco, who had been for half-a-century the Chevalier Bayard of Liberty, battling for it among the frosts of the Niemen under the standard of his country, and by the side of Washington in the forests of the New World—he, too, believing the hour of Poland's emancipation was sounding, sent an address to his countrymen from Paris, on the 1st of November, in which he said—"Beloved Countrymen and Friends! Arise! The Great Nation is before you—Napoleon expects, and Koskiusco calls on you. We are under the ægis of the monarch who vanquishes difficulties as by miracles, and the resurrection of Poland is too glorious an achievement not to have been reserved for him by the Eternal." At the same time, several distinguished Polish Generals in the French army sent through their country a proclamation which said—"Poles! Napoleon, the Great, the Invincible, enters our country with an army of 300,000 men. Without wishing to fathom the mystery of his views, let us strive to merit his magnanimity. 'I will see,' he said to us, 'whether you deserve to be a nation.' Poles! your Avenger, your Restorer is here. Crowd from all quarters to his presence, as children in tears hasten to behold a succoring father. Present to him your hearts, your arms. Rise, to a man, and prove that you do not grudge your blood to your country." Napoleon also, in one of his own bulletins said—"Shall the throne of Poland be re-established, and shall the Great Nation secure for it respect and independence? Shall she recall it to life from the grave? God only, who directs all human affairs, can resolve this great mystery."

CXXI.

In our brief record we cannot trace the progress of events which, for a-while, promised the independence of Poland, but left her at last most cruelly disappointed and deceived. Toward the close of December, the Russian army with powerful reinforcements, came to battle, and made a gallant stand against the French army at Pultusk. Other battles and skirmishes followed, but none of them were decisive. On the whole, perhaps the advantage lay on the side of Napoleon's antagonists, for they had restored their communication with the King of Prussia at Koningsberg, and the French Emperor saw that another day of Austerlitz or Jena alone, could end the campaign. Napoleon moved from his winter-quarters at Warsaw, and on the 8th of February, [1807], at day-break, the battle of Eylaw began. The French now had to contend, during a wild snow-storm, with one of the most gallant armies they had ever met. This terrible battle lasted fourteen hours, and only closed just before midnight, leaving both armies where they had stood in the morning, with 50,000 men lying on the plain between them. Napoleon's bulletins claimed a great victory, and the Russians did the same. The next morning showed in whose favor fortune had decided the day. Although the Russians had taken twelve of Napoleon's eagles, they retreated an hour after the battle, on the road towards Koningsberg.

Seige was laid to Dantzic, and that fortified town caritulated on the 7th of May, 1807.

CXXII.

Meantime finding that his forces were insufficient to prostrate the enemy at a single blow, the French Emperor with the greatest celerity concentrated his armies from different parts of the Empire, and by the 1st of June he had an effective force of not less than 280,000 men to lead to battle. On the 14th of June, after having escaped all the snares laid for them, the subtle genius of Napoleon compelled the Russians to battle. From ten o'clock in the morning until four P. M., these two mighty armies were closed in the struggle of one of the bloodiest days the fields of Europe had ever witnessed. For six hours the Russian line had sustained charge after charge, and had neither recoiled nor broken before infantry or cavalry. Napoleon from his point of observation near the battle-field, had witnessed the failure of every stratagem and the charge of every division, and at last finding the day wasting away, and his army melting under the merciless butchery of the Russians, he rode across the plain and led the whole French army to the final charge. There was not a general nor a marshal in his Empire under whom the imperial troops would not behave gallantly, but when the Emperor put himself at the head of his army, and led them to the charge, nothing could resist the shock. Gradually the Russian army began to yield, and in less than an hour the rout was complete. They left the field and retreated towards the Niemen. Thus ended THE BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND.

CXXIII.

Alexander sent [June 21,] his lieutenant to ask for an armistice, which was ratified on the 23d; and, two days after, the Emperors met on a raft in the river Niemen, near Tilsit, the town which gave its name to this celebrated Treaty. The King of Prussia was admitted as a party to the treaty, but on condition that he, with Alexander, should sign such stipulations in regard to states and territories and the Continental System, as the victor was inclined to impose.

CXXIV.

These two vast armies, which had so lately mingled in the shock of battle, were now quartered with their generals in the same town, where a succession of imperial fêtés, spectacles and celebrations was witnessed, which more resembled the magnificent *tableaux* of peace and splendor in the Capital of the French Empire, than the impromptu festivals of two hostile monarchs, meeting in a small town on the cold banks of the Niemen. The " beautiful and fascinating Queen of Prussia" was present with her husband, and every stratagem which wit or genius could devise, and every fascination to which beauty could lend a charm, were brought into requisition to win at least the admiration, of the French Emperor ; but she had more than a Mark Anthony to deal with. His Cleopatra was holding her Imperial Court at the Tuilleries, waiting with impatience the return of her husband from another glorious campaign. The Queen was treated with neglect, if not with rudeness by the Conqueror. Foiled in her ambition, she could not survive the humiliation. She died soon after of chagrin—a malady which often proves as fatal to monarchs and princes as ordinary diseases to common people.

CXXV.

There has probably never been a period in history when the passions of so many millions were lashed into fury by the storms of battle and revolution. In reading the records of events, some of which we have glanced at thus far, it is difficult to conceive how there could have been one quiet hearth-stone on the Continent. Grief, disappointment, chagrin, mortification, betrayal, wounded pride and disappointed ambition, were almost as fatal perhaps to human life in Europe for a quarter of a century, as the carnage of battle itself. On the ratification of the Treaty of Tilsit, [July 7th], Napoleon constructed from his conquests, the Kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome, who had finally been restored to his brother's favor, by divorcing his beautiful and accomplished American wife. Having now wrung from the last of his reluctant enemies, except England, the recognition of his imperial power, which already embraced a wider territory and a far greater number of subjects than Charlemagne ruled over as the Emperor of the West a thousand years before, Napoleon hastened back to Paris, where the *fetés* and celebrations in honor of his achievements, dazzled the eyes of the world, and beggared sober description. Once more peace had come to the agitated and bleeding nations of Europe, and Napoleon with that restless activity which could not know repose, once more bent all his genius upon the civil progress of France, and Europe, with the same intensity that he prosecuted his military campaigns. He marshaled and controlled institutions as irresistibly, as rapidly, and with the same effect as he did battalions in war. As some minute and exact idea of the man ought to be communicated to the reader of every Life of Napoleon, we have searched in vain for any which seemed to us more just or better executed than we find from the pen of an English historian who has never been accused of writing too favorably of Napoleon.

CXXVI.

Lockhart says—"Wherever the Emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home, more closely perhaps than other sovereigns of not half so great an Empire did during periods of the profoundest peace. His dearest amusement when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in geometry or algebra. He carried this passion into every department of affairs, and having with his own eye detected some errors in the public accounts soon after his administration began, there prevailed thenceforth in all the financial records of the State, such accuracy as is not often exemplified in the affairs of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for everything. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the Emperor's personal superintendence; and the omnipotence of his police came in lieu of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political causes, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen. The CODE NAPOLEON, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the Emperor labored personally along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the Code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws the French monarchy had ever possessed, and being drawn with consummate skill and wisdom, it at this day forms the Code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals. * * Education became a part of the regular business of the State; all the schools and colleges being placed under the immediate care of one of Napoleon's ministers, all prizes and bursaries bestowed by the government, and the whole system so arranged, that it was hardly possible for any youth who exhibited remarkable talents, to avoid the temptations to a military career which on every side surrounded him. * * In the splendor of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general predominance to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for all domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty, in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honor to his service, by their talents and diligence. * * He gratified the French nation, by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuilleries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the Revolutionary campaigns, and over all the ceremonials of these stately festivities, Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in the antechambers where kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great Emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office. * * Napoleon as Emperor had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few : his days were given to labor, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes into the minutest details of arrangement, and even from the centre of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during those journeys, and his anxiety to promote by any means consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of every French district, town, or even village. The manners of the court were at least decent. Napoleon occasionally indulged in amours unworthy of his character, and tormenting to his wife ; but he never suffered any other female to possess the slightest influence over his mind : nor insulted public opinion by any approach to that system of unveiled debauchery which had, during whole ages, disgraced the Bourbon court, and undermined their throne."

CXXVII.

Such was Napoleon in the height of his Empire, as he stands drawn by the pen of his enemies. Up to this moment we have followed him in his career with rejoicing and satisfaction—hitherto we have traveled with him along a sunny and exulting path. Now we shall follow him as he begins to enter the eclipse, from which he will never emerge. The day has gone by when historians who have any reputation to lose, charge upon Napoleon the blame of the wars of France up to the peace of Tilsit. There can scarcely be a higher authority to quote on this point than that of Napier, himself an actor in many of the scenes he describes, an honest, educated, bold, philosophical man. He says—"Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially *defensive ;* for the bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some acquisition of territory—nor for the political ascendency of one or another nation—but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether aristocracy or *privilege* should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

CXXVIII.

Napoleon, at this moment, stood on an eminence higher than any human being had ever climbed to. There was more power, vitality, genius and glory, in his Empire, than in any of the Empires that had overshadowed the earth; and had he died at this moment, honest history would have been his unclouded eulogy. Hitherto he had displayed absolute control over himself. His glory had been the glory of France and of Europe. He had asserted and established among the nations of the Old World, those eternal principles of justice and independence which they have so recently been struggling to vindicate; but his future career, although flashing with the most brilliant achievements, probably did nothing to exalt or preserve his fame; we shall continue, however, to trace him, briefly, as he leaves the sunny heights of his unsullied grandeur, for the clouded and stormy path, down which he went darkling to his fall.

We turn to Spain, whose momentary conquest constitutes the next great act in the wonderful drama we are tracing. That ancient monarchy, which once extended its arms around the globe, resting upon the Indies in the East and the Indies in the West, for two bases of its collosal power, had slowly descended to her decadence; and there lay the mastadon remains of this effete Monarchy of the Middle Ages, lacerated by the Inquisition, corrupted by gold, and made effeminate by inactivity, crushed by tyrants and stultified by the besotting reign of the priests. Charles IV., the old and imbecile Bourbon King, saw his nuptial-bed disgraced by Godoy, who had been raised by the guilty love of the Queen, from the ranks of a guardsman to the embraces of the most dissolute woman in Europe. To complete the infamy, a royal decree had conferred upon him a rank superior to that of all the Grandees of Spain—the Prince of the

Peace. The royal palace at Madrid was a lazar-house of moral corruption. Scenes of the most disgusting and beastly immoralities were perpetrated in the apartments of the Queen, and even Monarchy itself all over Europe turned away in disgust from the loathsome spectacle. Venality and corruption had annihilated every sentiment of honesty, and every prompting of conscience. Ferdinand, the crown-Prince, with most of the vices of the court, and with something of the spirit of youth about him, had formed a party against his father, and was attempting to dethrone him. Murderers, with daggers dripping in blood, courtiers enveloped in an atmosphere of lies, and courtesans with shameless effrontery, filled the halls of the royal palace at Madrid, and dictated laws to the crumbling Monarchy of Arragon and Castile.

CXXIX.

Over the fall of such a State, no lamentations have come from history written in any other part of the world than England. Sir Arthur Wellesly had been recalled from the East Indies, where he had achieved all his fame hitherto by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation in the height of his ambition paled into insignificance. And here we will allow truth to arrest us for a single moment, while we enter our protest against any of the complaints of England or of English writers about the usurpations of Napoleon. For the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement, England has robbed more territory, taken more lives, confiscated more property, enslaved more men, and wrought wider and darker ruin on the plains of Asia, than Napolean can ever be charged with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century. It is unholy mockery of truth—it is Puritanic cant—it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles. England began under the administration of Pitt the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through, to maintain the position she had taken. It was all a costly and well nigh a fatal mistake for England; and her historians have no business whatever to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who set limits to the proud Empire of Britain.

CXXX.

Sir Arthur Wellesly, a proud, noble, incorruptible, patriotic Englishman, had worked more misery for the helpless princes, and the millions of India, than any of his contemporaries; and with these laurels fresh on his head, was recalled to help on the crusade against Napoleon. He was now on the coast of Portugal, waiting an opportunity to defeat the designs of Napoleon who had entered into a treaty with Spain by which the effete monarchy of the Braganzas was to be dismembered. Early in the winter of 1807, Junot entered Portugal, and the Prince Regent fled from Lisbon to the Brazils, [Feb., 1807], a few hours only before the French army came in sight of the Capital. Soon after, one hundred thousand French troops were quartered in Spain. Amidst crimes, corruptions, domestic and national broils, and commotions, old King Charles IV. abdicated, and Murat took possession of Madrid, [March 24th], and on the 20th of April, Ferdinand, who had been duped from the beginning, traveled on from stage to stage, expecting to meet Napoleon; but he continued his journey till he reached Bayonne, where, after dining with the Emperor, he was informed by Napoleon's minister that the Bourbons had ceased to reign in Spain. He was required to resign all his claims in favor of Napoleon; and, from the 5th of May, the old King, the shameless Queen and her infamous paramour Godoy, enacted such a scene before Napoleon as might well justify even an English writer in saying as Lockhart does:—'In which the profligate rancor of their domestic feuds reached extremities hardly to have been contemplated by the wildest imagination. The flagitious queen did not, it is said and believed, hesitate to signify to her son that the king was not his father, and this in the presence of that king and of Napoleon."

CXXXI.

Napoleon, without a cause and without justification, seized on the hereditary possessions of this infamous family, and had the whole race been blotted from the face of the earth, humanity never could have wept over their doom. But the attempt to keep Spain cost Napoleon a mighty effort. A dreadful revulsion followed, beginning in Madrid, and scenes of massacre succeeded throughout all the great cities of Spain, fomented by the agents of England, whose navies hung along the coast, inflaming the passions of the multitude, and making the mob the executor of her will. Tranquillity, however, was soon restored by the victorious arms of Napoleon's lieutenants—the Council of Castile was convoked to elect another sovereign, and Joseph Bonaparte was unanimously declared King of Spain. He was proclaimed, July 24, 1808, and England at once sprang to the contest, concentrating all her power upon the Peninsula for a final struggle, as she supposed, with the despot of Europe. The French divisions met with repeated reverses, and perceiving that nothing but his own presence and a more powerful army would restore to his brother's reign the auspices of a favorable fortune, the Emperor set out from Paris, and in the early part of October, 1808, with 200,000 veteran troops he entered the Peninsula, recalling to the memory of his soldiers the stirring souvenirs which lingered around the victorious legions of the Roman empire. "Comrades!" said Napoleon, "after triumphing on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. Let us bear our triumphant Eagles to the Pillars of Hercules, for there too we have our injuries to avenge. You have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you yet equaled the glory of those Romans, who in one and the same campaign were victorious on the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?" Reaching Vittoria, where sumptuous preparations had been provided for him, Napoleon leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, laid them out on the table, and in two hours the whole campaign was decided, and the orders for the marching of 200,000 men dispatched. On the 4th of December the Emperor entered Madrid. A few hours after, amidst rejoicings, fêtes, festivals and a general illumination, he issued decrees which abolished the Inquisition of the Jesuits, the feudal institutions of the Middle Ages, and all tyranny in the Peninsula except his own.

CXXXII.

Before his triumphant legions the undisciplined mob of Wellington's armies fled in dismay, each one fighting as best he could, and as Anglo-Saxons always will when they must, he swept the Peninsula. Sir John Moore, a peerless and a noble name, fell back in the retreat on Coruña, and [January 16, 1809,] he succeeded only in gaining time for his army to embark on the English fleet; but, in the moment of this brilliant achievement, a cannon-shot laid him among the ranks of the slain. The shadows of evening had already fallen over the field of battle, and starlight was glittering on the tideless breast of the Mediteranean that spread away in cerulean beauty from the coasts of Grenada. His brave and beloved soldiers snatched a few moments amidst the precipitation of the final hour, and dug his grave and laid their Commander, with his battle-mantle for a shroud around him, to his last sleep. A Scotch schoolmaster, when he heard the news, among other inimitable lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, said, falsely—

> "Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
> But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
> In the grave where the Britons have laid him."

The next morning the grenadiers of France, who had been struck with admiration at the chivalry of the English Commander, gathered reverently around the new-made grave, and, while the English fleet were yet visible on the bosom of the Mediterranean, they erected a monument over his ashes.

Thus for a while was the kingdom of Joseph Bonaparte secured to him ; but a storm was gathering once more along the shores of the Danube, and Napoleon flew by post-horses to Paris. He reached his Capital [Jan. 22,] and prepared for another campaign against Austria, whose Emperor had violated the peace of Tilsit, and soon after [April 6,] declared war against France. Couriers were dispatched with orders to the armies on the Rhine and beyond the Alps, to concentrate themselves on the field, and with Josephine only in his carriage, Napoleon set out for Strasburg.

The Archduke Charles was in the field with 450,000 men, and on the 13th of April, he took command of the campaign. At Landshut [April 21,] the Archduke Lewis was defeated with the loss of 9,000 men, thirty cannon and immense military stores. The victor of Austerlitz then fell on the Archduke Charles, who was strongly posted at Eckmuhl with 200,000 men confident of victory. By a succession of most admirable movements, all Napoleon's divisions from different points were concentrated at the same moment upon the army of the Archduke; they hurried from every point to the one of concentration, like clouds meeting from different points for a battle in mid-heaven.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon commanded and led the charge, and the struggle lasted till twilight, ending with the utter defeat of the Archduke's army, and leaving Napoleon with 20,000 prisoners, fifteen imperial standards, and a vast number of cannon in his hands, while the affrighted and decimated army fled back in confusion and defeat on the city of Ratisbon. Two days after, the Archduke attempted not only to hold that town, but to meet Napoleon, and was obliged to give up the place at the storming of the walls by the French; and the Austrian commander fled precipitately into Bohemia, abandoning once more the Capital of the Austrian Empire to the mercy of the Conqueror. Such was the GREAT BATTLE OF ECKMUHL, which has been written by the side of the other brilliant victories of Napoleon.

Some of Napoleon's marshals had committed great faults in the disposition of their troops. His army was far inferior on numbers to the Austrians, and he had to contend with many other and almost insuperable obstacles; but again his genius rose superior to them all, and in five days the campaign ended. Victory followed victory till the 9th of May, when Napoleon approached Vienna; and, finding resistance in entering it, he began to play with his heavy batteries upon the city. All the royal family had again fled except the young Princess Maria Louisa, who was detained by illness in the palace. When Napoleon heard of it, he ordered that no battery should be directed to that part of the town. The next day the capitulation of the Capital was signed. His army entered Vienna, and he took up his old quarters at Schoenbrunn. Soon after followed the battles of Asperne and Essling, neither of which were decisive enough to accomplish his object.

CXXXIII.

By skillful manœuvering, he concentrated a powerful army on the 6th of July, near the little town of WAGRAM, where a long and bloody contest followed. We need not describe it. All the artillery and baggage of the enemy fell into his hands. The field was covered with the dead and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners laid down their arms. The Archduke fled into Moravia, and Napoleon returned to his quarters at Schoenbrunn. Although our business in this history is not to trace the fortunes or achievements of Napoleon's generals, still we cannot go on without leaving a passing tribute over the body of Lannes, the Duke of Montibello, who lost his life on the day of Asperne. After almost superhuman efforts on the field and astonishing heroism on a hundred others, a cannon-ball towards the close of the day took off both his legs. The soldiers lifted him as he fell, and made him a rude couch ; the surgeon came up and declared his wounds to be mortal. In his frenzy he called for Napoleon. "My noble Marshal," said the Emperor, "it is all over." "What," replied the dying man, "can't *you* save me?" He died in delirium some days after—his soul passing away amidst the shock of contending armies. Again the lion-hearted Commander embraced the dead body of Lannes, as he had wept over the dead body of Dessaix on the field of Marengo. Another armistice with Austria followed, and the final treaty was signed at Schoenbrunn on the 14th of October, 1809. Two days later the Emperor left Vienna, received the gratulations of the public bodies of Paris, [November 14], and the acclamations of an Empire which now extended from the Pillars of Hercules to the borders of Russia, and from the British Channel to the fires of Vesuvius.

CXXXIV.

Another act of Napoleon we are called on to record, which had no mean agency in finally overwhelming his Empire. The Pope had reluctantly given his consent to the Berlin and Milan Decrees, but Napoleon required his active hostility against England. Pius resolutely refused to comply with this demand, and Napoleon issued the following decree :—" Whereas the temporal sovereign of Rome has refused to make war against England, and the interests of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples ought not to be intercepted by a hostile power, and whereas the donation of Charlemange, our illustrious predecessor, of the countries which formed the Holy See, was for the good of Christianity and not for the enemies of our holy religion, we, therefore, decree that the Duchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata and Camarino be forever united to the Kingdom of Italy." A French general took military possession of Rome in February, and on the 7th of May, from Vienna, Napoleon decreed the temporal power of the Pope ended, making Rome the second imperial city of France. A large pension was settled upon Pius, and a civil government was established in Rome. The Holy Father now had recourse to his spiritual power, and he fulminated a bull of excommunication against Napoleon. The reply of the French Emperor was the seizure of the Pope's person, and he was transported to Savona in the Genoese territory where, after spending some time in a superb villa, and with sumptuous luxuries and attendance he was carried to Fontainbleau, where he remained Napoleon's prisoner during more than three years.

CXXXV.

Napoleon's power began to wane the moment he left Spain. It received another shock when he made the head of the Catholic world a prisoner, but his power might have survived these two mistakes, had he not in his imperious pride continued to perpetrate others. The next great crime and blunder was the divorcement of Josephine. We shall treat this subject so fully in the life of Josephine herself, that here we shall only glance at it. That Napoleon loved Josephine better than any other woman, and that he loved her to the last can hardly admit of a doubt. We are equally persuaded that he loved France still better, and that he loved his own glory and the dynasty of his family better than all. He and Josephine had both resigned all hope of her ever bearing him an heir to his throne. The first son of Hortense and Louis, whom Napoleon had designated as his successor, had already died, and although he subsequently fixed his eye of favor on the infant who now occupies his place in the Tuilleries, yet his heart and his ambition longed for a nearer and a dearer tie with the being who was to inherit his Colossal Empire. He decided, therefore, to divorce Josephine; and the scenes which attended this fatal decision we shall elsewhere record.

CXXXVI.

The judgment which mankind were to pass upon this act of divorce was decided by Napoleon's course afterwards; for had he married a daughter of France, or even an imperial princess of Russia, he could have done so without the sacrifice of the *prestige* of the nobility, and even the divinity of the people he had so gloriously contended for; but when it was announced that he had contracted an alliance with the House of Hapsburgh—that hated, despotic race, against whom, and against whose principles he had fought a hundred battles, and withal, that he had brought into the Palace of the Tuilleries the niece of Marie Antoinette, whose head had rolled from the block in the revolution in sight of its windows—that day, Napoleon surrendered the great principle and *prestige* of his life. This point is worthy of more elaboration than we can in this place bestow upon it; but with the same spirit in which we have already recorded the brave and great and good things of Napoleon, we shall here assign the reasons why this act was so influential in the prostration of his power.

CXXXVII.

A common impression prevails that the battle of Waterloo was the ruin of Napoleon; but it must be evident to all but superficial thinkers, that his ruin was worked by other and more powerful causes. While the judgment and sympathies of Europe were with him he was invincible. Emperors, kings and princes exhausted their treasure, and set millions of armed men in motion against him; but they had little to do with his final downfall. He appeared at a period when the foundations of Feudalism were giving way, and the world was preparing to enter on a new system of things. Mankind had grown weary of despotism, and the earnest purpose had gone forth among the nations, to heave from their shoulders the burdens they had carried so long. Royalty had almost ceased to be respected as such, and there was no longer divinity in the right of kings. The laws and institutions of Feudalism, which had enslaved the world from the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, till the destruction of the Bastile, had given way to the eternal law of nature—that divine Magna Charta in which the political equality of men is clearly written.

CXXXVIII.

The Revolution of 1789 was the first signal of the great change through which Europe was to pass. Those causes which had prepared the world and been hurrying it forward to this great change, had worked out their inevitable results at an earlier period in France than in any other nation, and when she led the way to the new age, she precipitated the progress of events, which without any extrinsic causes must sooner or later have led to the same results throughout Europe.

CXXXIX.

When the young Corsican led his glittering hosts over the Alps, Italy was ready for his coming. The time-worn, feudal structure of government and society dissolved at a touch. It had served the purposes for which it was established, and it could endure no longer. The General of the French Republic was an Italian, and he was hailed by his countrymen as the protector and vindicator and deliverer of Italy. From the first moment the sympathies of the Peninsula were with him, and all its ancient governments found themselves deserted by their people. The former still cherished the feelings and acted on the policy of the Feudal Age—the latter had felt the shock that woke up the nations from their long sleep, and fixed their eye on the future. Burning with revenge for the wrongs of centuries, and fired with new hopes, they roused themselves to achieve their independence. Unable to guide the awakened energy of millions, or to resist its onset, the sovereigns of Italy fled from their dominions, abandoning them in their flight to the first bold invader. The old system dissolved at once, and society began its rapid transit towards the new order of things. The folly and the obstinacy of kings had imposed on society the hard alternative of effecting by convulsion these changes, which to be well done, should be wrought by the insensible action of time.

CXL.

The era of *change* began, and went on with violence. The era of *regeneration* was to follow, after Europe had found repose from the troubles of a quarter of a century. Those terrible revolutions, which rocked the world fifty years ago, frighten our children when they read them, and the recollection of Austerlitz, and Wagram, and Eckmuhl, haunt the memory of the actors in those awful scenes. Napoleon had revolutionized, but he had not regenerated Europe. If he could have built up the future as easily as he laid low the past—if he could have led the nations into the land he had shown to them from afar as easily as he had led them out of their house of bondage—if he had redeemed the pledge he had given to the confiding millions of Europe as truly as they had interpreted it in the beginning, he would have been not only the greatest chieftain, but the greatest benefactor of the modern world. He would have united in himself all that we now admire in Hannibal and Washington. But at the close of his astounding career, mankind felt that they had been deceived. The warm-hearted soldier, who saw nothing beautiful over the field of Marengo, but the glory of France, and his peerless Josephine, had grown selfish and iron-hearted. Generous and noble feelings had been burned out of his soul by the wasting fires of ambition. Every energy of his nature had been concentrated in a deathless effort at self-aggrandizement. Those mighty passions that had heaved his stormy soul on a hundred battle-fields, drifted in a single direction ; and when he repudiated Josephine, he repudiated Europe. His eye was fixed on a still higher point of glory, but his steps were leading him to ruin. He sued for the hand of a princess of the House of Hapsburgh, and by that act, deliberately gave the lie to all he had ever said and done. He married the fresh, the genial, the immortal, the glorious, the newly-born future, which all coming ages will claim, to the corrupt and effete and putrid corpse of the Dark Ages. He abandoned the principles he had professed, and betrayed the hopes he had excited. He was subdued himself by the very principle against which he had always been contending, and he placed himself in antagonism with the spirit of his age.

CXLI.

From the hour he cast aside the gentle, the genial, the kind, and the inimitable Josephine—the Empress of the People—sprung from their ranks. and loving them still—the ideal of all their virtues and sympathies with none of their vices ; reflecting in that imperial *salon* the impersonation of all that humanity ever was proud of or ever adored on the earth—from that moment Napoleon lost the confidence to a great extent of the friends of liberty and progress, and the sympathies of the vindicators of mankind ; and little was left of that mighty fabric of power except the heartless shadow. His Empire soon dwindled to a standing army, and bayonets and cannon he ought to have learned ere now, are feeble props to thrones that have nothing else to lean upon. It was then, and then only that the Allied Armies could contend successfully against him. To all human appearances, his Empire was far more powerful than ever, for he could leave it strongly garrisoned at home, and pour half a million of men upon the frozen plains of Russia ; but these were specious appearances. The soul of his Empire had departed. The sovereigns of Europe were in league against him from the beginning ; but he grew stronger with the struggle—for the people were with him ; and while he had the public sentiment of the world on his side, he was invincible. When in the pride of his power he spurned from him the people who had made him, the allied kings saw his mistake, and pretended to espouse their cause. When he dropped the shout of liberty, they took it up—when he ceased to flatter the people with ideas of equality, the leagued tyrants bethought themselves of the same trick, and in fact they seemed now to have become the vindicators of humanity—the champions of popular rights—the defenders of constitutional liberty. They spread abroad their republican banners—made speeches *a la democrate*—they renewed in every Capital of Europe the scenes and festivities of Republican France, and in Italy and Germany, high-born princes encouraged the formation of secret societies for the propagation of liberal sentiments, and pretended to be proud of the honor of membership. These associations spread over Europe. Every art and intrigue was resorted to, for gaining to their side the sympathies and action of liberal minds. We are now only anticipating events which eternal justice and philosophy made inevitable consequences of Napoleon's acts ; but we shall reserve for a few subsequent pages another duty to humanity, showing how his Empire was broken to pieces, and how the *cordon* of ruin was drawn around him. If we had undertaken to write a eulogy on Napoleon, the pen would have fallen from our paralyzed hand with the attempt to justify the Conqueror to whom Heaven had confided such illimitable power—in thus betraying the hopes of the world.

CXLII.

King Louis, finding that the restraints imposed by his brother upon his reign in Holland contravened his conscience, threw aside the crown, which had became a burden, and retired to private life, and the kingdom was at once annexed to the French Empire. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, involved himself in a difficulty with Napoleon, and as he was suspected of mental aberration, he was made to sign his abdication in favor of his uncle of Sudermania, (who took the throne as Charles XIII.), a former ally of Napoleon. The Prince of Augustenburg, the recognized heir to the throne, suddenly died, and many reasons rendered not only the election of Bernadotte by the Diet according to the constitution certain, but being a Protestant by education, and a moderate and just man, his election secured tranquility and prosperity to Sweden. Napoleon gave his consent, although from the 18th Brumaire, he had not regarded Bernadotte with so much favor as some of his other Marshals. The new King received a joyful welcome at Stockholm. He continued to preserve as crown-prince the favor of Sweden, and when he finally ascended the throne, he made a wise and good king, perhaps for Sweden, but the man Napoleon had dragged from "the dregs of the people," betrayed his benefactor as soon as he had the opportunity. Meantime the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa had been celebrated by proxy at Vienna, with great splendor, and she had arrived at Paris, where her nuptials were confirmed by ceremonies still more magnificent. The submissive but sad Josephine, had retired to her palace of Malmaison, with the title of Empress, and an annual pension of two million francs from the Senate, and another million from the civil list of Napoleon.

CXLIII.

On the night of the 20th of March, 1811, the chief surgeon of the Imperial Court entered Napoleon's private apartment to tell him that Maria Louisa had been safely delivered of a son. The Emperor, who had been many hours awaiting the event with more anxiety than he had ever been known to display, passed into the ante-chamber which was crowded with the members of the court, and all the great officers of State, and said—" It is the King of Rome." The Commandant of Paris heard the announcement, and hurried from the excited assembly. Signal-rockets rose from the Tuilleries, and a moment after a heavy cannon woke the city. The birth of a princess was to be made known by a salute of twenty-one guns, and one hundred and one were to be fired for a prince. At the first report tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Paris rushed into the streets and public squares, and waited with anxious suspense to learn the result. At length, when the twenty-second gun proclaimed the heir to the Empire, a wild and prolonged acclamation of gladness rent the sky ; and as peal on peal broke from the fortresses, all Paris sent back its deafening shout. Never had a child of earth been born to so magnificent a heritage, or been greeted by a more inspiring hope or blood-felt enthusiasm. Nearly all the Powers of Europe sent Embassadors Extraordinary to congratulate the Emperor ; and Heaven itself seemed to preside over the fortunes of this new dynasty.

CXLIV.

With these new and auspicious signs of lasting prosperity, and in the final fruition of his hopes, it is not strange that

Napoleon went mad with his fortune, and believed himself "the favored of the gods." Kings and Emperors, without a tithe of his fame, genius or power, have often disgusted mankind and offended Heaven by acts of greater presumption and folly than were ever laid to his charge.

From the moment of the birth of "the King of Rome" it was the dream of his father, to seat his son on the throne of the Cæsars, and restore that city to its ancient magnificence. His veteran grenadiers—the few that still outlived his hundred battle-fields—who had won the victories of his first Italian campaign, often gathered in groups under the Imperial Palace, and looked up to its fretted windows, if, perchance, they might catch a passing glimpse of that wondrous child, whose coronation in the Campidōglio, they might yet live to behold. But these brave grenadiers were to leave their bones among the snows of Russia, and the King of Rome was never to see the city of the Cæsars.

CXLV.

But the Empire of Napoleon had not yet sustained the trying shock. Indications were everywhere visible, that neither the sovereigns nor the nations of Europe would brook the supremacy of a single master. England had nearly succeeded in driving the French troops out of Spain, and her agents had either persuaded, intimidated, harrassed or bribed every Monarchy of the Continent into the Great Coalition. The moment had not yet come when they could with impunity reveal their animosity, but probably there was not a King in Europe at this time who did not fear and hate him—not one who was not watching an opportunity to break over the obligations of treaties, and join in a universal attempt at his overthrow. Even the kings he had created, and the vassals of his Empire, had forgotten their gratitude and allegiance. His brother Louis had thrown up his crown in disgust; Joseph was flying from his usurped palace in Spain; Murat was already cherishing the idea of an independent dynasty for his race in Naples; the humbled Monarch of Prussia was patiently waiting for the hour to avenge the rifled tomb of his ancestor; and although an Austrian Arch-Duchess was on the throne of France, her father was ready to lend his hand to the overthrow of her husband; while the Emperor of Russia had already completed his preparations for a fresh and more vigorous war against Napoleon—the violation of the treaty of Tilsit being the first and smallest obstacle which lay in the path of his perfidious ambition. His spy—Count Czernicheff—who had been lurking for several weeks around Paris, had got the information he wanted, and succeeded in escaping from the city just as the orders had been issued to the police to arrest him.

CXLVI.

Russia declared war against France in April, 1812. It was a shameless infraction of the Treaty of Tilsit—but it showed Napoleon that Europe was determined to crush him, and he rallied the forces of his Empire for a more terrible conflict than he had yet been summoned to.

Again the orders of preparation for battle were sent through France, and in a few weeks nearly half a million men passed the Rhine, for the invasion of Russia. Such an army modern Europe had never seen, nor will such an army ever be likely again to gather under the orders of a single commander.

CXLVII.

When the Emperor left Paris [May 9, 1812,] every augury which belongs to power, splendor or loyalty was thrown over his departure. The Empress and all the Court, with an endless cortege, followed him, and the road was marked as far as Dresden with every sign of a triumphal progress. At that city, the Emperor of Austria, and an ante-chamber of allied or vassal kings greeted his coming. Hazlitt well says—"The adulation was excessive and universal. He was the only object of attention; and every one else gave way before him. Seated in the palace of one of the capitals of Germany, surrounded by the descendants of her ancient kings, showing his imperial spouse, the daughter of the Cæsars, at his side, he seemed more like a monarch receiving his vassals, than a soldier of fortune who had obtruded himself into the presence of kings. The population of whole cities had deserted their dwellings, and spent days and nights in gazing on the gates and windows of his palace, or waiting in expectation of seeing him pass. Yet it was not his crown, his rank, or the luxury and splendor in which he lived that excited this intense curiosity and interest—it was the man himself. They wanted to stamp on their minds his figure and lineaments: they wanted to have it to say that they had seen Napoleon."

CXLVIII.

We here enter upon such a tragedy of heroism, suffering and ruin as had never been recorded in human annals; and we are enticed to its narration even by the fascination of horror. But we have already been betrayed beyond the limits we proposed for the life of Napoleon; and we must dismiss this awful and tragic part of his history with a few words.

Talleyrand used his subtlest and most cogent arguments; Fouché, who although a demoniac villain, was a man of great practical judgment and rare common sense, interposed; Cardinal Fesch, who had been deeply affected by the insulting and impious imprisonment of the aged Pontiff, privately implored his nephew to abandon the "Heaven-provoking crusade," and statesmen, friends, and even marshals and generals endeavored to dissuade Napoleon from the Russian Campaign—but they all failed! He believed he was mounting the summits of glory—his best friends knew he was descending to ruin. But he was dragged on by the destiny which presided over his strange life. There was no repose for him till he found it in his island-prison.

CXLIX.

Napoleon reviewed on the battle-field of Friedland the greater part of that vast army which when it had once crossed the Niemen, was never to return. As he advanced into Russia, he found the entire country laid waste—towns were burned, granaries destroyed, and fields made barren as he approached. Alexander knew he could not cope with Napoleon in pitched battles, and he fell back on his grand reserve—a *Polar Winter*—leaving the destruction of the foe to his surest and most merciless ally—*the Frost*.

CL.

The invasion of Russia gave Alexander a million of soldiers. Cradled in snow, and inured to the cold, they waited for the enemy to march far enough!—and they knew the result. The swarming population of the North arose *en masse* against the invader. A Grand Dutchess of Russia [whom Napoleon had desired to marry,] raised a regiment on her own estate. Moscow proposed to Alexander to raise and equip 80,000 men. The veteran Chief of the Cossacks—Platoff—offered his only daughter, and a dower of 200,000 rubles to the man who should kill Napoleon!

Thus the whole country was desolated and depopulated as the invader went on, and the flying peasantry and nobles swelled the ranks of the Army of the Czar. The French army came in sight of Smolensko, and three times the Commander charged before he got possession of the town. But in the night, the Russian garrison crossed the river, and set fire to the city. Dome, turret, palace and hovel, were wrapped in a sheet of flame.

CLI.

On, on, the irritated legions of France drove the flying Russians, who fled from one burning city to another, till at last the hostile armies met, [7th September, 1812]. Each foe commanded over 100,000 men and 500 cannon. To the French, Napoleon said—"Soldiers, here is the battle you have longed for; it is necessary, for it brings us plenty, good winter-quarters, and a safe return to our country. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of each of you, He was in that great conflict beneath the walls of Moscow."

This battle was not a bloody struggle and a fierce charge; it was *a succession of charges*—and an Iliad of slaughters. Each army withdrew at night, and 100,000 dead men were left on the field. It was a mutual butchery. Marshal Ney was made *Prince of Moskwa* as a reward for his gallantry—but Death was the only Victor.

CLII.

Once more this never-resting Captain smelted his meagre regiments, and led them on toward Moscow. On the 14th of September, they rose over the "Hill of Salvation"—so called, because from its summit the pilgrim can see the towers of Moscow—which, to the Russian peasant, is as sacred as ever was the Holy City to the Christian Crusader. When the half-disheartened but still valiant army—few of whom had ever before witnessed the sight—looked off on the domes of the Saracens and the spires of the Goths, rising over a metropolis of palaces, and overshadowed by the majestic towers of the KREMLIN—the whole looming up from the plain like a vision of grandeur and beauty—the entire army halted, and the solemn, but cheerful exclamation broke forth—"Moscow!—Moscow!" Napoleon's horse, that had carried his rider so far, suddenly stopped!—and the rider gazed a few moments in silence. He held his glass steadily to his eye, and said—"I see no smoke from a single chimney in Moscow." These words would have told a Russian the doom of that silent, wondering host!

CLIII.

The French divisions moved on—but no sign of life rose up from the city. No gates swung open to receive the Conqueror—not a battery bristled from the walls. All was silent!

The army advanced—they entered Moscow! But it was as silent as a city of the dead. The weary divisions dispersed through the town—they entered the gorgeous churches, and the lamps of worship were still burning before the altars, and around them still lingered the odor of incense—but no worshipers were there.

They entered the palaces of nobles—endless suites of apartments, adorned with oriental magnificence, galleries of art, and cabinets flashing with gems—but no nobles were there!

They crowded the markets—stalls and alcoves were reeking with luxuries—but no buyers or sellers were there.

They threaded the streets and went through the houses—but no dwellers were there.

The Marshals penetrated the venerable precincts of the

Palace of the Czars—the magnificent Kremlin—no Czar or Emperor, or even attendant was there! Moscow—the great—the Holy City—was inhabited only by French soldiers!

CLIV.

The Grand Army bivouacked in Moscow—but it seemed to Napoleon's Egyptian veterans like a bivouac in the tomb of the Pharaohs! The mighty host had at last laid themselves to rest for the first night, and silence and gloom had spread over Moscow—when from every quarter rose the terrific cry of *Fire!*

The French Emperor sprang from his couch in the Kremlin, and by the light of the conflagration raging everywhere around him, wrote a letter to Alexander proposing a peace. A Russian prisoner of high rank was dispatched with the note—but no answer was ever returned!

CLV.

For four days the conflagration wasted the city. A Russian historian says—"Palaces and temples, monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since past, and the creations of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors, and the cradles of children, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow, save the memory of the people, and their deep resolution to avenge her fall." At last the Kremlin took fire [19th Sep.,] in the equinoctial gale, and its towers began to tremble. Then only Napoleon left it—but the flames were extinguished and he returned to it again. A part of the city was still standing; there was yet an abundance of provisions; it could not be believed that some response would not come from Napoleon's message of peace; and the French abandoned themselves to the gayeties of society. A *Theatre Francais* was opened among the embers of Moscow; and giddy, brave, and brilliant battalions crowded to listen to the magic words and stirring scenes of the great Talma!

CLVI.

Napoleon could have saved himself by returning at once to France, after the burning of Moscow; but in the vain hope of peace he waited, he lingered—and he was lost!

No message or messenger returned from Alexander; and at last a snow-storm fell. It was the first blast of a Polar Winter, and it sent a chill through the army!

"The Man of Destiny" was overmatched. The elements had turned against him—he could not master Fire and Frost; and on the 19th October, 1812, he began his retreat from Russia!

CLVII.

Slowly, sadly, despairingly, the hitherto invincible legions of Napoleon defiled from the smouldering ashes of Moscow, and once more turned their faces toward Paris. They now numbered upwards of 300,000—how few of them were ever to recount their sufferings around their home-firesides!

Murat with his cavalry led the march, and this chivalric Commander came up to the once magnificent *Villa* of Rostophchin;—it was a heap of ashes! On one of the columns of its massive gate-way he read these words:—"I have spent eight years in embellishing this home of my family; and in it I have found a paradise with those I love. The people on my estate—1720 in number—abandon it on your approach. I have set fire to my house, that it may not be polluted by your presence!"

CLVIII.

The retreat from Russia had begun—but we shall not try to describe it—we have not space, nor could we, if we had. It is summed up in a few words. It was a dark and bloody chain of corpses for a thousand miles. Thousands laid down at night on the snow and never awoke—mounted grenadiers in pangs of hunger slew their noble horses, and sucking their blood, stripped off their skins, and wrapping these reeking mantles around them, laid down to their last sleep—those who could bend their stiffened limbs to another day's march, had to fight their way through the merciless slaughter of the Cossacks—the howl of the polar wolf mingled night by night, with the dreams of the starving and freezing soldiers—and as fast as the wounded or the wearied fell they were devoured alive! When the Beresina broke up the following spring, 36,000 French corpses were found in its bed! The few who survived all these horrors were wasted with famine, and men who had fought in all Napoleon's Campaigns and wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor on their breasts, wept when they saw a loaf of bread!

CLIX.

At last a few stragglers, emaciated, worn and wounded, again stepped upon their native soil. Of the Grand Army, which in all the confidence of victory, and all the pride of chivalry and power, crossed the Niemen but a few months before—125,000 had been slain—130,000 had died by famine or cold—200,000 had become the prisoners of unrelenting foes—and among this vast multitude there were 50 generals and 3,000 regimental officers. Seventy-five imperial eagles and a thousand cannon had been left behind the Niemen. Of the half a million which once composed the proud army of Russia, not 20,000 ever again pressed the vine-clad hills of beautiful France. We shall have few more victories of Napoleon to record—his star was going down forever!

Its departing light still poured rays of splendor over Europe—and even when these rays had ceased to burn, it shot with meteor glare once more above the horizon from Elba, and illuminated the whole heavens. But it sunk at last over the field of Waterloo, and rose no more.

CLX.

We shall devote but a few paragraphs to the Struggle of Napoleon for his Empire, his Fall, Abdication, Life at Elba, Return to France, Battle of Waterloo, and Exile at St. Helena—although each of these points is worthy of extended narration, and will in all time to come invite the investigations of the scholar, and captivate the imagination of mankind.

Late on the night of the 18th December, 1812, Napoleon's carriage rolled up to the Tuilleries, bringing the falling but not disheartened Emperor. The next morning all Paris resounded with the news, which flew throughout France almost with the rapidity of lightning. The terrible fate of the Grand Army had spread a cloud of gloom and disaffection over the French Nation, and the daring conspiracy headed by Mallet to dethrone the Emperor, had nearly succeeded. But the announcement of the return of the Hero of Austerlitz dispelled gloom and conspiracy, and again diffused joy and exultation through that gayest and bravest of nations.

CLXI.

The reverses of the French arms, and the annihilation of the grandest and most powerful host the earth had ever seen, were at once forgotten. The footsteps of the throne were crowded by kneeling senates, magistrates and courtiers, and addresses and congratulations poured in from every side. Lockhart says—"The voice of applause, congratulation and confidence re-echoed from every quarter, drowned the whispers of suspicion, resentment and natural sorrow. Every department of the public service appeared to be animated with a spirit of ten-fold activity. New conscriptions were called for and yielded. Regiments arrived from Spain and Italy. Every arsenal resounded with the preparation of new artillery—thousands of horses were impressed in every province. Ere many weeks had elapsed Napoleon found himself once more in condition to take the field with not less than 350,000 soldiers. Such was the effect of this new appeal to the national feelings of this great and gallant people."

CLXII.

Six years had passed away since the terrible day of Jena, and Prussia having recovered from its disasters and emboldened by Napoleon's recent losses, again prepared for battle. The 31st of January, Frederick William declared war against France, took the field, and appealed to the whole nation to gather around his standard. The call was responded to by a universal shout, and all ages and classes devoted their fortunes and lives to the sacred cause of National Independence. The Emperor of Russia set his vast army in motion, and his Cossack hordes descended exultingly from the North in the dead of winter, gayly buffeting the same snows where Napoleon's army lay buried. When Alexander embraced the King of Prussia at Breslau, [15th March, 1813], Frederick William burst into tears—"Wipe them," said the Czar cheerfully—"they are the last Napoleon will ever cause you to shed." The two armies—the Russians headed by Witgenstein, the Prussians by the veteran Blucher—and each fighting under the eyes of their Sovereigns, were waiting impatiently for a sight of the French Eagles.

CLXIII.

Napoleon, who had already concentrated nearly 200,000 men on the banks of the Saal, set out from Paris, and on the 18th of April was at the head of his army. He met the Allies at Lutzen, and after a day of carnage they fell back on Leipsic, then on Dresden, and at last crossed the Elbe. In the meantime, the Austrian Emperor—who had stood neutral, but could not long remain so, with a powerful army—urged his son-in-law to accept his mediation for a general Peace, offering his friendship and alliance, if Napoleon would consent to limit his Empire to the Rhine, and restore their independence to the German nations. The historian and the statesman will always wonder what infatuation could have driven Napoleon to reject the mediation of a power which could turn the scales so infallibly against him in the final struggle then approaching. He, doubtless, looked forward to another day of Austerlitz or Jena, and could not yet believe that he was not invincible. He pressed hard on the rear of the retreating Allies, crossed the Elbe at Dresden, and came in sight of the enemy at Bautzen, on the morning of the 21st of May. At the end of a long and bloody day, the Allied Armies abandoned the field, and began their retreat; and couriers were dispatched to Paris, from Napoleon's camp, with the news of the great VICTORY OF BAUTZEN.

CLXIV.

That night Napoleon, after dictating the bulletin of the battle, wrote the following decree, "which," says Alison, "all lovers of the arts, as well as admirers of patriotic virtue, must regret, was prevented by his fall from being carried into execution" :—" A monument shall be erected on Mount Cenis ; on the most conspicuous face the following inscription shall be written :—' The Emperor Napoleon, from the field of Wurschen, has ordered the erection of this monument, in testimony of his gratitude to the people of France and of Italy. This monument will transmit from age to age the remembrance of that great epoch, when, in the space of three months twelve hundred thousand men flew to arms, to protect the integrity of the French Empire.' " The following day the French army came up with the retiring Allies, and another combat followed, in which Duroc fell. The dying man was carried into a cottage, and Napoleon dismounted and slowly passed the door. He saw there was no hope, and pressing the hand of the expiring hero, he said, " There is another world, Duroc, where we shall meet again." He bowed over the body, and wet it with his tears. It was the anniversary of the death of Lannes. On the spot where Duroc fell, his Sovereign wrote these words, for his monument :—" Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand-Marshal of the Palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend." He handed the paper to Berthier in silence, and sat in his tent alone, for several hours, wrapped in his gray great-coat, with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. " The Squares of the Old Guard," says Alison, " respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance. A mournful silence reigned around ; the groups of officers, at a little distance, hardly articulated above their breath. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene ; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had fallen a prey to the licence of the soldiers ; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphal and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their Chief."

CLXV.

Again Austria proffered her mediation, which was readily accepted by Alexander and Frederick William, and Napoleon agreed to an armistice, which was signed June 1st, when he returned to Dresden, to await a General Congress of Diplomatists, about to assemble at Prague. England alone refused to join in this universal attempt for Peace; nor was there a Sovereign in Europe who sincerely desired it, except Napoleon. But without waiting for the slow movements of the General Congress, the Austrian Emperor sent Metternich to confer with Napoleon in person at Dresden. Their interview was to decide the part Austria was to take in the final contest. These two extraordinary men—the Warrior and the Diplomatist—met and conversed for several hours. But Napoleon only made Metternich angry by saying, " Come, Metternich, tell me honestly, how much the English have given you to make war upon me?"

They parted, and the formal *ultimatum* of the Austrian Court was sent to the French Emperor. It demanded the surrender of his conquests. But Talleyrand and Fouché, who had just arrived from Paris, pressed him to accede to the demands of Austria. Their arguments were enforced by fresh news from Spain, indicating the speedy fall of his power in the Peninsula. "Ten lost battles," said Napoleon, "would not sink me lower than you would have me sink myself, by a single stroke of the pen. I will first overwhelm my enemies, and then ratify an honorable Peace." Austria, however, still pretended to be anxious for peace, and Metternich succeeded in convincing Napoleon of her sincerity, thereby gaining time to strike a decisive blow.

CLXVI.

Finally, Metternich suddenly broke off all negotiations, and on the 12th August, Austria declared war against France. It was an act of bold and shameless perfidy; but Metternich was richly rewarded for his treachery by the crowned heads of Europe. Alison has in graphic language depicted the scenes which followed. "Unbounded was the joy diffused through the Russian and Prussian troops by the accession of Austria to the alliance. To outstrip the slow arrival by couriers of the long-wished-for intelligence, bonfires were prepared on the summits of the Bohemian mountains; and at midnight on the 10th [August,] their resplendent light told the breathless host in Silesia that two hundred thousand gallant allies were about to join their standard. The Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, with their respective troops, were assembled in anxious expectation at Trachenberg, in a large barn, awaiting the agreed-on signal, when a little after midnight on the 10th, loud shouts on the outside announced that the flames were seen; and soon the Sovereigns themselves, hastening to the door, beheld the blazing lights, prophetic of the Fall of Napoleon, on the summits of the mountains. Such was the joy which pervaded the deeply-agitated assembly, that they all embraced, many with tears of rapture."

CLXVII.

Thus was consolidated at last the Great Coalition. The Sovereigns of the Nations of Europe had leagued together and sworn to crush the Emperor of France. All the influence and genius of his Empire had been exhausted in the futile attempt to dissuade Napoleon from battling against combined Europe—his ministers, marshals, generals, friends and allies, tried in vain. Everybody foresaw his inevitable doom, except himself—everybody else trembled—but he strode as confidently along his path of glory in the last hour as in the hour of his brightest victories—although every step was upon a sinking Empire.

Napoleon had now been several weeks with his army at Dresden, and that opulent and populous city had fondly hoped that on the birth-day of the French Emperor, a Peace with Europe would be signed. They had prepared a magnificent festival in his honor, and to celebrate the restoration of peace. But these hopes were suddenly chilled by an order for the fête to take place on the 10th, in conjunction with a grand review of the army. On the great plain of Ostra-Gehege, near Dresden, the imperial troops were drawn up, and in the presence of the King of Saxony, the Emperor's brothers, Marshals, and the chief dignitaries of the Empire, Napoleon held his LAST REVIEW. Twenty thousand of the Old Guard, five thousand of whom were mounted on fine horses richly caparisoned, with the whole of that vast army, defiled before their Imperial Commander. A banquet fit for a Congress of Kings was spread for his gallant veterans, and at night the City was gay with festivities, fireworks and illuminations. It was the last time that superb host would ever be reviewed by their Chief—it was the last banquet where they were ever to assemble—it was the last Foreign Capital of his Empire ever to be illuminated in his honor.

CLXVIII.

The Allied Army had already been strengthened by the accession of Bernadotte with the Army of Sweden, and the presence of Moreau—the hero of Hohenlinden—who had returned from his long exile in America, and at the invitation of Alexander joined his army to fight against Napo leon. It is supposed that these two great French Generals—who had turned their arms against their native country, had the entire disposition of the allied armies at the battle of Dresden, now approaching.

On the evening of the 26th August, the armies met in a short but fierce engagement, and separated for a final conflict on the coming day.

The following morning in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain, Napoleon renewed the battle, with 200,000 men under his standard. It was a sanguinary and hard-fought field, but when night came it left the French masters, with 20,000 prisoners, twenty-six cannon, eighteen standards, and one hundred and thirty caissons. Another circumstance redoubled the effect of the victory. In the early part of the engagement, Napoleon, who had been intently eyeing a group of officers on an elevation, beyond the reach of common cannon-shot, recognized "the traitor Moreau." He at once ordered a battery of heavy guns—charged with all their power—pointed in that direction. He superintended the operation, and decided himself the angle of elevation, the aim, and the moment of fire. Ten pieces went off at once, carrying a storm of cannon-shot over the heads of the contending armies. That evening a peasant entered Napoleon's camp, with a bloody boot and a greyhound whose collar wore the words—"*I belong to General Moreau.*" Napoleon had accomplished his object—Moreau was dead. Both his legs had been taken off by that discharge of grape-shot. He died soon after in the presence of Alexander. Thus ended the battle of Dresden—the last pitched-battle Napoleon ever gained. For a moment it shot a gleam of splendor around his dissolving Empire.

CLXIX.

But the victory had not been decisive enough to humble his enemies, nor was he confident enough to pursue his foe. He fell back on Dresden—prostrated with fatigue and illness, and from this hour every messenger who came into his presence brought only disheartening news. When he heard of the disastrous defeat of Vandamme at Culm, he said to Murat, from the sick bed where he lay—"Such is the fortune of war—high in the morning—low ere night. Between triumph and ruin there intervenes but a step." Other reverses soon followed. Macdonald was utterly routed by Blucher at Wahlstadt, [26th August], with the loss of 15,000 men and 100 cannon. Oudinot was defeated by Bernadotte at Grossbeeren, [23rd August], and Luckau fell into his hands with the garrison five days after. Marshal Ney who met Bernadotte the 7th September at Dennewitz, lost 10,000 prisoners and forty-six guns—these were some of Napoleon's reverses.

CLXX.

But Napoleon at last rose from his bed, refreshed by repose, and struggled like Laoccoon in the folds of the serpent. He felt the reins of power slipping from his hands; but by almost superhuman efforts he held them for a-while longer. At last, however, he was forced to give up the line of the Elbe, to which, one of his historians well says, he still clung as he had done to the Kremlin—and began his retreat towards Leipsic where he made a stand with all his forces.

He had, however, hardly gathered his divisions in that ancient city, before Schwartzenberg's columns appeared on the south. Alexander and Frederick William were in his camp, and they had just been joined by the Emperor of

Austria, who had come to witness the overthrow of the Empire, in whose honors his own daughter participated. At twelve o'clock that same night, three rockets—of pure white light—sprang up from the camp of the Emperors, and the signal was at once answered by four rockets that went blazing red and far into the heavens on the north; which told Napoleon that he would have to contend the next day with a quarter of a million men. His own army had dwindled to 130,000.

CLXXI.

Neither party seemed averse to battle, and the engagement began at day-break on the 16th, and ended only with nightfall, when three cannon-shots, fired from each wing, marked the suspension of the slaughter, each army sleeping on the ground that had been their bivouac the previous night. Such was the state of the contest on the south of the city, where Napoleon commanded in person. But on the north side Blucher had repulsed the column of Marmont, and driven them under the walls of the town.

Illusions were now vanishing from the eye of Napoleon, and with the first unimpassioned glance at his situation, he sent to the Allied Sovereigns a prisoner of rank [who had come to him after the victory of Austerlitz from the Emperor Francis,] to obtain conditions of peace. But the hour for negotiation was past—the Allied Kings could redeem their oath, only by driving their foe beyond the Rhine. The messenger did not return.

CLXXII.

The French Emperor now prepared for his retreat towards France, with foes almost as merciless as those he had to contend with when he turned his back on Moscow.

But the Allies were determined to contest every league of the flight. They waited the 17th for the arrival of Bernadotte, and on the morning of the 18th renewed the conflict. It lasted on the south under Napoleon, and at the north under Ney, another long day; in which the inferiority of the French was atoned for by amazing heroism, and such a display of generalship as had probably never been witnessed in all the campaigns of Napoleon. Once more night separated the contending hosts, and again the armies at the signal of three guns laid down to sleep. Not even the shameful defection of a corps of 10,000 Saxons, who went over to the Allies during the heat of battle, could give victory to the enemy.

Just after midnight Napoleon roused his bleeding army and began his retreat—leaving in killed, wounded, or prisoners 50,000 men around, or within the walls of Leipsic.

CLXXIII.

The retreat of this shattered host almost equaled in sadness and gloom, the retreat from Russia. But Napoleon showed himself still greater than ever in the midst of such overwhelming misfortunes. Not a day now, but he heard evil tidings—but his calmness, equanimity, firmness, and even cheerfulness, nothing could disturb—his spirit nothing could break. At last, the remains of his great and gallant host once more crossed the Rhine, and Napoleon traveled on by post-horses to Paris, where he arrived on the 9th of November—an Emperor without kingdoms—a Chieftain without an army.

CLXXIV.

But there still lingered around Napoleon's name a charm which conjured up one more army from the soil of France; and as the news spread that the Allies had crossed the French frontier, and were marching on Paris, men of all classes armed, and flocked around the falling Emperor. The tide of invasion was rolling in from all sides; and already two hundred thousand foreign troops—embracing men from fifty nations—were on French ground, for the purpose of compelling the French Nation to receive back once more the hated Bourbon race, for whose restoration the despots of Europe had so long contended. On the morning of the 23d of January, an order of Napoleon had assembled the officers of the National Guard in the *Salon of the Marshals* in the palace of the Tuilleries. They numbered 900, and they were ignorant of the reason why they had been summoned. At length the Emperor, followed by Maria Louisa and the Countess Montesquiou, carrying in her arms the King of Rome, entered the wondering and excited assembly.

"Messieurs," said Napoleon, "France is invaded. I go to put myself at the head of the army, and with God's help and their valor, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier": And taking the Empress by one hand, and his son in the other, he continued, with visible emotion, "But if the foe should approach the Capital, I confide to the National Guard, the Empress, and the King of Rome—*My wife and child.*" There were few among that army of brave and resolute men who could restrain their tears.

CLXXV.

The following day, Napoleon reviewed his troops in the Court-yard of his Palace, while the snow was falling, and the following morning left Paris, having appointed Maria Louisa regent of the Empire, and his brother Joseph, chief of the Council of State.

We need not trace the course of events any further. For two months the hunted hero of a hundred battles fought inch by inch the irresistible onset of the Allied Invaders.

Wherever he met the enemy he encountered them with the heroism of better days, and his troops fought with the energy of despair.

Napoleon never displayed so much true greatness as during this last campaign. His transitions from point to point, the rapidity of his evolutions and marches, his unflagging resolution, his matchless skill, unwasting energy, and, above all, the invincibleness of his unbroken and unbending will—made him greater and more terrible than ever. Like a solitary column of an ancient temple, that only rears itself with sublimer grandeur when all its props and accompaniments have fallen—so stood Napoleon when his Empire had fallen to ruins around him—so unrelentingly had the Hero kept his ground. French writers tell us that the vineyards and gardens of Champaigne had become so complete a desolation, wolves roamed over the country and howled around the camp.

A huge volume only could embrace the achievements and sufferings of Napoleon and his comrades during these last scenes of the dissolving Empire.

CLXXVI.

Finally, after the Empress and her son had fled from Paris, and the Allied Armies had taken possession of the city, restoring by the force of armed intervention a race which could never again rule in tranquillity over France. Napoleon with a few of his worn and faithful followers entered the Court-yard of his Country Palace—Fontainbleau. On the 11th of April, when he was entirely in the power of his old enemies, and most of his ministers, marshals and favorites had abandoned him, he signed at their dictation an abdication of the thrones of France and of Italy for himself and his heirs. He, and the world of honest men, regarded the instrument just as sacred as a testament extorted by force from a dying man.

CLXXVII.

One more scène was to be passed through before he left the halls of that superb Chateau, where he had for so many years forgotten the burden of his Empire in the blandishments of home. The relics of his Old Guard—the stranded masts and spars of that imperial vessel which had outrode so many tempests—were drawn up in the Court-yard of the Chateau. Napoleon rode up to them on horseback, and, dismounting, said—" Comrades ! all Europe has armed against me. France herself has deserted me and chosen another Dynasty. I might with you have maintained a civil war for years—but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new Sovereign your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate ; I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all [as he took their Commander in his arms,] but I embrace your General. Bring me the Eagle !—May the kisses I bestow on thee, long resound in the hearts of the brave ! Farewell, my children—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more !"—And they clustered around their throneless Emperor, and they all wept together. " Farewell—Farewell,"—he again and again uttered ; and, turning from the weeping group, entered his carriage, and started for Elba.

CLXXVIII.

Fallen as he was, his Cortége was worthy of an Emperor. Four Envoys, one from each of the Great Powers—Russia, England, Austria and Prussia—with Marshal Bertrand, Grand Master of the Palace, friends and servants, attended Napoleon on his journey. Seven hundred of his best soldiers, and one hundred and fifty of his Old Guard chosen by himself, and all volunteers for the new service, accompanied their Emperor.

English historians have seemed to delight in recording every display of disrespect, and if we may believe them, of indignity shown to the dethroned Emperor as he was passing through the Southern Provinces. They have even said that his life was not safe in certain districts. If this be false, it is a shame to proclaim it; if it be true, it only proves the fickleness of a French mob, and demonstrates that the only government which can secure tranquillity to France is a despotism. In any event it derogates nothing from Napoleon.

CLXXIX.

The Cortége reached Cannes, where a French Man-of-war was waiting to convey him to Elba. But the Bourbon flag was flying at her peak, and as there was an English frigate in the port, he said he would sail in her.

When his foot struck the deck of the Undaunted, every cloud moved off from his brow, and with courtesy and familiarity he mingled with officers and men, and conversed cheerfully and respectfully with all. This excited universal surprise among the English—for it had never occurred to them that a monarch could be a man. He distributed two hundred napoleons [$800] among the crew, when he left the ship, like honest-hearted sailors they "wished his honor better luck next time."

CLXXX.

Napoleon was received with joy by the Elbans. He at once explored his mimic Empire—a rocky and mountainous island near the Italian coast, some sixty miles in circuit—and in a few days had perfectly ascertained its history and resources, and the character of its people. He brought those unresting energies which had hardly found a Continent too large for their scope, to bear with intensity on the microscopic field to which they were now limited. He projected and began several public works; he dispatched a *corps* of men to take possession of a small neighboring island, whose population had been driven away by the Corsairs; trade and commerce revived and flourished; Napoleon's *flag* was everywhere respected; his subjects loved him and were proud of his government; Letitia, his mother, and Pauline, his beautiful and accomplished sister, and others of his friends, visited him and adorned his little Court by their presence; he reviewed his few hundred veteran soldiers as formally and with as much pride as he had the innumerable hosts he led to the battles of Echmuhl or Austerlitz. Napoleon himself seemed to be contented with his situation—he had fallen from the loftiest Empire to the position of a Baron of the middle ages, without regret, and he seemed to have abandoned forever the dreams of ambition.

CLXXXI.

But as might have been supposed beforehand, the Allied Powers violated the last Treaty they had made with him, as they had every other—they neglected to pay him the pension they had solemnly pledged should be done at every quarter—and the Exiled Monarch was obliged to sell every luxury and comfort around him to raise the means of paying his current expenses. Thus reduced to a position which would have enraged the spirit of any honest man, he began to forecast the future, and contemplated a bold stroke. Everything invited his return to France. Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne. This aged, obese and infirm Monarch was the worst man in Europe to govern France. Stultified by his gourmand and beastly indulgences, his first royal act was dated in the 20th year of his reign, and asserted in the most pompous manner the now exploded doctrine of the *divine right* of kings. He neither extended his confidence to the Napoleonists, or rewarded his own friends who had participated in the reverses of his long exile. France, besides, when she had time to reflect, contemplated with shame her own humiliation. Foreign tyrants backed by armed men, had dictated what kind of a government she was to have, and forced on her a despot without consulting the will of Frenchmen. A spirit of sullen gloom spread over the nation, and even had not Napoleon returned from Elba, Louis XVIII. could not long have ruled tranquilly in France. The Allies had been working twenty years to restore the Bourbons who had forever become impossible in France.

CLXXXII.

Napoleon saw that the moment had again come to tempt the favors of fortune; and just after midnight on the 27th February, 1815, when Pauline had given a sumptuous entertainment to the officers of the little Elban army, the Emperor, his suite and eight hundred soldiers embarked for the coast of France, to recover the throne of the Napoleon Dynasty. He landed [March 1st,] at the very spot he had touched when he arrived from Egypt, and from which he had only ten months before embarked for his exile. He reviewed his troops, and began his march on Paris.

CLXXXIII.

Wherever he passed he was greeted with acclamations. He went on triumphantly from point to point—his army augmenting at every step till he reached Grenoble, which threw open its gates ; and reviewing 7,000 men, he pressed on towards Lyons, which held at that moment a powerful force under Marshal Macdonald, and Monsieur, the heir of the Empire.

Meantime, the Congress of Vienna that had been so long in session they had began to fight over the division of the spoils of conquered nations, were astounded by the news that Napoleon had landed in France and was marching on Paris !

CLXXXIV.

The Emperor resumed at Lyons the administration of his Empire, having already by his eloquent proclamations electrified France. To the soldiers he said—"Take again the Eagles you followed at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena and Montmirail. Come, range yourselves under the banners of your old Chief. Victory shall march at every charging step. The Eagle, with the National Colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Notre Dame ! In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow-citizens, you shall be heard with respect, when you recount your noble deeds. You shall then say with pride—'I also was one of that great army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, took Rome, Berlin, Madrid and Moscow—and which delivered Paris from the stain of domestic treason and the occupation of strangers.'"

CLXXXV.

And thus from village to village and city to city, the swelling tide rolled on towards Paris. On the night of the 19th the Emperor once more slept at his Palace of Fontainbleau. The next evening he made his public entry into his Capital, and amidst the shouts of hundreds of thousands the Conqueror of Kingdoms entered the Tuilleries, and was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the Parisians to the magnificent *salon*, now crowded by the beauty and the chivalry of Paris, and from which Louis XVIII. had but a few hours before fled. Acclamations wilder than had ever proclaimed his greatest victories, rang through Paris, and all night the cannon of Austerlitz and Marengo sent their reverberations over the illuminated city.

CLXXXVI.

Europe—astounded by the intelligence wherever it spread—was now martialled for the last struggle against Napoleon. The Great Powers signed a final Treaty, in which they proclaimed Bonaparte *an outlaw*, and pledged their faith to exterminate him from the face of the earth. Once more every nation on the Continent rang with the clangor of war-like preparation, and before sixty days had passed, a million of armed men were marching to the scene of the final struggle.

CLXXXVII.

Before the close of May, Napoleon had upwards of 300,000 soldiers ready for battle, besides an Imperial Guard of nearly 40,000 chosen veterans; while the last scion of the Bourbon race had been driven from the soil, and the tricolor which had waved in triumph over so many subject nations, was now unfurled again from the Rhine to the Pyrenees—and from the British Channel to the shores of the Mediterranean.

CXXXVIII.

The Napoleon Empire was now restored, and to all appearances, with its ancient vigor. But events were thickening around Napoleon, and failing in every attempt to negotiate with the Allied Powers, he left Paris on the evening of the 11th of June, and three days after reviewed his army at Beaumont. It was the anniversary of the victorious days of Friedland and Marengo. He never seemed more confident on the eve of a great engagement, nor addressed more stirring words to his soldiers. Every man under his standards was fired with the thirst for battle.

CXXXIX.

Hostile divisions had met and fought on the 16th at Quatre Bras, and Ligny, with almost unparalleled losses on either side. Napoleon's bulletins announced two brilliant victories. Blucher, with 80,000 men, had been compelled to yield to one of the most terrible assaults he ever had to encounter, led on by Napoleon himself. It cost the Prussian Army 20,000 men—inflamed the enthusiasm of the French, and again spread the ancient terror of Napoleon's name through the ranks of his enemies. But these were only transient flashes from Napoleon's sinking star.

CXC.

Finally, the day of Napoleon's last battle broke in clouds and wind, after a night of tempest. It was Sunday !—a day, which since the time of the Saviour, Christian nations have devoted to mercy, adoration and repose. But the Sabbath of the 18th of June, 1815, witnessed the struggle of one hundred and fifty thousand men grappling with each other in the terrible work of destruction, and whoever may have rejoiced in the result, the carnage of that day filled Europe with mourning.

One word of this battle, and we end the military history of Napoleon. The two armies were drawn up on opposite ranges of irregular but gentle elevations, and the preceding night had drenched the intervening plain—of waving grain—like a flood.

CXCI.

At eleven o'clock Napoleon's bugles gave the signal; Jerome advanced with a column of 6,000 men, and the Battle of Waterloo began. Under the cover of heavy batteries, whose balls flew on their errand of death over the heads of his troops, the King of Westphalia charged the right wing of Wellington, which rested on the Chateau Haugomont. Slowly the engagement extended, from point to point, and division closed with division till the tide of battle had swept over the plain—two miles from wing to wing—and 150,000 men had closed in the terrific struggle. The battle had now lasted from eleven till four, and ten thousand men had fallen every hour. Broken, bleeding and exhausted battalions had charged and closed and recoiled, and so equal had been the conflict that victory seemed about to fold its wings over a mutual slaughter.

But an incident now occurred which promised soon to decide the day. Blucher, the veteran Marshal, with his veteran Prussians, thirsting for vengeance for the long and deep humiliation of the Crown of Frederick the Great, came in sight to restore the half-discomfited Wellington; but Marshal Grouchey who had been left to hold him in check, did not appear. In a moment Napoleon saw that if these new and vast reinforcements were allowed to join Wellington's army, the day was lost.

CXCII.

The French Emperor held his glass steadily to his eye for a few moments, and then dispatched his aids to Reille and Ney, with orders for the Old Guard of the Empire to advance. This most superb body of soldiers, probably, that ever marched under the banners of any conqueror, descended to the plain. For five long hours they had watched the ebb and flow of the hardest contested of all their battle-fields.

With a shout—*Vive l' Empereur*—which drowned the now subsiding roar of artillery, these two mighty columns of *heroes* launched themselves on the centre of the Allied lines. Riding on full gallop along their lines just as they were starting, Napoleon had time only to say, "Heroes of all my Victories, I confide to you my Empire."

CXCIII.

The fate of the most glorious Empire the sun ever set on, now hung on a single charge. Ney had gained many a victory, and never lost a battle; the men he led, had fought in Africa, Asia and Europe, and never known defeat; and each one felt himself confided with as sacred a trust at that moment, as though he had carried in his hand the Crown of his Emperor.

? [illegible]

On an elevation Napoleon stood and watched the last charge of his Imperial Guard, till they were wrapped in the smoke of battle. Where they were he did not know—they could not tell themselves. But their enemies knew that they had trod them in the plain. This charge had fallen on Wellington's army like a bolt from Heaven—they were paralyzed for a moment—the cloud of smoke rose from the plain—Napoleon saw his Guard struggling at the very mouth of the cannon. The first charge had launched them into the heart of the enemy's lines. Each army was now in full view. Wellington trained his batteries on this last column of his antagonist, and Napoleon saw his OLD GUARD sink into the earth, where they closed with the foe.

CXCIV.

One hundred of Wellington's officers had died ; five hundred were wounded—many mortally—and 15,000 of his soldiers had fallen, wounded or dead.

Napoleon remained on the field till his army was no more, and taking post-horses, he pressed on to Paris. Twenty-four hours after the Battle of Waterloo had been fought, he was again in his Capital. As soon as the disastrous news was known, Paris was filled with murmurs, gloom and treachery. Talleyrand and Fouché had betrayed him to Wellington beforehand. He saw, that to recover himself was impossible; and he ended his political history by the following proclamation to the French People :—

CXCV.

" FRENCHMEN ! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me ! My political life is ended ; and I proclaim my son, Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.—Done at the Palace Elysée, June the 22d, 1815.

" NAPOLEON."

Thus ended the *reign of the Hundred Days.*

CXCVI.

Napoleon had resolved to retire to America, and fix his home in the United States—and he should at once have carried out his purpose. Our vessels were in every French port, and he could have crossed the Atlantic in safety. But he wasted the precious days of his freedom. He retired to Malmaison, but he was no longer greeted by the warm embrace of Josephine—the divorced wife had forgotten all her wrongs and her sorrows, in the hallowed precincts of the village church of Ruel. What may have been the feelings of the fallen Emperor, as he walked through the deserted halls of Malmaison at midnight—in the midst of the ruins of his Empire, and so near the ashes of his divorced Josephine—we do not wish to know!

CXCVII.

As he had lingered at the Kremlin, Dresden, and Fontainbleau—the three stages of his ruin—so did he linger at Malmaison. The spell was still over him—fate had decreed that, when the sapped castle at last fell, the ruin should be complete.

At last, on the 29th of June—*eleven days after the battle of Waterloo*—with Marshal Bertram, a few other friends, and a guard of mounted men, he set out for Rochefort, where he arrived the 3d of July. But the dark hull of an English line-of-battle-ship was visible out at sea, and after some hesitation, Napoleon said—"Wherever wood can float there is the flag of England—I will throw myself into her hands—a helpless foe."

CXCVIII.

Napoleon wrote the following letter to the Prince Regent and then voluntarily went on board the Bellerophon—

"ROCHEFORT, July 13, 1815.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I come, like Themistocles, to seek the hospitality of the English nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

CXCIX.

This letter was received by the English Commander, and sent to England—but Napoleon should have long before learned that to his letters to British Princes, no answers would be returned.

The following day the Emperor went on board the Bellerophon, and as he took the hand of Captain Maitland, he said—"I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws." This act of magnanimous confidence cost the greatest man of that age, if not of all ages, his liberty for life, and a lingering death of torment for six years, imbittered by the insults and tyranny of his jailers!

CC.

On the 23d, the vessel passed Ushant, and for the last time Napoleon gazed on the coast of France. The final decision of the British Government was communicated to their prisoner the 31st. It was that *General Bonaparte* should be transported to St. Helena, without being permitted to land on the shores of England; and allowed to take with him three officers, one surgeon, and twelve domestics—Savary and L'Allemand being excluded from the persons of his choice. Napoleon solemnly protested against this arbitrary and cruel decision, but without avail. In a nation where rank is worshiped from king to beggar, to deny to the Emperor, the title by which all other nations recognized him, was an act of cowardly meanness, now that he was powerless in the hands of his enemies. It was the beginning of a succession of petty annoyances, followed up for years, by which England imbittered and shortened the life of the man she could now hate with impunity.

CCI.

The illustrious prisoner was transferred to the Northumberland, (under Admiral Sir George Cockburn), with his suite, consisting of Marshal Bertrand, General Montholon, and their ladies and children, Dr. O'Meara, an Irish naval surgeon, and twelve upper servants of the late imperial household, who desired to share in the fortunes of their master. On the 8th of August, the ship which bore the dethroned Emperor left England, and after a voyage of about seventy days, came in sight of St. Helena. Napoleon was forty-six years old when his exile began.

CCII.

From the first hour of his imprisonment to the last, the British Government made his life a studied insult—an unceasing torment. Requests were denied, comforts withheld, and every indignity offered. His intercourse with Europe was more completely cut off, than it had been during the Campaign of Egypt. Only at long intervals could he receive a message of affection from his friends, and it was through some old newspaper that he, from time to time, learned that his son, or wife, or mother, or other members of his family, were still alive. This life of torture lasted six years—every day of which seemed a whole life of misery.

There were few men who, under any circumstances, could suffer more keenly than Napoleon—probably of the thousand million of the earth's inhabitants, no one suffered so much. Even with every token of respect, and every alleviation humanity could have dictated, the cancer which was slowly consuming his vitals, ought to have been an avenger cruel enough to appease the anger of his foes. He was for so many years under its influence, men have ceased to wonder that he was sometimes passionate, impatient, or even unjust.

CCIII.

In spite of the ceaseless efforts of the British press to keep alive the hatred with which Napoleon had been hunted down—and notwithstanding the vigilance of his jailer that no true account of affairs should be sent to Europe, the course of the British Government had from the beginning been boldly criticized by many of the best men in England; and when the facts at last came out, a general sentiment of indignation was inflamed against Great Britain throughout the world. The day has already come, when there is not an Englishman on the earth who does not blush at the treatment of Napoleon, by a great and powerful state which could have afforded to be magnanimous even to its worst foe.

We can give no idea of his life in St. Helena in this work. At last, after a lingering illness, it became apparent to his surgeon in the beginning of May, 1821, that Napoleon must soon die. He expected it himself. He had already lived much longer than he desired—and he had completed all his preparations to leave the earth. He was surrounded by Bertrand, Montholon, and other devoted friends, and he had given to them his final instructions.

CCIV.

The 4th of May was ushered in with a wild storm which swept the island, tearing up almost all the trees about Longwood and shaking the humble dwelling where the imperial sufferer lay. He had fallen into a delirious stupor from which he was hardly to wake again on earth. The storm continued through the night with increasing violence, and "twice," says the faithful Montholon, "I thought I distinguished the unconnected words, '*France—armée, tëte d'armée —Josephine.*'" These were his last words, and they bespoke the dreams of battle, love and empire, through which his soul was passing to another life. All the following day he lay motionless on his back, "with his right hand out of the bed and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering; his lips were slightly contracted, and his whole face expressed pleasant and gentle impressions."

Finally, at half-past five in the evening—after another day of tempests—he ceased to breathe, and the Founder of the Napoleon Dynasty had passed forever from the reach of his enemies.

CCV.

On the 6th, the body of the Emperor was clothed in the uniform of the *Chasseurs* of his Guard, and laid on his camp-bed in the narrow chamber, with the cloak he had worn at Marengo thrown over his feet. The regiments of the garrison and the crews of the fleet in full dress, defiled, unarmed, before the deceased Conqueror—all bent the knee in involuntary homage, and some of the officers entreated to be allowed the honor of passing the glass-door of the room where he lay, to press to their lips a corner of the cloak of Marengo.

CCVI.

On the evening of the 7th, "the body of the Emperor," says the *procès-verbal* of Bertrand, Montholon and Marchand "being clothed in the uniform of the *Chasseurs* of his Guard, was by us, the undersigned, placed in a tin coffin, lined with white satin, and having a pillow and matrass of the same; we also put into this coffin the heart, inclosed in a silver vase, surmounted by the Imperial Eagle, and the box containing the stomach; also a silver vase, engraved with the Imperial Arms, a cover of silver ditto, a plate ditto, six double Napoleons in French gold, four single gold Napoleons, a double silver Napoleon, and two Italian double Napoleons of gold. The first coffin having been soldered in our presence, was placed in another of lead, which, after having been also soldered, was inclosed in a third coffin of mahogany. On the 9th of May, at eleven o'clock, the garrison being under arms and lining the way, the cortége quitted Longwood: the corners of the cloak which he had worn in every campaign since Marengo, were held by Count Bertrand, Count Montholon, Napoleon Bertrand, and Marchand; the Countess Bertrand, and the whole of the Emperor's household surrounded the funeral car. The staff, and successively the whole garrison, followed in its rear. At noon, the Almoner of the Emperor having blessed the grave dug by the fountain Colbett, and the prayers being concluded, the coffin was lowered into the grave, amidst the reports of salvoes of artillery from the forts and the ships of the squadron. The grave was then filled in and closed with masonry in our presence, and a guard of honor placed beside it."

CCVII.

For a quarter of a century Napoleon had now slept in his volcanic tomb; but his ideas had been slowly revolutionizing

Europe. The elder Bourbons, whom England and her Allies had fought for twenty-five years to restore, had once more been driven into exile by an outraged and indignant people. The inauguration of Louis Phillippe, as the Citizen King of France, had quelled for another decade the irrepressible spirit of liberty and progress which Napoleon had awakened ; and France, which had spilt so much precious blood in the Wars of the Revolution, the Consulate and the Empire, now greeted with subdued but hopeful enthusiasm the accession of a Sovereign, who would give her domestic tranquillity, restore the shattered fortunes of her people, and unfold before them a future of hope.

But while the hum of business was again heard along all her marts of commerce, and the glad peasants were training anew their vines towards the genial sun of the south, and palace, Boulevard and promenade were radiant with luxury, fashion and pleasure, Napoleon and his Iliad of glory were not forgotten. They treasured these things in their hearts. The peasant by his fire-side, the mariner on the distant sea, the metropolitan in his giddy whirl of pleasure, and above all, the scarred veterans, the shattered wrecks of the *grande armée*—wept over his fate, and all called for the execution of his last will, which had desired that his body might be borne to the banks of the Seine, and buried in the bosom of the French People.

CCVIII.

At last the French Government responded to this appeal, and at the request of Thiers, the *Premier* of France, England surrendered the ashes of her illustrious victim. Louis Phillippe commissioned his son, the Prince de Joinville, to bring home the body of the Emperor, and this noble young sailor spread the sails of the Bellepoule for Saint Helena.

After all the preparations had been made, at midnight, [15th October, 1840], the sepulchre of Napoleon was opened. There lay the body of the Emperor as he had sunk to his last sleep. Time, which spares nothing, had kept sacred the form which enshrined that great spirit. To the eye and to the touch, the body was almost as entire as when it was laid there; and, as the surgeon lifted from the face, the satin veil, which had rested there a quarter of a century, those who bent over the body, (and some of them had assisted in laying him in his coffin,) were startled by the unchanged and still speaking features of the dead Emperor.

CCIX.

On the morning of December 9th, a revellie summoned the National Guard at Havre, which had been joined by the guard of Montivillers from the interior—to pay their last tribute to the dust of the deceased Emperor of France; and at seven, the little squadron turned their prows toward the mouth of the Seine. "Gradually," says the man in whose arms Napoleon died, "the vessel with its glorious burden was borne on the waves away from the deeply-moved multitude, whose solemn silence was only broken by the first cannon, announcing that the mortal remains of the Emperor had entered a French river, that Seine whose shores he had chosen for his resting-place. At the same moment, and as it were at the signal given by the artillery, the sun rose, pure and brilliant, above the hills that bound the river. The coffin (which was in full view on the vessel,) seemed surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, of which the rays of the golden crown that rested on the pall were the centre. This was not a *prestige;* Napoleon re-entered France, encircled by glory—the sun of Austerlitz saluted the return of the hero. As the funeral convoy now began to ascend the Seine, the banks of this river became crowded with multitudes of spectators, whose presence was attested by shots fired as a salute by aged peasants, become soldiers again to present arms to the ashes of their General."

CCX.

And so up the glorious Seine, through cities, green fields, and under the walls of castles, the convoy rode on, bearing the imperial coffin surrounded by wax-lights, covered with the imperial pall, and shaded by a group of standards. On the 15th of December, in the midst of the most imposing and magnificent ceremonies Paris had ever witnessed, the body of the Emperor was borne to the Invalides, where it lay for many days publicly exposed, and around it France gathered in veneration and love. On the 6th of February, the coffin was taken from the imperial cenotaph, and placed in the chapel of St. Jerome, in the church of the Invalides, where it was to remain till the completion of the mausoleum. On the coffin lay the chapeau the hero had worn at Eylau, his sword and imperial crown; and over these emblems waved the standards taken at Austerlitz. Within their folds one of the Eagles of the Empire spread its golden wings, and looked down on the hero with whose banners it had flown from the Gulf of the Adriatic to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the Snows of Russia to the Sands of the Pyramids. Four of his Old Guard with naked sabres, watched day and night by the ashes of their beloved Chief.

BOOK III.

JOSEPHINE.

Born at St. Pierre, Martinique, June 23, 1763; Died at Malmaison, May 29, 1814; Buried in the Parish Church of the Village of Ruel, near Paris.

JOSEPHINE.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

I.

In walking through the portrait-gallery of those who flourished during the time of Napoleon, there is no one that has arrested the gaze of so many eyes as Josephine. Around her history lingers a charm which genius alone has been able to throw over the pages of romance. Among the most beautiful of women, and graced by every charm which captivates the heart, she was gifted with so much genius and good sense that she preserved to the last the affections of the mightiest and the most wayward of men.

No man has ever yet been able to read the history of Josephine's divorce without a sigh of sorrow; and yet Heaven, which had once linked her fate with Napoleon's, had linked them forever. The mother, who had given birth to those beautiful children who flashed as gems from the crown of Napoleon, could give birth to no more on her second marriage, and she was cast aside from motives of state policy, and yielding, as she did, with so much submission, and the same grace which adorned all her actions, she became dearer to the world than ever.

II.

But Heaven has vindicated her, and she has been more than revenged. At last Providence has accomplished even for the ambition of Napoleon, what the heart of Josephine so many years longed for. Her blood has mingled with the blood of the Bonapartes in founding the Napoleon Dynasty, *for her grand-son now sits on the throne of France.* Those who believe in the "divine right of kings," and that Heaven watches over the fortunes of monarchs with special and paternal care, ought not, in this case, to give up their faith, and they are bound to suppose that Heaven is not only the founder, but the friend of the Napoleon Dynasty. The Conqueror of Europe had a son by his second wife, but that son was torn from his arms, and carried away by his enemies, taught through life to regard his father with abhorrence, and died at last without having indicated the genius of his Sire. But a son of Josephine's daughter, (the beautiful Hortense), after the convulsions of almost half a century had passed, was to be raised by the most unforeseen and unexpected events to the same seat of power his Uncle once filled ; and now the world looks on the spectacle of the union of the blood of Napoleon and Josephine, in the present Emperor of the French Republic.

III.

Marie-Joseph-Rose-Tascher, the only child of Joseph-Gaspard-Tascher and Rose-Claire-Desvergers de Sanois, was born in the capital of Martinique. Both of her parents were natives of France, though married in St. Domingo, [1761]. M. Tascher appears to have joined the army at an early age, and became a captain of horse—a circumstance, which bespeaks distinguished birth, since, until the Revolution had overwhelmed the Feudal System, no office of honor or emolument could be held under the Crown, except by the *noblesse.* In the year 1758 he was dispatched to the West Indies with some military commission from the Court of France, of whose nature or termination we know nothing. At the period of Josephine's birth, he was residing on his estate in St. Domingo. We have unsuccessfully searched for any traces of interest in the history of Josephine's mother, but we have been able to learn only that she was born of an ancient noble family, in the south of France, and had accompanied her family to the French possessions in the West Indies, after misfortune had stripped them of most of their estates at home.

IV.

By the early death of her mother, Josephine was placed in the care of an aunt of talent and culture, who seems to have devoted herself to the education of her ward, with assiduity and enthusiasm. How extraordinary was the success which rewarded her exertions and solicitudes, the history, the graces and the accomplishments of Josephine afterwards proclaimed to all the world.

We cannot ascertain the exact period of the death of her father, but there is every reason to believe that it occurred during her early childhood, for in all her correspondence and conversations in reference to the members of her family, and her associates at every period of life, no one seems to have been overlooked, and therefore it is reasonable to suppose that she preserved but faint and few recollections of her father and mother.

Madame Renaudin, the aunt who was charged with her education, had fortunately married a gentleman of respectability and wealth, and Josephine was brought up with every appliance of comfort and luxury, and surrounded by many of the embellishments of refined and polite life.

V.

All accounts seem to concur in the statement that the characteristic developments of Josephine from the earliest childhood were amiable and lovely. She possessed an instinctive refinement of sentiment, tenderness of feeling and elegance of manner. The reader should not be betrayed into the mistake which has been so often incurred, of supposing that at the period we are now speaking of, little of the refinement of Europe was known on this side of the Atlantic. This was, no doubt, the case in the British Colonies, except in those few circles which were irradiated immediately by the officers or agents of the British Crown. But it was far different in the French possessions of the New World. Very many of the most gifted, refined, noble and opulent of the subjects of France chose these distant parts of the world for the scenes of their service and adventure, and particularly among the French Islands of our Cis-Atlantic Archipelago. The blandness of the climate of Martinique, and the happy, and for a long time undisturbed social relations, of duties and obligations, of affection and respect, which subsisted in that island between the masters and their slaves, rendered it one of the favorite spots to which the young nobles of France, both in the Army and in the Navy considered it a pleasure to resort, particularly at the period we are now speaking of, when fierce agitations were preparing the way in France for the great Revolution of 1789. Home disturbances had sent a large number of enterprising and accomplished Frenchmen to the possessions of Louis in the Western World. Therefore it is not strange that the subject of this sketch should have come under the genial and refining influences which emanated at that period from the most enlightened, brilliant and cultivated nation on the earth. With such advantages her native refinement and genius for courtly society, prepared her for the brilliant scenes she was to mingle in, as the central star of imperial splendor under the martial reign of Napoleon. Her voice, although not trained in the severe school of art, was far softer and more touching than almost any of the singers of her age. She played well on several instruments, and especially on the harp, which has always been the favorite medium of the language of sentiment and poetry.

When she opened the *salons* of the First Consul, and the age of proscription had past, inviting once more to the gilded halls of the French monarchs the high-born dames of France, with the courtly chivalry of the age of Louis XIV., those splendid assemblies gazed with astonishment upon the grace and faultless symmetry with which she floated through the dances of the Court. She was perhaps not eminently beautiful, when her countenance was in repose, but the moment she gazed upon a human face all the gentle sentiments that belong to the kindest hearts and the most genial souls, radiated from her features ; and, although the artists seldom succeeded, even with an attempt to flatter, in making very beautiful pictures of her, yet it was acknowledged on all hands that she was captivating in her manners and too beautiful to be painted at all. During her entire life there was a highly refined loveliness emanating from her countenance which baffles description, as it eluded in its evanescent loveliness the happiest touches of the pencil.

Another courtly accomplishment she particularly excelled in—she not only inherited by nature a grace which imparted a special charm to all she did, but she possessed the most exquisite skill and genius in the courtly art of scenic embroidery. Some of her pieces of needle-work are still exhibited with pride in the *salons* and cabinets of Europe, and they are believed to surpass all that had been executed in European courts for at least a century.

VI.

But her accomplishments extended to a broader and higher and nobler field. She had so far perfected herself in following her instinctive tastes and the instructions of her masters, that there was scarcely a flowering plant, or shrub, or beautiful green thing of any climate or nation, that her knowledge of botany did not at once enable her to define with precision and taste. There is a flower now, which is worn in the hair and on the bosom of every beautiful woman at the Courts of Europe during the unkindly frosts of winter, for which they are all indebted to Josephine. She introduced the *Camelia* from the West Indies, when she returned to France. This alone, with women of taste, ought to have been the highest and the most brilliant armorial bearing for her descendants forever. She not only sang well, as we have said, but she read most captivatingly—an accomplishment perhaps still rarer. There was many a period in the stormy life of the Emperor of France, when his passions were soothed, his anger softened, and even the fortunes of Europe affected propitiously by the harmonious and persuasive tones of Josephine's philosophical, historical, sentimental and poetical readings. Napoleon once said, after the acclamations of the French nation had greeted one of the first of his lofty flights of ambition, "that the first applause of the French people sounded as sweet in his ear as the voice of Josephine." Some of our readers may not attach so much importance as we do to these often-called ephemeral and superficial graces; but they were not evanescent, for they lasted through life; and they were not superficial, for they emanated from a harmonious and well-balanced mind; and indeed so complete was the mental structure of Josephine's genius, that, in the symmetry and harmony of all its developments, it lost the erratic flashes that have usually asserted their claim to that kind of talent which the world has for ages bowed down to in adoration.

Such was the simple Creole girl whose fortunes Heaven had linked with those of the greatest of Chieftains, and the most wonderful of modern Empires.

VII.

History by whomsoever written or however lofty may be its theme, should never overlook those humble individuals who in their little spheres perform their duties so well, that the relation of them in connection with characters of great importance may excite the admiration and regard of mankind. Euphemie, the faithful and affectionate negro slave, who followed Josephine with such devotedness from her cradle through life, shall have her place in this narrative, before she is compelled to resign it to the ladies of honor of the French Empire. This family-servant, kind, generous and devoted, who was the protector and companion of Josephine for so many years, and participated in her subsequent fortunes with such hearty rejoicing, invites us to stop a moment to inquire whether after all, in the great system of compensations which Providence has ordained, there may not be more good than we have sometimes supposed, in those relations which impose the sacred obligations of gratitude, protection and love, toward those amiable and often neglected children of the African race, who embellish the lives and administer to the luxury of prouder and superior nations.

VIII.

Josephine with the sweetest condescension and blandness of disposition did not refrain sometimes from joining in the dances, listening to the songs of the African maidens who loved to gather in the garden or in the hall of her house—

an intimacy which no other form of society can possibly admit, between the mistress and servant, except that mysterious and most inexplicable relation that subsists between the European and the slave. "I was not a stranger to their sports," she said, "and I hope I proved myself neither insensible to their griefs nor indifferent to their pleasures." We can hardly neglect the record here of an incident which may provoke the smile of many a reader, but it was so strange an event it put forth an influence upon the fancy of Josephine till the last hour of her life. If it may seem to border upon the realm of superstition, it is not below the realm of history to record it; for its business is to make men familiar with whatever sways human fortunes. Therefore, in Josephine's own words, as she recorded them some years afterwards, and before their prophetic significance could possibly have dictated what we copy, she said—

"One day, before my first marriage, in taking my morning walk, I observed several negro girls gathered around an old woman who was telling their fortunes. When I came up, the old sybil screamed out and seized my hand in the greatest agitation. Yielding to the absurdity, I gave it to her, and said—'You discover, then, something wonderful in my destiny; is it happiness or misfortune?' 'Misfortune—and—stop!—happiness, too!' 'You do not commit yourself, good Dame?' 'I am not permitted to render them more clearly,' she said, as she looked up towards heaven; but beginning to be interested, I asked, 'Can you tell me my futurity?' 'Will you believe me, if I do speak it?' 'Yes,' I said, 'good mother, I will.' 'On your own head be it then. Listen!—you will soon be married—but you will not be happy. You will be a widow, and then—then you will be *Queen of France*. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital amid civil commotion.' "As she finished these words," says Josephine, "she burst away from the crowd and hurried as fast as her feeble limbs would carry her. I forbade the bystanders from troubling the old prophetess about this ridiculous prediction, and told the young negresses, that they must never heed such stories. I laughed at it myself with my friends, but when my husband had died on the scaffold I could not keep this scene out of my fancy; and though I was in prison when its fulfillment seemed less possible than ever, so deeply did it overshadow me, I could not feel that it would not all become a reality."

IX.

Just as Josephine had completed her sixteenth year, she became the wife of Vicomte Alexander de Beauharnais, a young noble, who held a commission in the French army, and who, from the most credible accounts, had clandestinely embarked in one of those small expeditions which, with the favor of Louis, had sailed to this country to aid our Colonies in the War of Independence, before the brilliant expedition for the same purpose was fitted out and dispatched under D'Estang in the beginning of 1778. We have made many investigations with the hope of tracing the part which the Vicomte played in our own revolutionary drama; but we have succeeded only in ascertaining that in January, 1778, he held a regular commission in the army of Louis, sailed for the British Colonies in America, fought during the struggle under Lafayette, and subsequently sailed for Martinique to assert his right to estates which had recently fallen to him and his brother, the Marquis de Beauharnais, on the death of a relation. Our disappointment at the failure of these investigations is the greater, since Providence seems to have connected in a peculiar manner the fortunes of the French Nation, and particularly the members of the Bonaparte family with this country. But the records and military rolls of our Revolution were so informally kept, and so few of them have been preserved, that we fear no subsequent researches will be more successful than our own.

The estates which the young French noble inherited, joined the domains of M. Renaudin. The vicinity of their residences soon made him and Josephine acquainted, and not long after they were united in marriage. In 1794, Josephine, in the following language, thus speaks of the nuptials—"If I have been indebted to your father for all my happiness, (she is addressing her children), I can venture to say that I owe the union to my own character—so many were the obstacles which opposed it. But without any effort of talent I effected their removal. My own heart gave me the means of winning the affection of my husband's family —patience and kindness are sure at last to conciliate the good will of all. You, too, possess, my dear children, these facilities which cost so little, and achieve so much ; but you must know how to employ them, and I may with propriety in this respect, ask you to imitate my example."

X.

Not long after her marriage, Josephine, with her husband, sailed for France, [1779]. They were received with surprise, delight and courtesy, in Paris, and when Josephine was introduced to the Court of Marie Antoinette, she at once became a favorite with that splendid, amiable, but unfortunate queen. All her graces created surprise and excited admiration ; and could the future then have been unfolded to those two beautiful women, who, when they conversed together, created the centre of attraction and elegance in the Court of St. Cloud, a chill of horror would have run to the centre of every heart.

Several summers were passed by Josephine and her husband in traveling through France, while their home was on his estates in Brittany—where (September 3d, 1780,) Josephine gave birth to her only son Eugene, and three years later to Hortense, her only daughter.

XI.

The intercourse between Josephine and her husband was marked for several years by every sign of mutual regard and affection; but her peace was at last destroyed by an estrangement of his affection, in consequence of an attachment he had formed for another person. It ended in a voluntary separation, and Josephine, with her children, returned to Martinique, where they remained for several years, with no expectation of ever again being greeted kindly by the father and the husband. Thus early fell a cloud over the heart of Josephine in this first marriage, which was but a precursor of the wild storm that so many years afterwards desolated her peace.

At last, in circumstances of destitution, Josephine returned with her children to France; a reconciliation with her husband was effected, and so completely did she forgive, and so magnanimous was the spirit with which the injured wife again received her husband, that she adopted his natural daughter, for whom she made ample and splendid provision under the Empire.

XII.

Beauharnais had espoused the cause of the Revolution when it first broke out, and had been returned to the Constitutional Assembly as Representative for the noblesse of Blois. In 1792, he also became a member of the National Convention, of which he was twice President. Although he was most enthusiastically devoted to the principles of republican liberty, and sustained Lafayette in the course that celebrated patriot took during that period of trouble, still his public career was marked by a spirit of moderation, and he was known as a member of the party of the Girondists, over whose sufferings, heroism and patriotic services, the genius of Lamartine has thrown so brilliant historic glow.

The triumph of the Jacobins in 1793 overwhelmed Beauharnais in the destruction of his party, and this amiable and patriotic man with a whole army of the friends of France, of humanity and of freedom, combining much of the intelligence and all the moderation of the State, were swept into the prisons of Paris, and immolated upon the altar of Robespierre. There was something particularly touching in the condemnation and death of Beauharnais, for he was a Major-General of France, and had occupied the post which Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, subsequently filled, and he was the only Commander-in-Chief of all France who had ventured to return to his country after the first explosion of the Revolution. When he was consigned to the dungeons of the Luxembourg, his only crimes were rank and merit. If we could spare the space, we should feel it a duty to trace minutely, the manly conduct of this noble officer during the period of his imprisonment, and when he went to execution. The conduct also of Josephine during the imprisonment of her husband, was worthy of all praise, and several unfortunate persons, whom her efforts, persuasions or influence had rescued from death, lived to present their grateful thanks at her feet when she was elevated to the most brilliant throne in the world.

XIII.

The blow which had fallen upon her husband, was destined not long after to prostrate herself. She was arrested in her house, and conducted to prison. In describing the scene, she says—" A loud knocking was heard at the outer door of the house. I saw that my hour was come, and finding the requisite courage in the consciousness that the blow was inevitable, I resigned myself to endurance. While the tumult continued increasing, I passed into my children's apartment—they were sleeping, and their peaceful slumber, contrasted with their mother's trouble, made me weep. I impressed upon my daughter's forehead, alas! perhaps my last kiss: she felt the maternal tears; and, though still asleep, clasped her arms around my neck, whispering in broken murmurs—' Come to bed; fear nothing; they sha'nt take you away to-night, for I have prayed to God for you.' Meanwhile a crowd had entered my sitting-room, and at the head of ferocious and armed men, stood the President, whose prejudices against my husband were deemed by him sufficient warrant for my arrest. * * Seals were placed on every article with lock and key, and I was conducted to the house of detention of the Carmelites. Oh! what shudderings came over me as I crossed that threshold still wet with blood!"

XIV.

This prison, which witnessed some of the most ferocious scenes of brutality that have ever been perpetrated on the earth, was the theatre of the massacres of the early part of September, 1793, in which upwards of seven thousand persons, most of them men and women of distinction, character and virtue, were deliberately slaughtered by a Jacobin mob. Josephine herself was confined in the apartment where the priests had been incarcerated, several hundreds of whom had been stabbed in the chapel of the convent, or had their brains dashed out before its altars. Few who once crossed the fatal threshold where Josephine was now confined, ever returned. She had confided her sleeping children to the protection of Providence, then the only hope of the Patriot or the Christian remaining in France, and had left them sleeping, when she was dragged away to prison. Eugene and Hortense, those innocent and beautiful children, awoke from their slumbers the next morning worse than orphans, in the vast solitude of that agitated and bleeding city. They embraced each other and wept, when they found their mother gone, and with a discretion far beyond their years, determined to communicate at once the sad intelligence to their aunt, who lived at Versailles, some fifteen miles from Paris.

XV.

During the period of her imprisonment, in consequence, it is supposed, of the amiability and loveliness which Josephine invariably displayed, the severities of her treatment were so far softened, that she was allowed the liberty, conceded to few, of corresponding with her family. She says, in one of her notes to her children, who had been removed to Fontainbleau—"Your letters, though of the same date, reached me at an interval of three days from each other. They are sweet little notes, my dear babes, for they truthfully tell how much you love me, and are so well composed, that if your aunt had not assured me she had given you no help in writing them, I think I should have recognized the hand of the '*Fairy.*' But if she did not write your little letters, she informed me of your excellent behavior ; and in your notes I discover new proofs of her goodness and amiable disposition. Your father will be as much delighted as I am. You act nobly, thus to give us cause for consolation, while wicked men persecute us. They will be punished, and pass away; but you, my good children, will enjoy the recompense in your affectionate hearts which you merit, and you will yet witness our happiness. Now go and put yourselves one on each side of the benevolent 'Fairy,' and kiss her for your father and me. Continue to be good that we may love you better and better."

XVI.

At length, when Josephine became especially alarmed, lest her husband should be immediately sacrificed to the ferocity of Robespierre's reign, she addressed a letter to citizen Prosper Sigas, the new Minister of War, who was to prepare the report to be presented to the Committee of General Safety, in regard to her husband. She says—"I give thanks to Heaven that you are to be my judge, for if I had had the choice, it would have fallen on you. * * I, too, have become one of those whose unfortunates you have endeavored to mitigate and I unite my gratitude with that of the many desolate beings whom you have labored to make forgetful of their calamities. Nor are you ignorant that my sorrows increase in bitterness every day, while my husband remains in prison without a trial. He no longer asks his liberty—he only demands that he may be tried. A brave soldier has a right to this, when accused of a crime which compromises his honor. Alexander de Beauharnais, a conspirator!—One of the founders of liberty attempting its overthrow! You, citizen, have never believed this accusation. Let not his judges any longer give credit to the imputation. * * I speak of myself only to enable you to appreciate the injustice done to Alexander. Forget the persecuted mother, and her dispersed children, to think only of the father and husband, or rather of the soldier and the citizen, who is worthy of recovering his honor and liberty."

XVII.

Josephine's application was so far successful, that her husband was brought to the office of the Committee of General Safety, and arrangements had been made by which she could there meet him. She was waiting in an ante-room, ready to be summoned before the Committee. Ignorant of the attempts which her friends were making for their release, and trembling with apprehension at every step heard in the adjoining apartments, she was sitting alone in her grief, when the door opened, and Beauharnais entered. They rushed into each other's arms, and, in the touching language of Josephine, they enjoyed "moments of felicity which softened, nay, almost obliterated a whole year of misery. Alexander wept with joy when he once more beheld me, but as we were soon to be separated, he became calm and collected. He embraced me more like a friend, than a husband, and recommended our children to my care. Such tranquillity becomes innocence like his. Now I grieve that the Committee did not see him. Could they have resisted such magnanimous virtue?"

XVIII.

But the long imprisonment of Beauharnais was quickly to find a sad and tragic termination. Soon after the interview of which we have spoken, without a hearing, without a trial, sentence of death was pronounced on him, [July 27, 1794], and the next morning his head fell from the block of the guillotine. He was one of the last victims of the Reign of Terror; for only two days later Robespierre himself fell. Had the heroic Beauharnais lived forty-eight hours longer, Josephine would probably have been, in later years, known only as the wife of a Marshal of France. While the bitterest tears of an affectionate wife were still falling over her murdered husband, Josephine, who had been sent to her prison again, where she was confined with a large number of others of her sex, was always in sadness and gloom, but with noble resolution preparing to meet her own fate. The next morning, [July 27], that death-cart which had borne such vast numbers to the place of execution, had been ordered to drive to the door of Josephine's prison; but Heaven itself had, in the meantime, put an end to the Reign of Terror by the bolt of vengeance which ended the butcheries with the life of Robespierre. This fiend of the French Revolution had fallen on the evening of the 26th.

As a fitting tribute to this generous and heroic man, and one of the noblest victims of the Reign of Terror, we must find space for the last letter of the Vicomte de Beauharnais to his wife.

XIX.

"Night of the 6–7th Thermidor,
Year 2, Conciergerie (24–25th July, 1794.)

"Yet some moments to tenderness, to tears, and to regret—then wholly to the glory of my fate, to the grand thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my Josephine, your husband will have long ceased to live here, but, in the bosom of his God, he will have begun to enjoy a real existence. Thou seest, then, that there is indeed no cause for mourning on his account: it is over the wicked, the insensate men who survive him, that tears are to be shed; for they inflict, and are incapable of repairing the evil. But let us not sully with their guilty image these last moments. I would, on the contrary, adorn them by the thought, that, having been united to a charming woman, I might have beheld the years passed with her glide away without the slightest cloud, had not wrongs, of which I became sensible only when too late, troubled our union. This reflection wrings tears from me. Thy generous soul pardoned the moment that suffering overtook me; and I ought to recompense thee for such kindness, by enjoying, without recalling it to thy remembrance, since I must thus bring back the recollection of my errors and thy sorrows. What thanks do I owe to Providence, who will bless thee!

"Now Heaven disposes of me before my time; and even this is one of its mercies. Can the good man live without grief when he sees the world a prey to the wicked? I should think myself happy, therefore, in being removed from their power, did I not feel that I abandon to them beings so valued and beloved. If, however, the thoughts of the dying be presentiments, I experience one in the recesses of my heart which assures me that these horrible butcheries are soon to be suspended—that to the victims are to succeed their executioners—that the arts and sciences, the true prosperity of states, shall flourish again in France—that wise and equitable laws will reign after these cruel sacrifices—and that you will obtain that happiness of which you were always worthy, and which to the present time has fled from you. Our children will contribute to your felicity—they will discharge their father's debt.

"I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which my jailers had interrupted.

"I have just undergone a cruel formality, which, under any other circumstances, they should have forced me to endure only by depriving me of life. But why strive against necessity? Reason requires that we do all for the best. My hair has been cut off. I have contrived to purchase back a portion of it, in order to bequeath to my wife, and to my children, undeniable evidence, pledges of my last recollections. I feel that at this thought my heart is breaking, and tears bedew the paper. Farewell, all that I love! Love each other; speak of me; and never forget that the glory of dying the victim of tyrants, the martyr of freedom, ennobles a scaffold."

XX.

A single word on the immediate cause of the downfall of Robespierre :—M. Tallien, subsequently one of the Directory of France, who cherished a devoted passion for Madame de Fontenoy, had held many interviews with this accomplished and graceful woman, through the guarded casements of her Carmelite prison, and seventy of her fellow-inmates had on the day after the death of Beauharnais, been informed that, on the next morning, they would be borne to the place of execution. She and Josephine had but one hope of escape, which was to warn M. Tallien during his evening visit by some sign, that would not be observed by others, of their terrible position ; and they went to the casement carelessly and sadly, as if to gaze in peace for the last time, on the pure heaven, and breathe its fresh air. At last M. Tallien appeared under the walls, and Madame de Fontenoy threw from the prison-bars a cabbage-stalk, in which was concealed a piece of paper containing these words :—"My trial is decided—the result is certain. If you love me, as you say, urge every means to save France and me."

XXI.

Tallien snatched the scrap, read it with agitation, and instantly joined some of his friends, when he pledged himself to go to the Convention, and publicly accuse the tyrant Robespierre. This detestable villian had not a friend in all France ; and standing as he did upon the verge of ruin, it required but a single resolute man to brave him face to face in the Convention, and he would be hurled to the abyss. As soon as the session opened, St. Just, who foresaw the downfall of his master, took the Tribune to save him. While

Tallien was dragging him from the place, he screamed—" I lift the veil !" " And I," said Tallien, with a shout of desperation, " rend it asunder." The announcement fell upon the excited Assembly like a peal of thunder ; and in one of those wild appeals which that Convention so often witnessed, burning with the intensest satire, and charged with electric eloquence, he heaped upon the head of the trembling Robespierre, the whole catalogue of his crimes. Our readers are all familiar with the result. Robespierre was himself the final victim of his own Reign of Terror.

XXII.

Josephine has herself given in the simplest language, a most interesting account of the manner in which the downfall of the tyrant was communicated to that group of seventy women, who were waiting their execution on the following day. She says—" Madame d'Arguillon, prostrated with the thought of approaching death, so abruptly communicated, I drew towards the window, which I opened to admit the fresh air. I saw a woman of the lower class make signs to us from below, which we could not understand. * * Her joy was extreme when she saw that we at length perfectly understood her. With great eagerness, she made the sign of cutting the throat, and began dancing and shouting. This strange pantomime stirred in our hearts a feeling that cannot be described, since we did not dare to hope that by these gestures she was intimating the death of Robespierre. At this very moment, while we were trembling between hope and despair, a loud noise was heard in the corridor, and the terrible voice of the turn-key, who, in kicking his dog, cried, ' Out with you, brute of a Robespierre !' This coarse but glorious language echoed the emancipation of France, and a few minutes after, our companions in misfortune burst into the apartment, to give us the details of that grand event. It was the ninth Thermidor—*The anniversary of the prophecy which had foretold my elevation.* My flock-bed was restored to me, and on this couch I passed the most delightful night of my life. I fell asleep, after saying to my companions, 'You see I am not guillotined yet, and I shall live to become *Queen of France.*'"

XXIII.

In our sketch of Napoleon we have already traced the progress of events, by which, through the favor of Barras, the aspiring officer who had conducted himself so well at Toulon, was charged with the important commission of commanding the troops at the time of the rising of the Sections against the authority of the Convention. A fortunate combination of circumstances for which Napoleon was indebted, partly to his gallantry and skill at Toulon, which gained for him the respect and confidence of Barras ; and partly to the interest M. Tallien felt for him after his marriage with Madame Fontenoy, the intimate friend of Josephine and her companion in the prison of the Carmelites—gave him the brilliant opportunity, which he so readily embraced, of asserting the supremacy of law and order in Paris, on the 13th Vendemaire. The quelling of the Sections was followed by the restoration of complete tranquillity, and the establishment of a new Constitution, the execution of the laws being confided to a Directory of five persons, of whom Barras was the chief. The demand which young Eugene had made on General Bonaparte, for the sword of his father, resulted in an intimacy between him and Josephine, which soon ended in marriage, and under circumstances which Josephine has herself related, in the following letter to a friend—

XXIV.

"My Dear Friend,—I am urged to marry again: my friends counsel the measure; my aunt almost lays her injunctions upon me to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. Why are you not here to give me your advice in this important conjuncture?—to persuade me that I ought to consent to a union which must put an end to the irksomeness of my present position? Your friendship, in which I have already experienced so much to praise, would render you clear-sighted for my interests; and I should decide without hesitation as soon as you had spoken. You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow.

"'Do you love him?' you will ask. Not exactly. 'You then dislike him?' Not quite so bad; but I find myself in that state of indifference which is anything but agreeable, and which to devotees in religion gives more trouble than all their peccadilloes. Love, being a species of worship, also requires that one feel very differently from all this; and hence the need I have of your advice, which might fix the perpetual irresolution of my feeble character. To assume a determination has ever appeared fatiguing to my Creole supineness, which finds it infinitely more convenient to follow the will of others.

"I admire the General's courage—the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even on our Directors: judge if it may not intimidate a woman! Even—what ought to please me—the force of a passion, described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity, is precisely the cause which arrests the consent I am often on the point of pronouncing.

"Being now past the heyday of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the General, resembles a fit of delirium? If, after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake?—will he not regret a more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What shall I then reply?—what shall I do? I shall weep. 'Excellent resource!' you will say. Good heavens! I know that all this can serve no end; but it has ever been thus; tears are the only resource left me when this poor heart, so easily chilled, has suffered. Write quickly, and do not fear to scold me, should you judge that I am wrong. You know that whatever comes from your pen will be taken in good part.

"Barras gives assurance, that if I marry the General, he will so contrive as to have him appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which already excites murmuring among his fellow-soldiers, though it be as yet only a promise, said to me, 'Think they then I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy one day should I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it I will go far.'

"What say you to this security of success?—is it not a proof of confidence, springing from an excess of vanity? A General of brigade protect the heads of government!—that, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take it in his head to attempt; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?

"Here we all regret you, and console ourselves for your prolonged absence, only by thinking of you every minute, and by endeavoring to follow you step by step through the beautiful country you are now traversing. Were I sure of meeting you in Italy, I would get married to-morrow, upon condition of following the General; but we might, perhaps, cross each other on the route: thus I deem it more prudent to wait for your reply before taking my determination. Speed, then, your answer—and your return still more.

"Madame Tallien gives me in commission to tell you, that she loves you tenderly. She is always beautiful and good; employing her immense influence only to obtain pardon for the unfortunate who address themselves to her; and adding to her acquiescence an air of satisfaction, which gives her the appearance of being the person obliged. Her friendship for me is ingenuous and affectionate. I assure you, that the love I bear towards her resembles my affection for you. This will give you an idea of the attachment I feel for her. Hortense becomes more and more amiable; her charming figure developes itself; and I should have fitting occasion, if so inclined, to make troublesome reflections upon villainous Time, which merely adorns one at the expense of another! Happily, I have got quite a different crotchet in my head at present, and skip all dismals, in order to occupy my thoughts solely with a future which promises to be happy since we shall soon be re-united, never again to be separated Were it not for this marriage, which puts me out, I should, despite of all, be quite gay; but while it remains to be disposed of, I shall torment myself; once concluded, *come what may*, I shall be resigned. I am habituated to suffering; and if destined to fresh sorrows, I think I could endure them, provided my children, my aunt, and you were spared me. We have agreed to cut short the conclusions of our letters—so adieu, my friend."

XXV

From this truthful and interesting account it will be perceived, that Josephine brought to her husband as a dower "the magnificent gem," as Napoleon afterwards called it, of the command of the army of Italy. Although almost every life that has been written either of Josephine or Napoleon, has been crowded with the correspondence purporting to have passed between them, yet thorough scrutiny has demonstrated most of these letters as they have been publicly printed, to be entitled to but feeble claims to authenticity. The following, however, is an exact transcript of a letter written by Napoleon to Josephine, and copied for a friend by her own hand :—

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,—My first laurel is due to my country ; my second shall be yours. While pressing Alvinzi, I thought of France ; when he was beaten, I thought of you. Your son will send you a scarf surrendered to him by Colonel Morback, whom he took prisoner with his own hand. You see, madam, that our Eugene is worthy of his father. Do not deem me altogether undeserving of having succeeded to that brave and unfortunate general, under whom I should have felt honored to have learned to conquer I embrace you. NAPOLEON."

XXVI.

When the victories of Napoleon's first campaign had been consummated by the conquest of the Capital of Lombardy, Josephine joined her husband, and now constituted the centre of attraction in the brilliant circles that thronged the magnificent halls of the Palace of Montibello. Napoleon had left Paris so soon after his marriage, that scarcely a day had been devoted at that joyous period to the festivities which ought to crown so happy an occasion; but their honeymoon was to be passed in the most beautiful part of the world—in the most charming and elegant of all the Capitals of Italy, and on the waters and along the shores of Lake Como and Lake Maggiore. These classic scenes have been embellished by the genius of ages. Como, particularly, had so completely won the affections of Pliny that he built a beautiful villa on its eastern side, for his summer-house. These lakes were visited by Cicero, and consecrated by the muse of Virgil; and from that period, whatever there is that is grand and beautiful in the castellated architecture of the middle ages, or the historic associations of heroic and stirring scenes, has all been lavished to make it the gem of the garden of the world. From the bosom of Lake Maggiore rises the magic little island called Isola Bella. One of the ancient and most opulent of the Lombard families, had several centuries ago chosen this spot for their summer-retreat, and vast treasures had been lavished in the adornment of this island with hanging gardens and beautiful terraces, with every tree and shrub and flower that could be gathered from all quarters of the earth; and slowly from year to year had risen a lofty and magnificent pile, embellished and enriched with countless works of art and taste, until Isola Bella has become the impersonation throughout Europe of splendor and beauty. It was under these blue and far-off skies, and on the bosom of these crystal waters, surrounded by the wildest Alpine scenery, all bathed in the genial and everlasting sunshine of the Italian clime, that Josephine with her brilliant train of friends, ladies, courtiers, scholars and men of fame, at last found a few weeks of repose, enlivened by everything in the form of luxury and splendor, which wealth could purchase or fancy invent.

XXVII.

There was nothing at this period of Josephine's life wanting to complete her happiness, unless indeed it may have been the apprehension she sometimes expressed of the insecurity which must attend so sudden and brilliant an elevation, and in that period when so many terrific convulsions had been witnessed, and when nothing was so dear to the heart as repose, it is not strange that Josephine was awed by the meteor flight of the young Conqueror of Italy into the very empyrean of fame. Her son Eugene, although but seventeen years old, had rode by the side of Napoleon as one of his aids through the heat of his battles, breathing the air of victory. Inheriting, too, as he did, the souvenirs of the brilliant achievements of his father, and with the very Hannibal of war as his model on the field, Josephine herself says, that she even trembled when Eugene came from the reviews of the serried battalions of the army of Italy, into her presence. He came like the young god of war, all palpitating from the battle-field. And yet it would be hard to believe that so fond a mother as Josephine, one whose happiness was so entirely dependent upon the blandishments of social life, and scenes of domestic affection, should not have looked with some complacency upon the beautiful form and radiant face of the future Viceroy of Italy, as this young Achilles came in from the "War of the Greeks."

XXVIII.

Many of the books which preserve records of these times, and their principal actors, depict in the liveliest manner the brilliant scenes that were witnessed in the drawing-rooms, in the cortéges, the fêtes and festivities, which celebrated the triumphs of Napoleon and greeted the arrival of Josephine in Italy. But none of the accounts we have read do any justice to the enthusiasm with which we have often heard these same scenes described by many persons still living, who participated in them. Society in Italy has for ages been graced by every refinement and the cultivation of elegant manners; pure taste and intellectual conversation has been studied and cultivated as one of the beautiful arts—worthy of the attention and even the ambition of the noblest, the most powerful and the most gifted of men. In the school of Italian manners, as in their capitals of art during its most florid period, the simplicity and the beauty of nature were considered the highest of ideal standards. Hence the enthusiastic admiration with which Josephine was regarded by the polished Italians. The refined grace of her manners, the touching simplicity of her conversation and address, the affability and grace of every word and movement, and that superb repose which can come only from unconscious movement, or be reached at last as a triumph of art, made her the model of courtly elegance and palatial refinement. In Italy perhaps, still more strikingly was the significance of Napoleon's remark illustrated when he said, that he was more indebted to the beauty, the grace, the influence, the virtues and the good sense of Josephine for his own elevation to power and success in life, than to any other human being.

XXIX.

Although on his return from Italy, every brain seemed to have grown giddy with Napoleon's conquests, he himself acted as though nothing had happened. He again took up his unostentatious abode in the small house in the Rue Chautereine. It was indeed already distinguished; for, before his arrival, the government had, in compliment to him, named the street where he had lived before he left, Rue de la Vittoire. But that humble dwelling was now frequented by the most brilliant society of Paris, and Josephine illuminated it by her ineffable charms. But the mission of Josephine was not only to embellish the career of her husband—she put forth a high and powerful agency in disarming foes, and winning friends for the new dynasty.

XXX.

When Napoleon left Paris for the expedition to Egypt, Josephine accompanied him to the sea-shore, and remained at Toulon until he sailed. It was her earnest desire to accompany him on the voyage; and when he expostulated with her on the dangers that would attend this expedition in a distant, barbarous and strange country, she seemed to have acquired so romantic a confidence in the invincibility of his arms, and the glory of his future destiny, that she was almost deaf to the voice of reason. Her husband at last persuaded her not to encounter the fatigues and perils of the expedition, and she yielded to his persuasions only on condition that she might be allowed to join him in Egypt after she had received news of his successful landing. When the vast armament had got under way, and was whitening the ocean for many miles with its spotless sails, she watched its progress from the balcony of a palace which overlooked the sea, and kept her eye steadily fixed on the towering cloud of canvas that rose over the dark hull of the Orient which bore her husband and her son, until the fading speck had grown dim through her tears, and sank in the bosom of the ocean. With a feeling of solitude more lonely than she ever suffered in the days of her obscurity, Josephine left the sea-side to visit the mineral waters of Plombiéres, where her physicians trusted that she might recover completely the vital vigor of her youth, now somewhat impaired by the cares, excitements and fatigues of her situation. As she was sitting one morning at work with her needle, in this new retreat, conversing with several ladies who accompanied her, one of them who had gone to the balcony, called them all to look at a very beautiful lap-dog that was passing below. They all rushed together with the joyousness of youthful hilarity ; the balcony gave way, and they were all precipitated below. Josephine was severely hurt—she suffered a fracture of the thigh-bone from which she did not recover for several months.

XXXI.

Hortense, who had now reached her fifteenth year, had been some time a pupil at the celebrated school of Madame Campan. On her return to Plombiéres, Josephine sent for her daughter to enliven her solitude, and devoted herself more earnestly than ever to her education. She remained there until her mother, who through the aid of Barras, had recovered a portion of her husband's property, when she determined on purchasing a small estate near Paris, where she could live in elegance and comparative seclusion, and prosecute with new diligence the education of her daughter. In the meantime Napoleon had [July 27, 1798,] written from Cairo, intrusting to his brother Joseph a commission to purchase a country-house near the Capital, but the letter fell into the hands of the English cruisers, and its contents were made known only through the public journals. Josephine, however, carried out her plan, and purchased the Villa Malmaison—a portion of the national domains—for which she paid with her own money 160,000 francs. She immediately began to adorn her new home as far as her means would allow, with every comfort and elegance. On Napoleon's return, he made it his own favorite retreat; and from that hour the most lavish embellishments, statues, and relics of ancient, and gems of modern art, from every part of the world, were clustered at Malmaison. The grounds were extended; and in a few years it became the most elegant and sumptuous country villa in all Europe. This place which ever after continued to be Josephine's home until her death, has mingled in the associations of the Consulate and the Empire of her husband, with the darkest and the brightest days of her life, and is never mentioned without recalling a thousand tender recollections. The destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir seemed to detract little from the glory of the Egyptian expedition, and the rising fame of Bonaparte clustered around Josephine, every person of consequence and every aspiring man in the Republic.

XXXII.

The following description of Malmaison is given by the Duchess D'Abrantes:—

"As Malmaison is now like a lady stripped of all her ornaments, and even of her vestments, I shall endeavor to recall her to the memory of those who, like me, were of her acquaintance while she was still herself.

"The park was enchanting, notwithstanding its close proximity to the barren mountain on the left. The river, though running far below, imparted strength and luxuriance to its vegetation; and nothing could be greener, more fresh, or umbrageous, than the field from which it was separated only by a *ha-ha,* and that part of the park itself which is bonnded by the road. The extent of the park did not exceed a hundred acres; and Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt, endeavored to persuade Mademoiselle Julien, a rich old maid of the village of Ruelle, as an act of good neighborhood, to sell him, at her own price, an adjoining garden or small park, by which addition Malmaison would have been placed on so respectable a footing, that he need no longer have blushed to compare it with the magnificent estate of his brother Joseph. The First Consul had a small private garden, separated only by a bridge from his private cabinet. It was here that he took the air, when labor rendered moderate exercise necessary to him; for at that time, and for two years succeeding, he allowed himself no repose but what nature imperatively required. The bridge was covered in and arranged like a little tent; here his table was carried, and he would employ himself with state papers, saying, that he felt his ideas become more elevated and expansive in the air, than when seated beside a stove and shut out from communication with the sky.

"Yet he could not endure the smallest degree of cold; had fires lighted in July, and wondered that others did not suffer like himself, from the first breath of a north wind.

"Our life at Malmaison, at the time of my marriage, resembled that usually led when much company is assembled together at a château in the country. Our apartments consisted of a chamber, a boudoir, and a room for the chambermaid, all very simply furnished. That occupied by Mademoiselle Hortense differed from the others only by a folding-door; and this apartment was not assigned her till after her marriage. All opened on a long and very narrow paved corridor, looking to the court.

"We chose our own hour of rising; and till breakfast our time was at our own disposal. At eleven, the ladies all met for breakfast, in a small low saloon of the right wing, opening to the court; but, as in Paris, gentlemen were never admitted to the party, unless, occasionally, Joseph, Louis, or one of the family. Breakfast was followed by conversation, or the reading of the journals; and some one always arrived from Paris to have *an audience;* for already Madame Bonaparte gave audiences, contrary to the express orders of the First Consul; and patronized petitions, though his anger at her interference had already caused her abundance of tears; but when a beautiful pearl necklace or bracelet of rubies was offered, through the hands of Bourrienne, or of any other friend, the elegance of a present so wholly unconnected with the matters in hand, suppressed all curious speculations into the nature of the mine which produced it.

"The First Consul was never visible till dinner-time. At five or six in the morning he descended to his cabinet, and was there occupied with Bourrienne, or with the ministers, generals, and counselors of state, till the dinner-hour of six, when the party was generally joined by some invited guests. All the suite of the First Consul were at this time enlarging his household by marriage."

XXXIII.

Malmaison was at this time really the Court of France, and it is delightful to see how beneficent was the influence Josephine now put forth upon the destinies of her country, and in relieving those who had suffered in the storms of the revolution, or whose fortunes had been laid waste by the injustice and cruelty of the Reign of Terror. The ascendency of Josephine in the society of Paris, and the important political position she was taking, with the influence she was known to sway over the mind of her husband, aroused the envy of nearly all his female relatives, and a malignant scheme of mischief was invented, which was intended to estrange Napoleon's heart from his wife, and bring about a divorce between them. Letters were written to the Conqueror in Egypt, to consummate the plan, but for a considerable time they had no influence over his mind. An Italian commentator on Shakspeare, however, well says, that "No man is great enough not to be an Othello, if he has an Iago at his elbow." By every arrival from France, Napoleon received new confirmations of the scandalous reports that were being spread in regard to the conduct of Josephine, till at last his great mind embraced the delusion, and in the heat of jealousy he wrote some of the bitterest and most cruel letters that were ever sent to a confiding and virtuous wife. She could not herself divine the cause of this strange infatuation of her husband; for, during the first months after his arrival in Egypt, his correspondence had breathed more the romance of a lover than the style of a husband. Resolute and brave in the consciousness of her own innocence, she repelled these attacks upon her honor, in a series of letters, which, if we could find place for them, would be regarded as models of their kind, showing how deep the poisoned arrow of slander can pierce the bosom of innocence.

XXXIV.

In one, she says—"Can it be possible? Is the letter I have just received indeed yours? I can hardly believe it, lying as it does open before me, by the side of those which had preceded it, and to which your love imparted so ineffable a charm. My eyes cannot doubt, however, that these pages which rend my heart, are too surely yours. But my soul refuses to admit that your heart ever dictated these lines, which to the transport of again hearing from you have oppressed me with the mortal grief I feel, in reading your displeasure, which afflicts me the more, because the doing of it must have caused yourself so much pain. I am utterly ignorant what I have done to create an enemy so resolute to destroy my repose by ruining your peace.

"When I first knew you, still buried in the sorrow that had overwhelmed me, I did not believe I could ever again feel a sentiment approaching to love. The scenes of blood I had witnessed, and whose victim I had been, pursued me everywhere. Little did I imagine, I could for an instant fix your choice. Like all the world, I admired your genius and talents: more infallibly than all others did I foresee your approaching glory: but I was unmoved—I loved you only for the services you had rendered my country. You should have left me to cherish this admiration, without seeking to render it a passion, by resorting to those means which you, above all men, possess, if so soon after uniting your destiny to mine, you regret the happiness you alone taught me to enjoy.

"Can you believe it is possible for me ever to forget your care or your love—to be indifferent about one who sweetens life by all that is transporting in passion?—That I can ever efface from my memory your kindness to Hortense—your example and your counsel to Eugene? Oh, my friend! why not, instead of lending your ear to imposters, rather reduce them to silence by the recital of your benefits to a woman whose character has never incurred the stain of ingratitude? They know that I loved you first because I was a mother. Since then, admired as you have become throughout Europe, I have but felt the deeper adoration for the husband who made me his choice, when I was so poor and unhappy. Every step you take only gives new splendor to the name I bear, and is this the moment they have seized to persuade you that I love you no longer?

"To console me as far as she can, Hortense employs all her little arts, to conceal all fears on your account and her brother's, and to dissipate that sadness—to you so dubious—which never leaves me. By the charm of her conversation, she contrives to call up a smile, and then, in her joy she exclaims, 'Dear Mamma, they shall not know that in Cairo. In the graces of her person, Hortense improves daily; she dresses with taste, and certainly, without being nearly so beautiful as your sisters, she could hardly fail to please even when they were present. As for me, I beguile the time in writing to you, listening to your praises, or reading the journals, where I see your name on every page."

"God knows when or where this letter will reach you; and may it restore to you the repose you never should have lost, and give you an assurance that while I live you will be dear to me as on the day of our last separation. Farewell, my only Friend! Confide in me, love me, and receive a thousand tender caresses!"

XXXV.

But this touching letter did not reach Napoleon till after his return to France. In the meantime, Josephine, when she could escape from the brilliant but tiresome throng of her *salons*, fled to her beautiful gardens to brood over her misfortunes, and long for the return of her husband. All communication between the French in Egypt and their country was broken off, and for many months no tidings was heard of the army, or its Commander. Finally, on the 9th of November, [1799], during the height of festivities, in a numerous and brilliant assembly at the house of the President of the Directory, a messenger entered with a telegraphic communication, announcing that Bonaparte had that morning landed at Fregus. Intriguers had even circulated the story of his death, and a score of ambitious aspirants were coolly calculating their chances for supremacy in the French nation. Josephine withdrew, overwhelmed with agitation, and resolved to set out that very night on a journey to the sea-coast, to meet her husband on his way to Paris. Accompanied by Louis Bonaparte and her daughter Hortense, she entered her carriage, and pressed on by post-horses with the utmost speed. Without stopping a moment for repose, and scarcely alighting from her carriage, she impatiently urged the postillions on, till they had left hundreds of miles behind them, and she came up to the Hotel de Ville, in Lyons. But Napoleon had already several days before, started for Paris by another route; and when Josephine learned the sad intelligence, she apprehended the worst consequences, and fell senseless to the ground. The moment she recovered, she again ordered the carriage, and, without refreshment or repose, began to retrace her steps. The imagination may conceive how exquisite was her suffering, and how tantalizing the delay must have been. "It seemed as though we never should get there," said Josephine, and yet the axles of the wheels were several times on fire from the speed of the horses—changing so often at the relays, that over each post they fled at the top of their speed.

XXXVI.

About midnight, on the 18th, Josephine alighted at the house in the Rue de la Victoire. Those apartments, where they had been so happy in their mutual confidence, had now for several days resounded with Napoleon's threat of divorce—"open and public divorce." In the midst of one of his transports of rage, an old friend who was the Iago of the plot, said to him—"She will appear, and everything will be explained. You will forgive everything, and recover your tranquillity."

"I forgive? Never! Do you know who I am? If I was not sure of my resolution I would tear my heart out of my bosom, and cast it into the fire."

XXXVII.

Eugene, who had been Napoleon's constant companion, rushed to the court-yard as the carriage drove in, and held his mother [who had been eighteen months separated from him,] once more on his bosom. The trembling Josephine, sustained by her son and daughter, mounted the stairs to the little family-room where Napoleon was sitting with Joseph. He turned a repulsive and freezing look on the group, and said—"Madame, it is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison." The brave and generous Eugene caught his falling mother in his arms, and drew her silently from the apartment. Shortly after, their steps were heard as they descended to leave the house at midnight. Napoleon, whose ear at that moment vibrated to every sound, started from his chair, strode violently round the room and thought—for he could not have forgotten—that for nearly a week Josephine had lived in her carriage, and now the confiding, loving, and prostrate wife was being driven in darkness and gloom from her home. He opened the door and, calling to Eugene, told him he had better return for the night. He had not the magnanimity to mention the name of his wife; but Eugene understood him. The sad group again returned to the dwelling, and Josephine threw herself on her bed, and wept herself to sleep.

XXXVIII.

For two days no intercourse took place between the enraged husband and the offended wife. On the third day, he entered the apartment where Josephine and Hortense were sitting—the former at her toilette table, wetting with her tears the passionate letters of love Napoleon had sent to her during the first months of his sojourn in Egypt; while Hortense was leaning pensively by the open window, half hid by the drapery. After a moment's hesitation, he approached his wife, and in a low voice uttered the name, "Josephine!" She started, and seeing who it was, cast a look of despairing but earnest love upon the soldier, and smiling through her tears, answered, "My Friend!"—the only epithet she ever gave Napoleon. His better nature had asserted its right to control his affections, and he had already pierced the flimsy gauze of that infernal web of lies that had been woven around him. He first extended his hand—she seized it, and bent before him. "To my bosom," he said; and they blended their convulsive joy and sorrow together. From that moment Napoleon ceased to suspect his wife, and loved her as he never had, and never did another woman till the last day of his life. A month after his return from Egypt, those events had occurred which we have already recorded, that ended in his seizing the Government—scattering the corrupt and factious legislative assemblies, and annihilating the tyranny of a cowardly and corrupt Directory.

XXXIX.

The 18th Brumaire was a day of hazard and exposure to Napoleon, and to any other man who had calculated the chances, must have seemed to have abounded in the most terrible risks. But still he found time during the day, to write several notes, and dispatched several messengers to Josephine, keeping her informed from hour to hour of the progress of events; and at night he brought with him to her apartment the latest news of the struggle. But it was apprehended that the sternest part of the contest would follow on the coming day; and when they parted in the morning, Josephine was filled with the most painful apprehensions. Hour after hour she was looking from the windows for the arrival of the messengers, but none came. She started at the sound of every horse's foot on the pavement, and the roll of every carriage through the streets—but no tidings came; and at last she threw herself at midnight in tears upon her bed. Towards daybreak, however, the First Consul entered her apartments, and Josephine rushed to his embrace. He briefly related to her the occurrences of the day, and then saying, as he laid down for a half hour's sleep on a sofa, "Good-Night, Josephine! To-morrow you shall sleep in the Palace of the Luxembourg."

"Who has been killed?" responded Josephine.

Napoleon, who was already half asleep, simply replied, "Nobody, but myself."

XL.

Napoleon redeemed his pledge; and, the next night, Josephine, after receiving the congratulations of Paris, slept in the Luxembourg. Two months later, the First Consul made another step in his progress to the imperial dignity, by taking possession of the Royal Palace of the Tuilleries. The occasion was distinguished by one of those brilliant fêtes with which the gay and elegant Parisians mark the occurrences which concern the fortunes of their nation, or add èclat to popular movements. The suite of apartments appropriated to Josephine were those which had been usually inhabited by the queens of France—the two large *salons* fronting the gardens. From this moment, the nightly receptions assumed all the dignity and splendor which made the old noblesse so proud of the Court of St. Cloud. Twelve Foreign Ambassadors then resided at the Consular Court, and all the most brilliant characters of France, moved in those scenes of gorgeous splendor.

XLI.

"At the first public reception," says Dr. Mimes, (the only authentic historian, hitherto, of the life of Josephine), "Madame Bonaparte was announced, and entered, supported by M. de Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. In a scene where diamond and star, cordon and plume, in more than usual profusion, thus caught radiance and shade, from lights that shone 'o'er fair women and brave men,' expectancy must have been high, on the first appearance of her who was to fill the prime station. A momentary feeling of disappointment might have crossed for an instant, those minds who had looked for magnificence and state. Josephine was attired in the utmost simplicity; her hair without decoration of any kind, and merely retained by a plain comb *d'ecaille,* fell in tresses upon her neck in the most becoming negligence—a collar of pearls, an unobtrusive ornament, but of great value, harmonized with, and completed this unpretending costume. We have the evidence of an eye-witness, that a spontaneous murmur followed Josephine's entrance; such being the grace and dignity of her deportment, that with all this absence of the external attributes of rank, a stranger would at once have fixed upon the principal personage in the splendid circle. Always accompanied as she had entered, Madame Bonaparte made the tour of the apartments, the members of the Foreign Diplomacy being introduced first, in succession, by the Minister. When the introductions had nearly concluded, the First Consul entered without being announced, dressed in a plain Chasseur uniform, with a sash of tri-colored silk. In this simplicity, both good taste and sound policy concurred. The occasion was not a levee—the First Magistrate and his wife merely received the congratulations of their fellow-citizens of a free Republic. At this period, Josephine had completed by some months, the thirty-sixth year of her age, and she might have passed for even younger than this. At a time of life, when, as respects the charms of mind and conversation, woman is most fascinating, she still enjoyed those personal advantages which are thought to belong exclusively to more youthful years. The surpassing taste displayed in the mysteries of her toilet, were doubtless not without their influence in prolonging the empire of beauty; but nature had been originally bountiful in no common degree. Josephine was rather above than below the medium size, hers being exactly that perfection of stature which is neither too tall for the elegance of feminine proportion, nor yet so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her person, in its individual forms, exhibited faultless symmetry, and the whole frame, animated by lightness and elasticity of mind, seemed like something ærial in its perfectly graceful carriage. Her features were small and finely modeled, the curves tending rather to fullness, and the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statue-like coldness of outline."

XLII.

But Josephine was as much delighted to escape from the severe dignity of the Tuilleries to the quiet seclusion of Malmaison, as her husband was to fly from fawning battalions of flattering place-seekers, to the quiet conversations and uninterrupted studies and investigations of their charming country villa. About this time, Josephine suffered continual alarm from the repeated attempts which were made to assassinate her husband. Even the road from Paris to Malmaison—a wild district leading through the quarries of Nanterre—was infested with assassins hired by the Bourbons and their allies to kill the First Consul. Josephine never passed over it without dispatching a body of men beforehand, to clear the way. The explosion of the infernal machine, which slightly wounded Josephine, and made her nervously apprehensive of other conspiracies, together with the openness of the outrage, decided Napoleon on doing something which should strike terror through the hearts of his enemies. He seized the Duke d'Enghien, and had him killed in a ditch in the Castle of Vincennes. Josephine put forth the most heroic exertions to save his life, and in his fate, considered as an individual, there was much to lament; but it fortunately put an end to all schemes for the assassination of the Chief Ruler of France, and ever after Josephine was undisturbed by those painful apprehensions which gave her so many unhappy hours. In the spring of 1800, Napoleon left Malmaison for the second campaign in Italy, and in less than two months had won these astounding victories; and again on the 2d of July was greeted by Josephine and all Paris in the halls of the Tuilleries. She had passed most of the interval in planning and executing new and picturesque effects in the extended and magical grounds of Malmaison; and as every day gave the last finish to some new touch or vista of beauty, she exclaimed, with a radiant face, "This, too, shall welcome my Cid—when Achilles comes home from the wars." Within these grounds were preserved rare and curious beasts, birds and monsters, that either Napoleon procured during his conquests, or that were sent to him in homage of his genius, by foreign princes. Dr. Mimes says, that one of Josephine's favorite amusements was playing billiards in the evening. "This beautiful game she played with greater grace than skill, though more than a match for Napoleon."

XLIII.

The Hero of Marengo returned to Paris with new laurels on his brow, and Josephine was prouder and happier than ever. Dr. Mimes has made so picturesque a drawing of their every-day life at this time, that we cannot forego the temptation of another extract:—

"The domestic felicity of the First Consul when at Malmaison seemed to be complete. He had around him only attached relatives or the most devoted servants, and his amusements were of the simplest kind. Bourrienne has described their family theatricals—a relaxation which was at once conducted with the greatest decorum, and a source of much innocent enjoyment both to Bonaparte and to Josephine. Proud of the talents of her children, and gratified by their power to contribute to his entertainment for whose happiness she wished only to live, among the distinguished performers in the *Malmaison company*, she had the satisfaction to see Eugene, Hortense, and her two favorite protéges, the sisters Auguié, the elder of whom afterward became the wife of Marshal Ney. Another amusement may be described as still more peculiarly characteristic. This was the game of '*prisoners*,' so well known among schoolboys, when two parties run against each other, seizing as captives such of their unfortunate opponents as happen to be caught within certain limits round the respective stations. The members of the ordinary circle at Malmaison were all young, active, and every one inclined to enjoy life *sans façon*, while their Chief probable delighted in a sport which in some measure brought back an image of the grand game of war. Usually after dinner the party was arranged. Bonaparte and Josephine, Eugene, Hortense, Caroline Bonaparte, Rapp, Lauriston, Duroc, Isabey, with Bourrienne, and a few other confidential retainers, divided into two camps as they were termed; and, when nothing pressed, the sport often continued for hours. The best runners were Eugene and his sister; but Bonaparte, in the selection of partisans, always chose Josephine, never suffering her to be in any camp but his own. When by chance she happened to be taken prisoner, he always seemed uneasy till she was released, making all exertions for that purpose, though a bad runner himself, often coming down in mid career with a heavy fall on the grass. Up again, however, he started, but usually so convulsed with laughter that he could not possibly move, and the affair generally ended in his captivity. When placed in durance, or when Josephine had been taken, he kept constantly calling out to his party, 'A rescue! a rescue!' clapping his hands, shouting to encourage the runners, and, in short, exhibiting all the ardor of a boy at play. When we find the Conqueror at Marengo, the restorer of France, thus yielding to the kindly promptings of harmless mirth in the bosom of his family, we almost forget his real character."

XLIV.

Few mothers ever doted so fondly on a child as did Josephine on Hortense—few mothers have had so brilliant a child to dote on; and no mother could have devoted herself with more untiring energy and persuasive affection than she did to her education. In her brief biography we can more appropriately speak on this point. The marriage of Hortense with Napoleon's brother Louis, which ended so unfortuuately, Josephine was mainly instrumental in promoting; and, if it does not sound too harshly, we will say that the glitter of the Coronet of Holland she was thereby to win, blinded the eyes of her mother to the inevitable fruits of a union where there was no affection on either side. But the nuptials took place with the most imposing and brilliant ceremonies, and until their final separation Josephine endeavored to inspire her daughter with kindlier and more gentle sentiments toward her husband than she herself was disposed to entertain. But this whole matter will be treated more in detail in another place.

XLV.

During every interval of Napoleon's campaigns, he was in the habit of visiting the French Provinces, and he was also anxious that his wife should attend him. She was beloved by all the French people, whatever may have been their political prejudices or passions. And so, wherever the Consular or Imperial *cortege* passed, she was greeted by prolonged and heartfelt welcomes. On one occasion, an antiquated personage whose toilet bespoke the dilapidations of time, was presented. He was ushered into the Cabinet of Napoleon, where Josephine happened at that time to be sitting. Embarrassed by the fame of the man before whom he stood, he could not at once make known the object of his visit. With the kind aid of Josephine, he at last made out to communicate the intelligence, that he was the Professor at Brienne, who had many years before enjoyed the signal honor of teaching Napoleon to write. "And a nice penman you made of me," said the First Consul; and turning to his wife, continued—"Ask that lady." The poor pedagogue was in great distress; but she replied, that her husband's letters were the most beautiful ever written; and the whole thing ended by a stroke of penmanship which made the pedagogue rich for life. Could some magic wand wave over the living and the dead, who owe a debt of gratitude to the kind intervention of Josephine, it would summon up an army as numerous as that which gained the battle of

Marengo. We believe, we have elsewhere forgotten to say, that Napoleon was a miserable writer. He even spelled badly, and in consequence of a habit of thrusting his pen into the inkstand at every word, his letters were so blotted that a lady of honor who was somewhat short-sighted, once remarked, when she had looked upon some of Napoleon's epistles which the Empress was reading, and was informed that they had been written by Napoleon, exclaimed, that she had always supposed they were sketches and maps of his battles! Probably this innocent individual might have alleged in her own defence, that so much of Josephine's time was spent in deciphering these epistles, she had very naturally come to the conclusion she was studying geography.

XLVI.

When the peace of Amiens was ratified, thousands of the upper classes of England rushed across the channel to gaze upon the charred ruins of monarchy, out of which was rising the imposing form of a Great Republic. Although the British journals had succeeded in making most of their readers believe that "the French were only a nation of monkeys, until they got a taste of blood, when they become tigers," it is said, that of the multitudes who proved the courtesies of the Parisians, and the affable and hospitable graces of Josephine's *salons*, their letters sent home, were a chorus of praise. Among others, Mr. Charles James Fox, the great English statesman, received especial tokens of respect from the French Consul and his wife. Soon after he reached Paris, he attended a *dejeuné* at Madame Recamier's, who had the reputation of being not only one of the most beautiful of women, but perhaps the most accomplished talker in France. In that morning-circle, were the Duchess of Gordon with her daughter—afterwards the Duchess of

Bedford—Lord Erskine and the British ambassador, with many others. Before the *dejeuné* was over, the clatter of horse's feet was heard in the court-yard, and shortly after Eugene Beauharnais was announced. After a warm reception by Madame Recamier and a presentation to Mr. Fox, he said to the statesman, "I hope, sir, soon to be in some measure indemnified for the loss of your company this morning, [by being so late], for I am commissioned by Madame, my mother, to attend you to the Chateau of Malmaison, and I have preceded only a few minutes the carriages destined for you and your friends as soon as you can resolve on leaving so many charms as must detain you here. It will give me infinite pleasure to act as your guide on the road." The party soon adjourned to the drawing-room, where the great Talma recited some passages from Othello and Macbeth in a good translation—if that be possible from Shakspeare—in French—when the party entered the carriages, and drove off on the road to Malmaison.

XLVII.

Josephine had only to be natural, to delight the world; but when she received Mr. Fox—almost the only man in the world Napoleon cared to court—a slight embarrassment seemed to mark her manner, for she knew that the fortunes of empires might vibrate with every step. If anything could add a new charm to her manner, it was this involuntary flattery of the genius of the British statesman. The whole entertainment was characterized by a degree of simplicity which constituted, perhaps, the most perfect and happy compromise that ever was witnessed between English formality and *hauteur*, and French frivolity and evanescence. Of course Napoleon was at the dinner-table, and for the first time these two great men conversed together. After the dinner, came the gardens, and then the parks, and then an evening, bristling with wit and blushing with beauty. When Fox left, he said to the Dutchess of Gordon—"I have been enchanted with the elegance and grace of everything I have seen and heard." When Fox drove off, Napoleon, in a style characteristic of himself, said, as he fixed his eye upon the ground for half a minute—"Fox *is* a great man."

XLVIII.

Napoleon's appointment as Consul for Life, with the power of naming his successor, would have given more force to the arguments which many of his friends brought forward in favor of a divorce, had not a son been born, at this period, to Louis and Hortense, who, in the event of Napoleon and Josephine never having any children, might be designated as his heir. It is certain, however, that the solicitude of his wife, when it had been once awakened, was never to be fully allayed again, and possibly this might have had some influence with her, in her endeavors to persuade her husband to abandon all ideas of a throne, and content himself with the honor, the power, and the fame of the First Consul. It appears also, that she used whatever influence she possessed with her husband, in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons. She succeeded in procuring for them many favors, in mitigating the severity of many decisions of the tribunals, in restoring to them confiscated estates, and thereby laid a claim to their lasting gratitude. But the recipients of these favors regarded them only as partial concessions of what they were entitled to, by the laws and usages of ages; and it subsequently appeared that the most malignant and unscrupulous of all the foes of Napoleon, Josephine, and their house, turned out to be those same families which were indebted to them for their lives and fortunes.

XLIX.

However gratifying the Proclamation of the Empire may have been to Napoleon, it is certain that this great act was done with the hearty concurrence of the French people. There was a universal desire in France, that a new and more powerful throne should be erected ; and a vast majority of the inhabitants felt that upon this throne should be seated the man who had spread such glory over the French nation. Ages of oppression and corruption had slowly been preparing the way for the Great Revolution of 1789, and that Revolution was rather a revulsion of the national feeling against the Bourbon dynasty, than a conversion of the people to a republican faith. Republicanism, as we understand the term, with its simple forms, and secured constitutional guaranties which distinguish the Republic of the United States, could not at that time subsist in France. Such a Republic the last four years have equally shown to be impossible there, and France is now in very much such a state, with one of the Bonaparte race at the head of the nation, as she was in 1803, just before the proclamation of the Empire.

L.

It may seem somewhat strange, but we doubt not it is true, that Josephine not only had no desire to wear an imperial crown, but she even contemplated her coronation with the most painful apprehensions. In an affectionate and touching letter, written about this time to her husband, she does not disguise her sorrow and apprehension, in view of the approaching Proclamation of the Empire. "You have alarmed me," she says, "by your ambitious flight : Restore my confidence by your return to moderation." With almost prophetic glance, she pierced the future, and foresaw the difficulties and dangers which would attend an attempt to establish a new dynasty in the midst of the old ones of Europe. Her letter still serves as a picture almost as graphic and truthful as history itself, of the consequences of the great act Napoleon was contemplating. But he endeavored to calm the apprehensions of his wife, and with the degree of confidence she then entertained of his ability to achieve everything he undertook, he succeeded so far, that Josephine went calmly through the grand ceremony of the coronation, which took place on the 18th of May, 1804. The occasion was marked by a succession of the most brilliant fêtes that had probably ever been witnessed in Europe. There seemed to be but one heart in France, and that was beating with exultation at the glory of the Empire, and breathing forth aspirations for the future welfare of the new dynasty.

LI.

Most writers have been disposed to regard Napoleon's anxiety to conciliate the *ancienne noblesse*, to the wish of Josephine, who seemed anxious that they should be restored as far as possible to their ancient splendor. Others have attributed this desire of Napoleon rather to the promptings of his own ambition, and the gratification of his pride, in having his new throne surrounded by the satellites that shone around the throne of Louis. But it is more probable that all these, with many other motives, dictated this policy. That Napoleon was anxious to consolidate his dynasty on the throne of France, was apparent to all. That from the proclamation of the Empire, it became the great object of his life to achieve it, there is no doubt. From the first moment, too, that he had taken the reins of power into his own hands as a civil ruler, he had put forth every exertion to allay the spirit of disaffection, and unite all classes of Frenchmen in the great work of advancing the glory and power of the nation. We cannot, however, but regard his attempt to restore the *ancienne noblesse* to their dignity and honors, as a capital mistake. Every effort that he made to attach them to his Court, and win them over to his side, only weakened his position, and hastened his overthrow. The French Revolution was a solemn and fearful, but an earnest and bloody proclamation of the divorce of the future from the past; and the Coronation of Napoleon himself, only affixed the most solemn seal to this deliberate act of the French Nation. With the past, which was blotted out, fell the Bourbon throne; and with it went down forever the *ancienne noblesse.* The Revolution had done away with the Feudal System, but that system still lingered in hope, until Napoleon assumed the civil power—when he barred it out of France forever. The ancient distinctions of caste, which had for ages been intrenched in France, he swept away. A great many people, of more fancy than judgment, have dwelt with delight on the Feudal System, particularly in France, where it existed in its most splendid and imposing form. It crushed the people into the earth, and they had no appeal from the oppression they suffered. Napoleon established complete civil equality in several most important particulars, and all the distinctions of the Empire were thrown open to every man.

When, therefore, he—an Emperor—an Emperor of the People, and the Founder of a Dynasty of the People—attempted to restore the *ancienne noblesse*, he attempted an impossibility. It was an act of the greatest political inconsistency, at war with the whole policy, and hostile to the very existence of his Empire. Every member of the ancient aristocracy he admitted to his court—particularly Ladies of Honor, who surrounded Josephine—hated, and in their very hearts despised this mushroom *noblesse.* However obsequious they may have shown themselves in the presence of the imperial pair, they loathed their position, and endured it only for the facilities it gave them to intrigue for the ultimate restoration of the Bourbons, or the pay they got for the service.

LII.

We might extend these observations, and show how gross were the improprieties of conduct which many of these ladies of the *ancienne noblesse* were guilty of; but Josephine gives a clue to it all, in a single remark—"How infinitely better satisfied I am with the dignified reserve of Madame de Montmorency, than with the eagerness of others, who, while they adulate me here in the Tuilleries, with the grossest flatteries, are always ready to talk of *Madame Bonaparte,* in certain salons of the Fauxbourg St. Germainê." A little incident related of Napoleon, shows how well he understood this state of things. Entering one morning the drawing-room of the Empress, where she was surrounded by the ladies of her Court, he held up a superb diamond *aigrette* of great value, he had just received as a present from the Sultan. There was a general exclamation of admiration and delight—each one declaring that it was the most beautiful *bijou* they had ever seen. On this occasion, as on all others, the Baroness de Montmorency preserved that true dignity which had always characterized her manners at this new Court. The Emperor, who through life, admired independent and straight-forward conduct, took the costly *aigrette,* and broke it in two, and handing one half to the Empress, turned to Madame de Montmorency, saying, "Permit me, Madame, to request your acceptance of this small token of my esteem." Napoleon despised the sycophancy of these members of the ancient nobility gathered around his Court, for he knew that while they fawned, they would have stabbed him, had they dared.

LIII.

The Emperor exposed himself to a great deal of satire and ridicule, by the anxiety he displayed on all occasions, to restore the etiquette of the Bourbon Court. He even interested himself in the study of its details, with as much intensity as he had ever investigated a mathematical problem, and was much incensed if he observed the slightest departure from the etiquette of the Imperial Court. Huge folios were compiled, to serve as "Manuals of Etiquette" and "Guides of Court;" and the highest authorities inform us that the most talented and brilliant women of France passed hours every day in the study of their mortal pages. One historian says:—"The number of steps was counted—the positions of the arms, and the curve of salutation, were described with the same rigorous precision as the military exercises of the raw conscript." The acquisition of these arbitrary accomplishments, was, however, a far more serious thing in the provincial cities where the Imperial Court was always opened in full etiquette, wherever the Emperor and the Empress were passing in their progress on tours of pleasure.

On a certain occasion, when the Court was to pass a few days in one of the cities on the frontier of the Rhine, all the circles of fashion were thrown into a fever of excitement at the approaching presentations. "One of the ladies to be presented, wrote to a friend of hers at Paris, for instruction," says Doctor Mimes, "and received the following:—'You make three courtesies—one on entering the saloon, one in the middle, and a third, a few paces further on, *en* *pirouette.'* This last phrase proved a complete mystery, and had nearly turned all respectable heads in Cologne—the scene of expected operations. A consultation was called, the letter communicated, and deep deliberation ensued. Many of the ladies were old—*en pirouette!*—very difficult; some of German blood, were tall—*en pirouette!*—very awkward; some were young—*en pirouette!*—might tumble—very bad that; some were short—*en pirouette!*—looked squat, and they drew themselves up; in fine, all found the reverence *en pirouette* to be a very questionable experiment. At length, a member of the Divan proposed the alternative, that since resigning the honor was not even to be thought of, they should prepare, by exercise and practice, for duly appearing in the court *circular*. No sooner said than done; the decision gave universal satisfaction. The conclave broke up; and for the next fifteen days, in all the drawing-rooms of the venerable city of Cologne, from morning till night, the ladies were twirling away like so many spinning-tops or dancing dervishes. Nothing was talked of during the same space but these evolutions; how many circumgirations one could make and yet keep her feet; how many falls another had got, or how gracefully a third performed. Happily, on the evening when the Court did actually arrive, and consequently, on that preceding the ceremonial, which had given rise to all this activity, the original propounder of the *motion* bethought her of calling upon one of the Empress's ladies for still more precise instructions. The redoubted *pirouette* was now found to have been misunderstood, implying simply a gentle inclination, in rising, towards the personages of the Court; and Josephine had the satisfaction of being amused by the recital in private, and thus escaped the mortification of beholding her visiters of the morrow transferred into so many rotary machines."

The same writer records another incident, which illustrates the noble nature of Josephine, and how little the stately formalities and cold etiquette of the Imperial Court chilled the geniality of her spirit.

LIV.

Josephine was always desirous of accompanying her husband, whenever he left Paris, and he gratified this desire as often as possible ; but on one occasion, after he had promised her she should go with him, he changed his purpose, on the arrival of a courier with important news, and gave orders to have everything got ready for the departure at one o'clock at night. He was just stepping into his carriage, when Josephine, who had in spite of his precautions, learned that he was going, flew from her chamber, half-dressed, ran down stairs, and cast herself into his arms. The Emperor, like most other men, found it difficult to resist such an appeal, and the tears of Josephine at last prevailed. She would go, and yet Napoleon could not wait one minute. He laid her down on the bottom of the carriage, and covered her with his traveling-pelisse, and giving a hasty order about her clothes, and attendants, the carriage whirled away.

LV.

But although in the restoration of all the etiquette of the *ancienne regime*, which comported so ill with the newness and republican origin of the Emperor, subjected him to the severest satire, he won the applause of the friends of virtue everywhere by the high standard of morality he exacted in the manners of the Court. It is universally conceded that in this respect, he worked a complete revolution. He invariably refused every application, from whatever quarter it came, for unmarried ladies to be attached to his Court.

Even Josephine herself was powerless to infringe this invariable rule. The disorders, and sensualities of his predecessors on the throne of France, had been immeasurably gross and disgusting. Nothing of this kind existed under the reign of Napoleon. As a natural consequence, the standard of morality was everywhere, in French society, elevated. This happy change has been going on until the present time, when the manners and the morals of the French people entitle them to the respect and admiration of the civilized world—although it is quite possible that strenuous efforts in the same direction, might still meet with further progress.

LVI.

But Josephine's tranquillity of mind did not long continue, and discerning as she did, with infallible accuracy, the feeling of the Court, and understanding as she did, the intrigues continually going on to effect a divorce, she once more began to prepare her mind for a second widowhood during the life of her husband. Every reader of her memoirs will be impressed more deeply perhaps by the magnitude of her sorrows, than the splendor of her good fortune. On the occasion of the grand reception of the Princes of Germany, the Empress saw for the first time the young Princess of Baden, whom Talleyrand was endeavoring to persuade Napoleon to choose for his second wife; he had often represented her as the most beautiful and accomplished princess in Europe. When the two ladies met, the contrast was so broad, between the plain, and almost rude German girl, and her imperial rival, that even Talleyrand himself saw that the case was hopeless, and from that time dropped the subject altogether. So completely was the diplomatic intriguer foiled in this attempt, that the hereditary Prince of Baden afterwards sued for, and married Stephanie Beauharnais, Josephine's own neice. From time to time, these schemes for a divorce were renewed and prosecuted with fresh ardor, and just as often they failed. Josephine perhaps became persuaded that her husband did not seriously entertain them ; and, long after the divorce had finally taken place, she said that Napoleon would never have dreamed of it, had it not been pressed on him so constantly by others. The imposing ceremony of the Coronation of the Emperor by Pius VII., for a-while annihilated the hopes of Josephine's enemies and re-assured herself. In the memoir of Cardinal Fesch, we have spoken of the coronation, and also of the fact, that the Pope had refused to celebrate it, until Napoleon and his wife, who had only been joined by a civil process, had first been married with all the solemnities and sacraments of the Catholic Church. The intercourse of the Empress and the Pope, during his five months' residence in Paris, was marked by every sign of courtesy and affectionate regard. Everything which the most refined taste, and the purest veneration for virtue and official dignity could dictate on the part of Josephine, was done. As long as these two personages lived, their intercourse was maintained by correspondence, and their letters are among the most interesting and beautiful which have ever passed between illustrious sovereigns.

LVII.

We can devote but a single paragraph to the part Josephine sustained on the magnificent day of the coronation A reliable authority which we draw from, thus minutely describes the toilet of the Empress :—

" The body-drapery of the Empress was of white satin, beautifully embroidered in gold, and on the breast ornamented with diamonds. The mantle was of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and ermine, studded with golden bees, and confined by an aigrette of diamonds. The coronation jewels consisted of a crown, a diadem, and a ceinture. The first, used for the actual crowning, and worn only on state occasions, consisted of eight branches, four wrought in palm, and four in myrtle leaves of gold, incrusted with diamonds: round the circlet ran a corded fillet set with eight very large emeralds; and the bandeau which immediately inclosed the head, shone with resplendent amethysts. The diadem, worn before the coronation, and on the more ordinary state occasions, was composed of four rows of pearls of the finest water, interlaced with foliage of diamonds, the workmanship of which equaled the materials; in front were several brilliants, the largest weighing one hundred and forty-nine grains. The ceinture was of gold so pure as to be quite elastic, enriched with thirty-nine rose-colored diamonds."

We have always thought that more importance should be attached to one circumstance that occurred during the coronation, than has usually been given to it. Although, in sending to the capital of the Catholic world for a Pope to consecrate the establishment of the new dynasty, Napoleon may have seemed to surrender the great principle of his political faith, yet in forbidding the Pontiff from even touching the crown which lay before him, and especially by the act of lifting it himself, and placing it on his own head, he gave the world to understand that he was the founder and author of his own dynasty. It was to her husband that Josephine knelt, and it was from his hands that she received her imperial crown.

LVIII.

The entire month of December, was given up by their new subjects to celebrations, pomps and festivals. Illuminations, fêtes and rejoicings, filled the Empire. On the evening of the great fête given by the city of Paris, [Dec 15], the Empress found in the apartments prepared for her temporary reception, in the Hotel de Ville, a toilet-service, a table, ewer and basin of massive gold, and exquisite workmanship—a present from the Municipality of Paris. A curious incident also occurred in connection with this fête, worth relating:—An immense balloon, formed into the shape of an imperial crown, irradiating brilliant lamps like the gems of a coronet, was launched that evening. The burning diadem rose majestically into the heavens, and sailed off towards the south. Fifteen days later, as the Emperor was dressing, one morning, a member of the Privy Council entered, and announced that the diadem balloon had fallen near Rome on the evening of the 17th; "thus bearing," said the Councilor, "your imperial crown to the two capitals of the world within twenty-two hours." The fact is perfectly substantiated, that this flying emblem of the glory of Napoleon's Empire, had traversed France, scaled the Alps, and swept over Italy, 900 miles, at the rate of forty-five an hour.

LIX.

One evening in April, another incident still more significant of the fortunes of the Napoleon Dynasty, occurred. Hortense had just given birth to her second son, and Louis Napoleon was solemnly baptized in the presence of his Uncle, the Emperor, and his Grand-mother, Letitia, who became his sponsors. It is more than probable that as Napoleon took the babe in his arms, he thought that he might one day wear his crown ; and it is certain that years afterwards, when the Emperor held this boy on his knee, he playfully talked with him about his one day sitting upon the throne.

After the festivities which followed the ceremonies of this baptism that same evening, were concluded, as Napoleon was passing through the hall to retire, he uttered to the Marshal of his household the simple order—"Horses at six for Italy." Napoleon visited Brienne, the scene of his youthful studies on the tour, while Josephine joined him—by a more direct route—at Lyons. Those stupendous roads which the Emperor afterwards constructed over the Alps, were then but just begun, and two beautiful sedans—the Emperor's lined with crimson and ornamented with gold, and Josephine's with blue satin, and ornaments of silver—had been sent from Turin, for crossing Mount Cenis. These luxurious means of transport enabled the Empress to cross that terrible barrier of ice which separates the North of Europe from the Holy Land of the scholar, and the Paradise of climates, with the luxurious ease of an excursion through the parks of Malmaison. But, participating in the inspiring scenes which surrounded her, Josephine often stepped from the sedan, and, calling for the arm of her husband, walked considerable distances through the snow, rapt in the inspiration which these awful sublimities of nature wakened.

LX.

She desired to visit some of the scenes of her husband's victories during the Italian Campaign, and the cortège drove to the battle-field of Marengo, where the Empress was surprised by the magnificent array of 30,000 of the finest troops of the Empire, who were reviewed in front of a vast amphitheatre, that had been erected beforehand ; and, seated at Napoleon's side, she witnessed the distribution of the Cross of the Legion of Honor to the heroes of the Empire. She noticed something curious in the uniform of the Emperor. His hat was trimmed with broad but tarnished gold-lace. The cloak that he now called his imperial mantle, was worm-eaten. His coat was blue, with long skirts, and at his side hung a heavy cavalry sabre—all bespeaking days of greater simplicity, and harder knocks. Said Josephine, "Why—how shabby you are dressed."

"Dressed!" said Napoleon; "why! will not this do?—This is what I wore on the day of Marengo."

When these scenes of mimic-war, which revived the recollections of the brilliant victories of Italy were passed, the imperial cortège traveled to Milan, where the ceremony of the Coronation of Napoleon, as King of Italy, was celebrated with great splendor in the cathedral. This most superb of all the mighty structures that were erected during the middle ages for the worship of God, now witnessed the most magnificent display it had ever seen. The Iron Crown of the Lombard Kings, which, just one thousand and four years before, had encircled the brow of Charlemange, now pressed the head of Napoleon. One word of this most venerable of all Royal or Christian relics: It is called the Iron Crown, because a tradition—which has been believed by many wise and learned men—informs us, that the narrow strip of iron which lines the base circle of the crown, was one of the nails which fixed the Saviour to the Cross. It has been placed upon the anointed heads of a hundred emperors and kings, and can still be seen in the cathedral at Monza, a small town a few miles north of Milan. There it is preserved with the regalia, the missal and other jewels and treasures of Theodolinda, one of the first Gothic Christian Queens of Lombardy.

LXI.

After a brief sojourn in the Capital of Lombardy, the imperial tourists crossed the "terrible Bridge of Lodi," visited the Castle of Mantua, and finally reached Genoa, that superb city, whose principal avenue, lined with the finest palaces in the world for upwards of a mile, Napoleon remarked, "was fit for a Congress of Kings." Delighted with the people, the climate, and the scenes of enchantment and festivity around her, she wished to remain for a considerable period; but the despots of Europe had consolidated another coalition against the new Emperor, and the first blasts of the storm of battle were now sweeping down from the North. The receipt of important information, hurried Napoleon back to Paris, to prepare for the campaign of Austerlitz. Josephine could have returned with more leisure, but she preferred to accompany her husband. Once on the journey, they hardly rested an hour till it was finished. The relays of post-horses were now so complete all over the Empire, that a journey of a thousand miles could be performed almost with the speed of a railway. This resembled a flight rather than a journey. As the carriage came up to each station, buckets of fresh water were dashed upon the smoking wheels which caught fire at every relay; yet so great was the impatience of the Emperor, that he was continually crying out, "On!—on!—we do not move!" at every step, although the panting horses were flying as though they were on a race-course.

LXII.

After a brief interval of repose in Paris, the Emperor pushed on to Boulogne, struck his camp of 200,000 men, who had been destined for the invasion of England, and pointed the flight of his Eagles once more beyond the Rhine.

Josephine was left Regent of the Empire; and, to show with what lofty and just views she contemplated the importance of her new duties, we quote the following letter, which she addressed to Cambacèrés, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, and her chief adviser:—

"SIR,—To-morrow, as you know, in absence of the Emperor, I am to give audience to the Senate and the different authorities. In a conjuncture of such moment, two things are needful—to inform you of my intentions, and to receive your advice. In this my necessity, to whom can I more properly apply than to the distinguished personage who possesses the Emperor's entire confidence, and whom France regards, with reason, as his worthy representative?

"The various addresses have been communicated to me, and I send you an outline of the terms in which, I conceive, I ought to reply.

"I remind the Senate, that as fathers of their country and conservators of her institutions, to them belongs the sole duty of maintaining a balance between the different powers of the state, not permitting themselves to encroach upon any one. To the legislative body I say, that their functions are to judge, and to pass laws, particularly those relating to taxation, without meddling in the march of government, which such interference would impede. I call to the remembrance of the Council of State, that for them has been reserved the important duty of preparing, by previous discussion, good internal laws, and a durable legislation. To the ministers I state, that they form neither a corporation nor even a legislative commission—neither the administration nor the government; but that, under the title of superior agents of the government, and first commissioners of its chief, they execute, and cause to be executed, orders which are the immediate consequences of legislative determinations. To the clergy I explain, that they form a portion of the state, while the state never is, and never can be, transferred to them; that their sole and exclusive province is the conscience, upon which they are to act so as to form citizens to the country, soldiers for the territory, subjects for the sovereign, and virtuous fathers of families. To the magistracy I say, that applying without interpreting the laws, in unity of views and identity of jurisprudence, they are to seize with sagacity the spirit of the law, reconciling the happiness of the governed with the respect due to governors. To the savans I acknowledge, that the gentle empire of the arts, of science, and literature, tempers whatever might be too austere in arms, which yet, in a season of transition and trial, are indispensable. The manufacturers and merchants are reminded, that they should have but two thoughts, which at bottom are one and the same—the prosperity of our own productions, and the ruin of those of England. Finally, to the agriculturists it is stated, that the treasures of France are buried in the soil, and that by the ploughshare and the spade they are thence to be extracted. To the heroes of either service I have nothing to say—this palace is filled with their exploits; and from under a canopy of standards, conquered by their valor, and consecrated by their blood, do I speak.

"Let me know speedily, and with perfect frankness, whether I am worthy thus to address the august assembly of my hearers."

LXIII.

We need not again recount the prodigies of this brilliant campaign. Scarcely a day passed without the arrival of Napoleon's couriers, bringing intelligence of new victories; but for some time now no courier had arrived, and Josephine had begun to grow anxious. A numerous circle had passed the evening at St. Cloud, where the non-arrival of intelligence formed almost the only subject of conversation. Josephine felt the deepest depression of spirits, and the party was about to break up late at night, when, suddenly, shouts were heard, and a single rider came up into the court-yard. The Empress rushed to the windows, and heard the grateful words—"Victory!—Austerlitz!" She flew down the stairs, followed by the ladies of the Court, where she was greeted by "Moustache," (the soubriquet Napoleon had fixed on his faithful Mameluke,) who put into her hands a hasty note from the field of battle by the Emperor. She made out the contents of the half-illegible scrawl by the light of the flambeaux, and drawing from her finger a superb diamond ring, presented it to this swarthy son of the Nile. He had ridden one hundred and fifty miles within the last twelve hours; and, as he was taken exhausted from the saddle, his noble horse fell dead on the pavement!

LXIV.

Another circumstance now added to the happiness of Josephine—The marriage of her son Eugene with the Princess Royal of Bavaria. She obeyed with alacrity the mandate which called her to celebrate the nuptials at Munich. Little had now for some time been said about a divorce. Her daughter had married a brother of Napoleon and was soon to be raised to the throne of Holland—her son had married into one of the royal families of Europe—Napoleon's star was mounting still higher into the firmament and blazing with deeper intensity—she was the object almost of the idolatry of the French nation—and Heaven seemed to spread every morning's sunshine upon the hills without a single cloud.

LXV.

This, however, was but the calmness which precedes the tempest. Had the first son of Hortense lived, there can be little doubt that he would have been selected as the heir to the Empire. He had evinced from his infancy the most sprightly disposition, and his Uncle was tenderly attached to him; but he died in his fifth year, [in 1807], and almost immediately afterward Napoleon opened negotiations with Alexander for an alliance with one of the imperial princesses of Russia. Hortense went almost mad with the loss of this favorite boy, and Josephine herself suffered almost as deeply. She said that if her agony was not as acute, her sorrow was greater than a mother's. When the news came of the death of young Napoleon Charles, she spent three days in her room alone weeping, with a portrait of her grandson, a lock of his hair, and the little toys he had played with; and she felt a presentiment of what turned out to be true, that her loss was irreparable. Many incidents had conspired to attach Napoleon to this child. One morning, for instance, after the Emperor had held a review of the Old Guard, and, coming into the Tuilleries, had thrown his sword on one sofa and his hat on another—as he walked the apartment, conversing with his wife, the little Napoleon Charles entered the room unobserved, and, putting the sword-belt over his neck and the chapeau on his head, began to march after his Uncle and whistle one of the martial airs of France. When the Emperor saw the little prince thus playing his pranks, he caught him in his arms, and, bestowing upon him the deepest caresses, said, with a smile, to Josephine—"Here is the next Emperor of France." But who the successor of Napoleon should be was to be decided in the councils of a higher Empire.

LXVI.

The Emperor had returned from the ratification of the Peace of Tilsit, and reached Paris on the 27th of July. The remainder of this last peaceful summer of Josephine's life they passed most of the time either at St. Cloud or a Fontainbleau. In the middle of November, scarcely without a warning, Josephine was asked if she would like to go to Italy? A few hours after, the carriages came up, and they traveled with such speed through France and across the Alps, that they were within two miles of Milan before Eugene, now the Viceroy of Italy, knew that the Emperor had left Paris. He had just time to mount a horse, and, with a few attendants, ride out to meet the cortége. "Come, Eugene," were Napoleon's first words; "sit here by your mother and let us enter your Capital together." Another tour through Italy followed—important political results succeeded; but in a few weeks Napoleon and Josephine returned to Paris, where they arrived on New Year's Eve, 1808. Soon after, Mademoiselle de Tascher, neice to the Empress, was married to the Duke d'Arberg, one of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine. Alliances were also consummated between Prince Hohenzollern and a niece of Murat; and Berthier with a Princess of Bavaria. Hundreds of successive numbers of the journals of that day are filled with accounts of that winter of festivities which celebrated the recent triumphs of Napoleon on the field, and the new matrimonial alliances contracted by different branches of his family. Great as was Napoleon's repugnance to masked balls, he was induced to attend one of them; when, for the first and last time in his imperial life, he is said to have participated in the dance. He had ordered ten different dresses to be taken to the apartment designed for him; but in each disguise he was detected.

Several of his marshals often amused themselves with a good laugh at his utter failure in this attempt to unplay the Emperor. "Do you know," said Napoleon, when rallied on this subject, "that I was regularly discovered by a *jeune dame*, who seemed to be an accomplished intrigant; and yet, would you believe it, with all my efforts I never could recognize the flirt." Josephine was present during this conversation; and, unable to contain herself any longer, fell to laughing immoderately. Thus the discovery at last came out, that she had been the "*jeune dame*" herself.

LXVII.

The following racy story is given on high authority by one of the biographers of Josephine:—"During the carnival of that winter the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one; but he would not go. 'Then I shall go without you, Mon Ami,' replied the Empress. 'Do as you like,' was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast-table. At the appointed time Josephine left for the ball; but, the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of her femmes-de-chambre to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a common carriage, and, arm in arm, they went into the ball-room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be François, &c. They made the tour of the apartments undetected, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, when a mask approached and rallied him with so much wit he had to stop for a reply; but he was somewhat embarrassed, which being perceived by the mask, harder repartees fell thick and fast. The crowd mingled in the giddy and electric movements of a *bal masqué*, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear, a state secret, of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At last he exclaimed, after one of these whispers—'*Comment, diable?*—Who are you?' And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he withdrew in disdain and disgust. When he entered the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—'So you were not at the ball last night.' 'Indeed I was.' 'Oh, Josephine!' 'But I assure you I was there. And you, Mon Ami,' with a half-suppressed smile, she continued, 'what were you about all the evening?' 'I was in my cabinet,' said Napoleon. 'Oh, Auguste!' replied the Empress, with an arch gesture. The whole secret was out: Josephine had donned a new costume of which her femme-de-chambre knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times." It were all vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perceptions as Josephine."

LXVIII.

The next event of any importance in the life of Josephine is found in her departure for Bayonne with her husband, when he went to the conquest of Spain. She kept a most interesting diary of every-day occurrences during this journey, but we cannot find space for the extract of a single line. Then followed the second campaign of Vienna, which left Josephine a second time Regent of France. After the Emperor returned from the campaign, which was ended by the victory of Wagram, it became evident that her divorce was approaching. The court was established at Fontainbleau, but the Emperor passed very little of his time with his wife, and shortly afterwards, at the Emperor's command, the private access between their apartments was closed up. They now seldom met; and when Josephine returned from these interviews her eyes and complexion bore marks of the intensity of her suffering. At last, when it became necessary for the Emperor to communicate undisguisedly his decision, he endeavored to persuade her of its political necessity and advantages; but she asserted and defended the sacredness of her claims by arguments, tears, supplications and appeals, but ending always with that calm resignation to her fate and that magnanimous immolation of self, which time and again enfeebled the purpose and unnerved the heart of the Emperor.

LXIX.

"In what stupor," says Josephine, in speaking of this terrible interval, "in what uncertainty, more terrible than death, did I live during these discussions, until he had avowed the resolution I had so long read clearly in his face. She rallied, however, sometimes, and one evening particularly when they were alone, she led her husband to the western window and, singling out a bright star, said, "Do you see it, Bonaparte? It is mine: and remember that to my star and not to thine, sovereignty is decreed by Heaven. Separate our fates and your star sinks forever!"

Again and again Napoleon's purpose was defeated; again and again, however, he summoned resolution for what cost him the severest struggle of his life. He had at last fixed on the 30th of November for making known to his wife his unalterable determination. He had passed most of the day in his library, and she in tears, in the solitude of her chamber. They were to dine together alone. Course after course came, and went away untouched. The only sound at the table was the click of Napoleon's knife on the edge of his glass, which he did unconsciously. He asked one question of no importance—it was something of an attendant about the weather. "My sunshine," says Josephine's own record, "I saw had passed away. Directly after coffee, Bonaparte dismissed every one, and I remained alone with him. I watched in the changing expression of his countenance, the struggle of his soul. At length his features settled into stern resolve. I saw that my hour was come. His whole frame trembled. He approached, and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it on his heart, gazed at me for a moment, and then pronounced these fearful words—'Josephine! Josephine! Thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed. Josephine! my destiny over-masters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.'—'Say no more,' I had still strength enough to answer. 'I was prepared for this, but the blow is not less mortal.' More I could not utter. I cannot tell what passed within me. I believe my screams were loud. I thought reason had fled. I became unconscious of everything; and, on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber." She had indeed fallen senseless upon the floor, and calling for help from the door he had opened, two or three attendants presented themselves, with whose assistance the Emperor carried his wife to her bed-room. Here the attendants were dismissed; and, as her women entered, they found Napoleon hanging over Josephine in the deepest anxiety. Often during the night he returned to ascertain the state of his wife. "On recovering," Josephine continues in her account, "I perceived that Corvisart [the great surgeon,] was in attendance, and my poor daughter, weeping over me. No, I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night. Even the interest which he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me a fresh cruelty. Oh, my God, how justly had I reason to dread the day I was to become an Empress!"

LXX.

After a few days, Josephine addressed the following letter to her husband:—

"My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us; the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward—I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you)—but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as a motive, will, it is said, indemnify me, by justifying you! These interests, however, to which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext; your ill-dissembled ambition—as it has been, so will it ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin.

"You speak of an alliance to contract—of an heir to be given to your empire—of a dynasty to be founded! But with whom do you contract that alliance? With the natural enemy of France—that insidious house of Austria—which detests our country from feeling, system and necessity. Do you suppose that the hatred, so many proofs of which have been manifested, especially during the last fifty years, has not been transferred from the kingdom to the empire; and that the descendants of Maria Theresa, that able sovereign, who purchased from Madame Pompadour the fatal treaty of 1756, mentioned by yourself only with horror—think you, I ask, that her posterity, while they inherit her power, are not animated also by her spirit? I do nothing more than repeat what I have heard from you a thousand times; but then your ambition limited itself to humbling a power which now you propose to elevate. Believe me, so long as you shall be master of Europe, Austria will be submissive to you—but never know reverse!

"As to the want of an heir, must a mother appear to you prejudiced in speaking of a son? Can I—ought I to be silent respecting him who constitutes my whole joy, and on whom once centred all your hopes? The adoption of the 2d January, 1806, was, then, a political falsehood? But there is one reality, at least—the talents and virtues of my Eugene are no illusion. How many times have you pronounced their eulogium! What do I say? Have you not deemed them worthy of the possession of a throne as a recompense, and often said they deserved more? Alas! France has repeated the same; but what to you are the wishes of France?

"I do not here speak of the person destined to succeed me, nor do you expect that I should mention her. Whatever I might say on that subject would be liable to suspicion. But one thing you will never suspect—the vow which I form for your happiness. May that felicity at least recompense me for my sorrows. Ah! great it will be if proportionate to them!"

LXXI.

But no public declaration had yet been made of the divorce, and it was still the duty of the Empress to attend all public *fêtes* which celebrated the coronation. The Viceroy of Italy had been summoned to appear in these festivities but when Napoleon made known to him the decision he had come to, the noble Eugene answered by saying—"Then, Sire, allow me to retire from your service. The son of her who is no longer Empress, cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. When you abandon her, she must find consolation in her children." It is said, that Napoleon pronounced the following words with tears :—"You know, Eugene, the stern necessity which urges this measure—yet you abandon me. Who, then, if I should have a son whom I can love, and appoint my successor—who will watch over this child when I am gone? If I should die, who will prove a father to him—bring him up—make a man of him?"

Josephine's magnanimity went so far that she not only resolved to be present at the coronation of the woman who was to take her place—the hated Autrichienne—but she persuaded her children to concur in the act of divorce. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor. He has been more than a father to you. You owe everything to him, and you are bound to consult his wishes." Another act of Josephine's must even have tasked her conscience. Before Marie Louise would consent to a marriage with Napoleon, she required evidence that he had never been married with religious rites. The reader already knows that although the night before the coronation, at the demand of the Pope, their union had been solemnized by Cardinal Fesch, yet this was a secret known only to a few, and in the official account in the *Moniteur* there was no record of the fact. When Josephine was appealed to, she referred in silence to the records of the *Moniteur*. Thus Marie Louise was left in ignorance of the religious celebration of their marriage, and therefore she consented to the nuptials.

LXXII.

On the 15th of December, the Council of the Empire was officially informed of the intended divorce, and on the following day, the imperial family and court were assembled at the Tuilleries. The hollowness of courts and the heartlessness of courtiers were fully exemplified by the murmur of congratulation that went through the assemblage. Napoleon was the only sad man there. In the centre of the great saloon stood an arm-chair before a small table, on which was a sheet of parchment and an apparatus of gold for writing. When the company were all assembled, a door opened, and Josephine, dressed in a white muslin, without an ornament, slowly entered, leaning on the arm of Hortense, whose tears bespoke how little she was resigned to this immolation of her imperial mother. With the grace which characterized all her movements, she glided half-cheerfully to a seat, where she listened with great calmness to the reading of the act of separation. As the words fell from the lips of the Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, large and lustrous tears rolled unbidden but calmly down her cheeks. Hortense sobbed aloud all the time, and Eugene, the warrior, trembled convulsively. The reading was finished. Pressing for an instant the handkerchief to her eyes, she arose, and with almost a firm voice, pronounced the oath of acceptance to this infamous deed. Resuming her seat again, she took the pen, and signed her assent to the divorce. As she had come, so she withdrew on the arm of the Queen of Holland, and Eugene, unable to control his feelings, followed the suffering group, and when the door closed behind them, he fell fainting to the floor. A brave man can front danger and overawe adversity, but cannot look unmoved upon cruelty and injustice.

LXXIII.

But there was another act in this drama of the heart and this farce of a heartless Empire, yet to be witnessed on that day. Late at night, when the Emperor had retired to rest, suddenly the door of his chamber opened, and Josephine tottered to his bed-side, and in an agony of tears threw herself upon the neck of her husband. She knew that she ought not to be there, and yet she felt that she must. Napoleon himself was overcome with the majesty and the greatness of her suffering, and they wept together for an hour, clasped in each other's arms. It was the last time they were to meet on the imperial couch, and Napoleon himself prolonged the interview.

LXXIV.

The next morning at eleven, the divorced Empress was to leave the Palace of the Tuilleries, to return to it no more. From the highest to the lowest member of the household, all assembled to witness the departure of her, who, in the fine language of one of their number, carried with her into exile, the hearts of all who had had access to her presence. Leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, and so deeply veiled that her countenance could not be seen, she descended the stair-way in a silence too profound to last; for she had taken but a few steps before there was an involuntary and simultaneous burst of grief. But she spoke not. The only response she made to this touching language of grief from those who loved her, was the shudder of the last pang she was ever to feel in the imperial halls where she had embellished the Empire of Napoleon. She sank fainting into a close carriage, and the clatter of the feet of six horses echoed coldly through the court-yard, as they bore away from that ancient palace, the fairest, the brightest, and the best woman that had ever sat upon the throne of France.

LXXV.

Several months Josephine had now passed in solitude and grief. Whatever Napoleon could do to mitigate the harshness of this severe stroke had been done. A pension of six hundred thousand dollars a year was settled on her for life, and promptly paid till Napoleon's fall. The magnificent villa of Malmaison, with all its grounds and treasures of art and beauty, with the ancient palace of Navarre, were presented to her—and her title of Empress was confirmed. She received frequent visits—"almost of homage"—from the members of the Imperial Court; for it was universally understood that Napoleon desired every token of respect should be shown to his former wife. Her villa presented a more animated and brilliant spectacle than even while Napoleon was its master. It was frequented by the most illustrious statesmen, scholars, artists and men of taste, of the Empire. She was universally respected, admired and beloved, and her fall from the throne seemed to clothe her with new splendor.

LXXVI.

She still cherished her affection for Napoleon, and lost no opportunity of demonstrating her respect for him. "The apartment he had occupied remained exactly as he had left it; she would not suffer even a chair to be moved, and, indeed, very rarely permitted any one to enter, keeping the key herself, and dusting the articles with her own hands. On the table was a volume of history, with the page doubled down where he had finished reading; beside it lay a pen, with ink dried on the point, and a map of the world, on which he was accustomed to point out his plans to those in his confidence, and which still showed on its surface many marks of his impatience. These Josephine would not allow to be touched on no account. By the wall stood Napoleon's camp-bed, without curtains; and above continued to hang such of his arms as he had placed there. On different pieces of furniture were flung various portions of apparel, just as he had used them last; for, among his other extraordinary ways, he had a practice, on retiring to rest, of flinging rather than taking off his clothes, casting down a coat here, a vest there, usually pitching his watch into the bed, and his hat and shoes into the farthest corner of the apartment.

"Josephine's own bed-chamber, to which she removed after the divorce, was extremely simple, draped only with white muslin, its sole ornament being the gold toilet-service already mentioned, and which, with a noble generosity, she refused to consider as private property, till Napoleon sent it after her, together with many other valuables left behind in like manner."

LXXVII.

In devoting herself to the adornment of the villa Malmaison, Josephine displayed the most refined and artistic taste. In a letter of instruction to her superintendent, she tells him that the first apartment of the suite, which was to serve for an ante-room, must be painted in light green, with a border of lilacs. In the panels were to be placed fine engravings from bible scenes, and under each, a portrait of the distinguished Generals of the Revolution. In the centre of the room, there was always to be a large flower-stand filled with fresh flowers in their season, and in each angle, the bust of a French philosopher. She particularly mentions that Rousseau was to stand between the two windows, where the vines and foliage could play around his head, forming a natural crown worthy of the author of *Emile*. Her private cabinet was to be in light blue, with a border of ranunculus and polyanthus. Ten large engravings from the gallery of the Museé, and twenty medallions filled up the panels. The casements were painted white and green, with double fillets of gold. "Unite elegance to variety; but no study, no profusion. I confide to you the care of rendering this cherished spot an agreeable retreat, where I may meditate—sleep, perhaps—but oftenest read; which says sufficient to remind you, of the three hundred volumes of my small edition."

LXXVIII.

The first million of francs which Napoleon allowed Josephine from his own purse, were expended in restoring the castle of the ancient kings of Navarre, which had been long neglected, and nearly demolished in the Revolution. Its immense park had once been embellished by flowing streams and gleaming lakes; but the water-courses had ceased to flow, and the lakes had become stagnant marshes. But Josephine soon made it wear a new aspect; the beds of the streams were cleared out, and covered with white gravel; the lakes were excavated and filled with fish; the old forest-roads were repaired, and fertility and beauty once more embellished this ancient retreat of the French monarchs. In these delightful engagements, she was aided by the taste of the most distinguished artists in France, and in her public improvements Napoleon himself, aided by his ingenious and practical suggestions. Thus, gradually, the heavy cloud which had so long hung in blackness over her heavens, began to break away, and was dissolved by the balmy sunshine; and her palace soon wore the aspect of hospitable, intellectual and artistic refinement.

LXXIX.

A great deal of pleasant correspondence was maintained with Napoleon; and from one of her letters we make the following extract:—"I was perfectly assured that your attachment would discover the means of consoling me, under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of us both. After proving all the sweets of reciprocated love, and all the suffering of one that can no longer be returned; after exhausting all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, what is there left but repose, that I can now desire? Do not then condole with me on my being separated from court, which you seem to think I regret. Surrounded by those who love me—free to indulge my taste for the arts—I form a thousand projects of pleasure, in embellishing the scenes I owe to your generosity. There is much to be done here at Navarre; for all around are discovered traces of destruction. These I will efface, that there may exist no memorial of those horrors which your genius has taught the nation almost to forget. I shall diffuse comfort around me, in repairing what the Revolutionary destroyers tried to annihilate, and the benedictions of the poor will afford me infinitely more pleasure than all the feigned adulations of courtiers. * * My most honorable title is derived, not from having worn the Imperial Crown, but from having been chosen by you—that alone secures me immortality. I expect Eugene. I long to see him, for he will surely bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can at leisure ask him a thousand things, which I cannot inquire of you, and which you ought not to tell me. * * I find myself particularly at home in the midst of my forest; and I intreat you, Sire, no longer to fancy that there is no living away from Court. Do not forget your *friend:* tell her sometimes, that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the happiness of her life: often repeat the words 'I am happy;' and be assured, that for her, the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy and sad."

LXXX.

We have, in the life of Napoleon, briefly spoken of the rejoicings which attended the birth of the King of Rome. It is not only a duty, but a pleasure, to contemplate the conduct of Josephine at this period, which any but a magnanimous soul must have found so extremely trying. By couriers and telegraphic signals, the tidings of the birth of Napoleon's son flew to every quarter of France, and the most distant corner of the Empire of his father. Orders were received by the Prefect of Evreux, to celebrate the event; but Napoleon (for it could not have been an oversight,) had sent no messenger to Josephine. That great man was not great enough, to conceive how his divorced wife could be generous enough to mingle hers in the universal congratulations. A young lady of rank, who was then a guest at Navarre, says in her account—"My affection for Josephine was so boundless, that I suffered the intensest sorrow in thinking how great her grief must be. I knew, however, but imperfectly the grandeur of her soul or her absolute devotion to the happiness of Napoleon. I imagined there must remain in her enough of the common woman, to excite bitter regret, that she had not been the mother of the son so ardently desired. But I could not have made a greater mistake. Among all the joyous faces when the news came, Josephine's was more radiant than all. She expressed her great regret, at being so far from Paris—for at Malmaison, she could have received information every half hour; and she expressed her gratitude even, that the painful sacrifice she had made for France, was likely now to be of service to her country. Josephine said the only thing that made her sad was, that she had not been informed of the Emperor's happiness by *himself*. But she said to us—'Young ladies, we must have a fête to celebrate this auspicious event. I will give you a splendid ball; so make your preparations. Get out my jewels. And as for you, gentlemen, I require that you now go into *grande costume*.'"

LXXXI.

On the very night Josephine received the news, she wrote a letter to Napoleon, from which we extract a few lines:—"Sire,—While you are receiving felicitations from every corner of Europe, from all the cities of France, and the regiments of the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear, and will you deign to listen to her, who has so often consoled your sorrows, now when she speaks to you only of that happiness which must be so complete? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father? * * I should have desired to learn the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the echoes of the cannon of Evreux, or the courier of the Prefect. I know that your first attentions are due to the authorities of the State—to foreign ministers—to your family—and above all, to the fortunate Princess, who has realized your dearest hopes. Although she cannot love you better than I do, she has been enabled to consummate your hopes. I dare not depend on you, Sire, for circumstantial details of the great event which assures perpetuity to the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, and express their own satisfaction; but it is from *you* that I desire to know if the child is well—if he looks like you—if I shall one day be allowed to see him—in a word, I expect from you unlimited confidence; and I have some claim on it, Sire, because of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you as long as I live."

The day after, Eugene set out to visit his mother—to give her all the details of this great event, upon which the destinies of the Empire seemed suspended. When he met his mother, he said, "The Emperor instructed me when I left, in these words—'You are going to see your mother, Eugene; tell her I am certain she will rejoice over my good fortune, more than anybody else. I would have written to her already, had I not been completely absorbed in the pleasure of looking at my son. I tear myself from him, only to attend to the most indispensable duties. This evening I will discharge the most delightful duty of all; I will write to Josephine.'"

LXXXII.

Napoleon redeemed his pledge, and the evening after Eugene arrived at the chateau, the folding-doors were thrown open with the announcement—"from the Emperor," and one of his own pages entered with a letter. After retiring to a private room for half an hour, she returned, and showed it to her ladies of honor, and with a letter in one hand she said, "this for the Emperor," and presenting, in a small case, a jewel which cost five thousand francs, with the other, "this for yourself." To demonstrate how nobly Josephine wished to act her difficult part, she wrote a long and generous letter to Maria Louisa, every word of which we would quote, if we could give the space. A single passage only—

"Madam,—While you were only the second wife of the Emperor, I deemed it becoming to maintain silence to your Majesty: but that reserve I think may now be laid aside, since you have become mother to an heir of the Empire.

You might have had some difficulty in crediting the sincerity of one, whom perhaps you regarded as a rival; but you will give faith to the congratulations of a French woman, for you have bestowed a son upon France. Your amiability and sweetness of disposition have won for you the heart of the Emperor; your benevolence merits for you the blessings of the unfortunate; the birth of a son claims the benediction of all France. * * Under our kings the French were satisfied with repose—now they demand glory. These, Madam, are the two blessings, the foretaste of which you have been called to give to France. She will enjoy them in perfection under your son, if to the manly virtues of his Sire he join those of his august mother, by which they may be tempered."

But Maria Louisa had not been munificently enough endowed by nature, even to understand the motives of Josephine; much less to act on such high and noble impulses.

LXXXIII.

We might prolong our sketches of this beguiling subject, for an entire volume; but we must bring them to a close. The birth of an heir, which seemed for a time to place the seal of perpetuity upon the dynasty he had founded, cast but a transient glow over Napoleon's crumbling Empire. It was fast sinking in the waves of a counter revolution. Josephine's suspense for the fate of the man she loved so well, was suddenly ended by the arrival of a letter from the Emperor, at Fontainbleau, dated April 14, in which he says—'My head and spirit are freed from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but at least it will be useful, as men say. In my retreat, I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious. The world has yet seen me only in profile—I shall show myself in full. How many things I shall have to disclose. * * They have all be trayed me—yes, all. I except from this number, the good Eugene, so worthy of you and me. Adieu, my dear Josephine. Be resigned as I am; and ever remember him who never forgot, and never will forget you.

"Farewell, Josephine. "NAPOLEON.

"P. S. I expect to hear from you at Elba. I am not very well."

It is not strange that the ancient philosophers, without the guidance of inspired light, when they watched the ebb and flow of empires and their chieftains, (if antiquity furnished anything like this), should have said, "the gods are just." In all history, we know of no spectacle more touching than the sight of this dethroned Emperor, sending his wayward but stricken heart to Malmaison, when he had been deserted by his proud Hapsburg Princess, in whose union he fondly dreamed of giving endurance to his empire.

"I cannot stay here," exclaimed Josephine in grief and consternation, when she learned that Napoleon had fallen. "My presence now is necessary to the Emperor. Maria Louisa ought to be there, but she has fled. Now I can resume my old place—the Emperor is alone, forsaken—I at least will not abandon him. He could dispense with me while he was happy; but now I know he expects me." This she said to Beaumont, her chamberlain; but after a moment's hesitation, she continued—"I may interfere with his arrangements. You will remain with me till intelligence is received from the Allied Sovereigns—they cannot but respect her who was once the wife of Napoleon." We should have remarked that Josephine had hastened to Paris the moment she heard of the advance of the allied armies; and now she was prepared for any emergency. They entered Paris; and the Emperor Alexander immediately sent a request to Josephine, that she would "retire for safety to Malmaison, where her person and her fortune should be respected." She did; and, although few demonstrations of respect to Napoleon's genius or feelings were shown by the Allies, while Paris lay at the feet of the Cossacks, still Josephine's person and fortunes *were* sacredly respected.

LXXXIV.

Josephine again returned to Malmaison, and it was frequented by the most illustrious of the allied princes and chieftains. The Emperor of Russia was one of the first visitors. "Madame," he said, "I was impatient to behold you. From the moment I crossed the frontier of France, I have heard benedictions on your name. In the cottage, and in the palace, I have listened to many accounts of your angelic goodness; and I am proud to have the pleasure of presenting to your Majesty the universal homage of which I am the bearer." Even the Bourbons themselves were compelled to pay some tributes of respect to this unparalleled woman; and old Louis not only received her children with kindness, but requested that Josephine might be presented at his Court.

LXXXV.

Nothing, however, could diminish her affection for Napoleon, nor her sympathy for him, in the midst of his tremendous misfortunes. Again she wrote to him at Elba, and said—"Sire,—Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law; now do I indeed lament that I am no more than your *friend*—that I can only mourn over so great a misfortune. It is not the loss of a throne that I sorrow for, on your account, for I know how such a loss can be endured;

but my heart sinks at the grief you must have felt in separating from the veteran companions of your glory. * * You will also have to mourn over the ingratitude and desertion of friends, on whom you thought you could rely. Ah! Sire, why cannot I fly to you? I have been on the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and consecrate to you the remainder of the life which you so long embellished. One motive alone restrains me, and that you can divine. If you tell me, however, that contrary to all appearances, I am the *only one* who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall stop me, and I will go to the only place on the earth where I can hereafter be happy, and console you in the midst of your desolation. Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, Sire! Whatever I would add would still be too little. It is no longer by words, that my sentiments for you are to be proved; and for actions, your consent is necessary. Malmaison has been respected; I am therefore surrounded with attentions by foreign sovereigns, but I had much rather not remain."

LXXXVI.

But the troubled scenes Josephine had been called to pass through, had finally broken the gossamer web of her ethereal life, and the dark wing of death began to cast its shadow over the beloved Empress. One circumstance which should not be forgotten, had not a little to do in quenching the light of her glorious life. With the same unutterable meanness and dishonesty, with which the restored Bourbons had withheld the pittance they had promised to Napoleon, they now denied to Josephine the pension they had pledged themselves to pay, and having expended with the most generous liberality her income for the good of others, she now found herself in great embarrassment. If there were an obligation that a Bourbon would hold sacred, it would seem that it should have been this. But Heaven put the stamp of plebian meanness upon that race when he made them, and nothing can wipe it out. They have generally been, in all countries and in all periods, cowardly, and perfidious men. Josephine could not endure this last mortification. She saw that her life would soon end, and having estates which she wished to dispose of, in a manner that would be gratifying to the feelings of Napoleon, she made her will, and sent a draft of it to him at Elba. "Make your remarks, Sire," she said; "you cannot doubt they will be held sacred by me, or that I rejoice in this opportunity of showing my devotion at a time when all others have deserted you." But if the draft was ever returned, it came too late, and the remorseless grasp of the greedy Bourbons, seized upon her property, and left her loved retainers, whom she had intended to reward, helpless and destitute on the world. But slow as the years went by, there was at that hour an exiled boy, the grandson of Josephine, who was at a later day to hold this same bitter chalice to the lips of the Bourbons.

LXXXVII.

On the 4th of May, Josephine dined at St. Leu, with her children and the Emperor of Russia. On returning to Malmaison, she experienced some symptoms of illness which alarmed her friends. But she rallied once more, and six days later, Alexander dined with her at her own chateau. The next day, Josephine was worse; but her resolution still held out, and as late as the 24th of the month, she again entertained the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, with their *suites*. But she was obliged to leave the banquet-hall, and Hortense took her seat at the table. The next morning, her disease, which was an acute inflammation of the throat, manifested such alarming symptoms, that during a visit from Alexander, he requested permission to send his own physician to attend her. This, however, was declined. She was surrounded by the most eminent medical men in France, and whatever human skill could do for her, was done. She knew that she was in danger, and she was certain that she could not live long; but she preserved her cheerfulness until the last moment; and even on the 27th, when Redouté, the celebrated flower-painter, came to draw two favorite exotics, that had just bloomed, she was silent for a moment, and, then waved him away, saying, "You must not catch my sore throat, for next week I hope to see you advanced in one of your superb master-pieces." At ten o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, the physicians rose from their council, and decided that it was their duty to inform Eugene and Hortense, that their mother was dying. They heard the announcement with unutterable grief; but Josephine received it from their lips, with the most sublime resignation. She sent for the parish clergyman of Ruel, who was the preceptor of her grand-children, to administer to her the last consolations of the Christian faith. Late on the same evening, the Emperor Alexander arrived, and was admitted to the chamber of the sufferer. Eugene and Hortense were kneeling by the bed-side. Josephine rallied her last strength, and beckoned to them all to approach. "At least," she faintly pronounced, "I shall die regretted—I have always desired the happiness of France—I did all I could to contribute to it—and I can say with truth to you all, in my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon, never caused a tear to fall." A radiant glory overspread her beautiful features, as she gently glided away to the land of peace. She still breathed, till the following morning—her slumber being disturbed only by sighs so gentle they scarcely indicated pain—when her spirit left the world forever.

Every preparation which affection or respect could dictate, was now made for the last scenes her ashes were to witness on earth. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of June, 1814, the body, which had been embalmed, and been visited while it lay in state by upwards of twenty thousand of the people of France, was followed to the grave by a procession of two thousand of the poor, who had lived on her bounty, and cherished her memory now that she was dead, and then consigned to its final repose in the humble village church of Ruel. To obtain even the favor of sleeping within the sacred inclosures of a consecrated church, had required the interposition of the most powerful personages of Europe; for the last insult the Bourbons dared to offer to this peerless and glorious woman, was to deny her a Christian burial. But what "the most Catholic" tyrant of France would not grant, a Cossack Emperor demanded.

The road to the church was lined by the Russian hussars, with the Old Guards of Napoleon, princes and marshals, and rows of soldiers marched with the procession, and showed every token of respect to the illustrious dead. The funeral oration was pronounced by the Archbishop of Tours; and while the prayers were being read, and the angelic virtues of the deceased were being recounted by the orator, some of Napoleon's worn and scarred veterans were melted to tears. Poor Queen Hortense, who could not endure the sight, had been conveyed to one of the side chapels; and when the ceremonies were over, and the coffin had been laid in the grave, and the church was deserted, she turned, and heard the step of her brother, the Viceroy of Italy. They met, and knelt in tears over the ashes of their mother.

Soon after, with filial affection, they asked from the Bourbons what even the Bourbons could not deny—the privilege of erecting a memorial over the grave which bore the simple inscription—

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

And thither, for a generation, have the brave and the good gone, as to a shrine of pious and generous meditation—and for ages to come, the spot will be sacred to all the brave and the good.

BOOK IV.

MARIA LOUISA.

Born at Vienna, December 12, 1791; Died at Parma, December 15, 1847.

RICHARDSON-COX.SC.

MARIA LOUISA.

MARIA LOUISA.

I.

THE path of History leads us from the grave of Josephine, in the little church of Ruel, to the Imperial Palace of Vienna, where Maria Louisa, the successor of Josephine, was born. Whatever we deem necessary to record of her history can be very briefly stated. Preceding portions of this work will already have prepared the reader for a record of little interest, so far as Maria Louisa was concerned, in the fortunes of Napoleon. She was the eldest daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria, and Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of Naples. She was descended from Henry IV., King of France, through Phillip, Duke of Orleans, second son of Louis XIII., and Elizabeth of Orleans, who married Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. She was educated with all the care which the Hapsburg House have been accustomed to bestow upon their children. At an early age she had made great progress in painting, music, and other accomplishments, and at the time of her marriage she was conversant with several foreign languages.

II.

Her portrait at this period is drawn by Benjamin Constant, in the following words :—" The Empress Maria Louisa was nineteen years of age when she married Napoleon. Her hair was of a light color, her eyes blue and expressive, her walk noble, and her figure imposing. Her hands and feet were beautifully formed, and might have served for models. Healthy hues and a florid complexion were joined to great timidity; the latter occasioned the Empress to appear haughty before the ladies of the court, but in private she was amiable and even affectionate." When the union with Napoleon was proposed to her, she manifested the most decided repugnance, and said that she considered herself a "victim devoted to the Minotaur;"—but she yielded passive obedience to the wishes of her family and the commands of her father. Alexander of Russia had shown so much partiality for Napoleon, and had, in fact, conceived so romantic an attachment for the young Conqueror, that the latter had first opened negotiations with Alexander's sister, though she had not yet attained the age of womanhood. The Empress-mother had, however, interposed several objections. She insisted that her daughter should have a chapel in Paris, where the services and ceremonies of the Greek Church should be celebrated by Greek priests. The negotiation was thus for a considerable period prolonged, and Napoleon at last growing weary of these "peurile conditions," as he termed them, and half-suspecting that the obstacles interposed were owing to some secret objections against the union, finally fixed a period of ten days, at the end of which, if a favorable answer were not returned, he should end the negotiation. When the ten days had passed, he instructed Maret, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to sound Prince Schwartzenburg, the Austrian Ambassador, on a union with a Princess of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The advances of Napoleon were eagerly met by the Austrian Minister, and the preliminaries so quickly settled, that the marriage-contract was signed at Paris the 7th and at Vienna the 16th of February, [1810]. On the 11th of March—less than a month afterwards—the marriage was celebrated at Vienna with great pomp. Marshal Berthier acting for Napoleon, demanded the hand of the Archduchess, and the Archduke Charles, her uncle, stood as proxy for Napoleon.

III.

The ceremonies preliminary to the final marriage, were celebrated at Vienna with the greatest splendor the Empire could give—the departure of the Princess for the Capital of France being arranged for the following day. She was to proceed to Braunau on the frontiers of Austria and Bavaria, and there await the escort which Napoleon was to provide. So too, the ladies of honor, who had been sent forward from Paris, with the French Chevalier, Marshal Berthier—a magnificent retinue waited to receive her. This ceremony took place in a small house, which had been built for the occasion, near the spot. It was divided into three apartments—the Austrian, the French, and one between called the Neutral Room. The Grand Duchess arrived at Althiem—a village near by, on the morning of the 16th of March; where the French escort had already arrived. The delicate, but extremely stiff formalities of this occasion had been honored by the graces and charms of Caroline, the Queen of Naples, (Napoleon's sister, and Murat's wife), the Duchess of Montibello, the Countesses of Montmartre, Boueillè, Lucay, and Montmorenci, the Bishop of Metz, the Count Beauharnais, the Chevalier of Honor, the Prince Borghese, and a vast number of other personages, for whose fame in the achievements of the Empire, or for their high position or elegance of manner, Napoleon had chosen, to embellish the occasion.

IV.

Hazlitt, who has written so charming a life of Napoleon, relates an incident which happened at the time; and as it is really one of the most important events that ever occurred in the history of Maria Louisa, we feel bound to speak of it, for we have with some perseverance surveyed a very liberal range of French, English, German, Spanish and Italian literature, without being able to discover anything of the slightest importance to mankind or the history of the times in the life of this Imperial personage.

Monsieur de Beauset, the Prefect of Napoleon's palace, seems to have been, from all accounts, very ready and anxious to oblige everybody he could. As a matter of course, the French escort were eager to set their eyes upon the Archduchess; and it will never be doubted by our readers, or anybody else, that the beautiful and brilliant women of the French Court, in that *cortege*, were dying with curiosity to catch a glimpse of the youthful sovereign who was soon to preside over the courtly scenes of the Napoleon Empire. Therefore, the good Beauset bored a number of holes in the thin wooden partition, that separated them from the Austrian Court, where Maria Louisa, in her unconscious beauty, was standing on the throne prepared for her, going through the ceremonies, to which she was carefully trained, as *danseurs* are before they appear on the boards of the Opera. Hazlitt says, that "Her person was tall and graceful, her hair flaxen, her eyes blue, expressive of happiness and innocence, and her whole visage proved the goodness of her disposition. She had on a robe of gold tissue, ornamented with rich flowers, and around her neck the miniature picture of Napoleon, encircled with diamonds, of immense value. She was surrounded by the highest persons of her Court, ranged on her right and left, according to their rank, and by the Hungarian officers, in their rich and handsome uniform." So much for the first sight of this personage, as related to us on the authority of Mr. Hazlitt, which we presume was obtained directly from those who had the honor of holding their eyes to the auger-holes made in the partition that separated the Archduchess from the impatient dames of the Imperial Court of the Empire of Napoleon.

V.

It was well, perhaps, since Napoleon divorced Josephine and espoused the past, with the souvenirs of the Middle Ages, to mimic the etiquette of the courts of those little tyrants that had flourished for so many generations; and consequently—since, whenever he attempted to do anything he did it thoroughly—we are not surprised that he should have drawn up beforehand instructions for all the details of the journey of the Archduchess from Vienna to Paris, with as much care as if he had been marking out the campaign of Russia.

These instructions of the Emperor extend over a considerable number of pages, and to each movement of the Archduchess he seemed to attach as much importance, as to a charge by Ney or Lannes at the battle of Austerlitz. The ceremonial, however, was complied with as prescribed, with the same fidelity as all the other orders of Napoleon. When the Archduchess arrived at Braunau, and the cortege was preparing to advance over the French frontier, she exchanged her German dress for one in the French fashion—received the oath of fidelity from all her attendants—dined with the Queen of Naples and Madame Lazanski—received the last farewell of the personages of the Court of Vienna, and set out for Munich. Here, from sheer indisposition even to take the trouble of tracing the progress of this imperial cortege, we shall allow Mr. Hazlitt, who has finished up every detail of it with the care of a miniature painter, to speak:—"She was met by the Baron St. Aignan, equerry to Napoleon, who brought her a letter from the

Emperor. At Munich she was obliged to part with the Countess Lazanski, who had been her governess, and to whom she was much attached. So many mischiefs had arisen from allowing early advisers to accompany youthful princesses into foreign countries—that the practice was given up as dangerous. On setting her foot on the soil of France the Empress was hailed as the Aurora of a brighter day, of a new age of gold. At Strasbourg she was met by a page of the Emperor, who brought a letter, the choicest flowers of the season, and some pheasants of his own shooting." [We never had heard before that his fire-arms had ever been used for such harmless purposes.]

VI.

The cavalcade passed through Nancy, Vittoire, Chalons, and Rhiems, and were to have stopped at Soissons for the night, according to a formula fairly penned, and exactly setting down the interview for the morrow. But the impatience of Napoleon, who was growing as amorous as a boy of fifteen, disconcerted all his own fine schemes, and cut short the ceremony. The escort was ordered to Compiègne; and, Napoleon, putting on his gray-coat and stealing out of the park gate, with the King of Naples, hastened to meet his betrothed bride. He passed through Soissons, and as the carriage in which Maria Louisa was, drew up to change horses at the village of Courcelles, he flew to the coach-door, opened it himself, and the Queen of Naples saying, "It is the Emperor," he threw himself on the Empress's neck, who was unprepared for this abrupt and romantic meeting, and the carriage was ordered on with all speed to Compiègne, where it arrived at ten the same evening. The rejoicings and congratulations on her arrival were universal; the city of Paris made costly presents to the Emperor and Empress; the procession at the public marriage, passed from St. Cloud to the Tuilleries, and through the great gallery of the Louvre, which was lined on each side with a triple row of all that was most distinguished in France, or nearly in Europe. On the 27th of April, the Emperor and Empress set out on a tour through the northern Departments to give the good city of Paris time to breathe. Dances, garlands of flowers, triumphal arches welcomed them all the way. On one of these last, at a small hamlet [to show how easily enthusiasm runs up into superstition,] was inscribed in front, *Pater Noster;* and on the reverse side, *Ave Maria, plena gratiâ!* The curate and mayor of so loyal and pious a village did not of course go empty-handed away.

VI.

Maria Louisa, it was stated, on good authority, was far from being displeased with the demonstrations of impetuous love which the Hero of Marengo had displayed in the carriage, and her only reproof was, "The portrait of your Majesty, which was given to me, does you justice by no means." A pretty little incident, however, happened when the Empress entered the Palace of the Tuilleries. As Berthier, the Imperial Commissioner, entered her apartment, to conduct her to the carriage which was to bear her to France, he found her bathed in tears. "My conduct may seem childish," she said, "but this must be my excuse;" and, pointing to the various articles of art and taste which adorned her apartment, her birds and dog, she spoke of them as the cherished tokens of love from her different friends. This hint was enough for any man that Napoleon would confide such a commission as that to; and, consequently, when her husband received her in the court-yard of the Tuilleries, and conducted her through a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp, and she said, "Where are you going?" "Come, come," was the Emperor's reply; "certainly, you are not afraid to follow me!" At the end of the corridor, the Emperor threw open a cabinet. The blaze of light dazzled her, but when she recovered, she found herself in a room fitted up in the same style, with the very articles of furniture she had left in tears at Vienna. Even the poodle-dog was there, to greet its regal mistress, with a joyous bark. Overcame with pleasure and gratitude she threw herself into Napoleon's arms; and she often remarked that it was the happiest moment of her life.

On the first of April, amidst the most enthusiastic rejoicings of the nation, the civil marriage took place, and the next day Cardinal Fesch, with all the pomp and splendor of the Roman Church, gave the benediction to the Imperial pair. The train of Maria Louisa was borne by four Queens. All the Great Dignitaries of state were present. The Marshals of the Empire in their glittering uniforms, the ladies of the Court superbly attired, their beauty enhanced by the most artistic skill in dress; with the gorgeous habiliaments of the priesthood, rendered the pageant one of the most imposing, as well as the coldest spectacle Napoleon himself had witnessed since the passage of the Great St. Bernard.

VII.

Napoleon endeavored to impress upon the mind of Maria Louisa something of the grandeur of his Empire, by the sight of his public works then in progress. Halting at Cherbourg, he showed her the great dock just completed, capable of holding fifty of the largest ships of the line, and her foot was the last to press their foundations before the waters of the ocean were let in. Everywhere the people received her with acclamation, but their shouts were not so glad and joyous as those which had greeted the arrival of Josephine. Her cold manner was so different from the winning smile of the preceding Empress, that it chilled the hearts of those who approached her, and it was but the reflection of the pride which the French people felt in the Emperor, that cast a halo around her progress. Josephine's unchanging benevolence endeared her to every heart. All that was generous and noble in national sentiment, all that was great and glorious in national honor, all that was progressive in science, flourished under the inspiring influence of her reign. In Maria Louisa the courtiers had an Empress, but the people of France had no longer a mother. The apparent enthusiasm soon subsided, and many who had deserted Josephine when the star of her fortune began to wane, hastened to return, certain of meeting with the pardon which they did not deserve."

VIII.

The eventful day which to all appearance was to crown the ambition of Napoleon, had come. On the 20th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa gave birth to the King of Rome. Dubois, the celebrated accoucher, who was attending the Empress, and awaiting the result with the most painful anxiety, rushed into the apartment of Napoleon, and asked, "Which shall I save, the mother or the child?" "The mother," said the Emperor; "it is her right." But the skill of Dubois saved both. So great was the delight of the Parisians, when the announcement of the birth of the King of Rome was made, that a French writer says, "they embraced and kissed each other in the streets—grasped each other's hands, as if a child was born to each one."

There is little to be said of Maria Louisa as Empress of the French. In public, she maintained her imperial state with dignity, and in private she relaxed her frigid manners, and even at times appeared amiable. From 1810 to 1814 her life was what it had always been—one of inactivity—if we except two occasions, when she was appointed Empress Regent of France. The first was when Napoleon started on his Russian campaign, [14th of April, 1813].

We have already described the scene which attended the departure for Russia, when the Emperor confided his wife and child to the officers of the National Guard. Nor need we again recount that terrible series of disasters which ended in the destruction of the Grand Army, and the advance of the Allies on Paris. Their head-quarters had been established on the heights of Montmatre. On the morning of the 29th of March, the Russians advanced on the wood of Vincennes, and the reverberations of their cannon carried dismay into the hearts of the Regent Government at Paris.

Its members assembled, and resolved on withdrawing beyond the Loire, and Maria Louisa and her son fled with them from the Capital. They took the road to Tours. The 1st of April she received dispatches from Napoleon directing her to establish the seat of government at Blois. Repairing immediately to that town, she enforced the orders of her husband for the active recruiting of the army, and on the 3d she issued the following proclamation :—" Frenchmen ! the events of war have placed the capital in the power of the stranger. The Emperor hastening to its defence is at the head of his armies so often victorious. They are in presence of the enemy, under the walls of Paris. You will be faithful to your oaths—You will listen to the voice of a Princess who has been confided to your loyalty, who glories in being called a French woman, and in being associated to the destinies of a Sovereign whom you yourselves have chosen with entire free will. My son was not the less sure of your hearts in the days of your prosperity: his rights and person are under your safeguard." But the restoration was inevitable.

XI.

The Empire of Napoleon had fallen, and the Allied Armies with their irresistible phalanxes had again forced upon the French people a Bourbon King. The Treaty of Fontainbleau, [11th of April, 1814], settled for life the title of Emperor on Napoleon, and Empress on Maria Louisa. The Island of Elba was given in full sovereignty to Napoleon, with a pension of two millions of francs, half of which was to be in reversion to Maria Louisa, on whom the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastella, were conferred. Although the Baron Capfigue, tells a story about Maria Louisa attempting, on the 19th of March, 1815, to escape with her son from the Castle of Schoenbrunn, to rejoin her husband after his return from Elba—sober history, however, gives no credence to this piece of romance.

This ridiculous report was started by Metternich, who conceived it necessary the first moment he heard of the return of Napoleon from Elba, and that he was advancing triumphantly to Paris, to seize his son, and make him a prisoner for life. Metternich and the Allied Sovereigns and diplomatists knew that they were safe from subsequent revolutions no longer than Napoleon and his son were in their hands. His mother was conveyed to the imperial palace, and the French governess of the King of Rome gave place to a German woman. Under the pretext of preventing another attempt at escape, Maria Louisa was also herself closely guarded. On the 14th of September, she signed a paper by which she renounced for herself and *her child* the title of Majesty, and all claims whatever to the crown of France. She was thereafter to take the title of Archduchess of Austria, and Duchess of Parma, and her son was to be called Hereditary Prince of Parma.

On the 22d of July, 1818, the Emperor of Austria conferred on his pale little prisoner and grand-child, the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with that of Serene Highness. Thus the mother who bore him went into perpetual exile in the narrow territory which Austria had stolen from Tuscany.

X.

Maria Louisa was doubtless glad to escape from the oppressive splendor of a brilliant career. She was born as Lamartine well says, to adorn obscurity. We should be glad since her ashes have long years ago mouldered in the charnel-house, if we could exempt her memory from the disgraceful indulgences and obscenities of too many of the royal palaces of Europe. Contracting, not long after her flight from France, a wicked and lascivious connection with a German soldier, she became the mother of several children who were recognized as the sons of Count Neiperg, but the whole affair was attended with such scandal, that the paternity of her children has always been considered doubtful. Intrigue after intrigue disgraced her name. Even her subjects pronounced the words "Maria Louisa" with unutterable disgust and scorn.

Thus she went darkling down to an infamous grave. History has left no record of a female sovereign less beloved from the time of Theodosia. Where she was buried we do not know. She was born a Bourbon, and she died a Bourbon, and her memory has settled into oblivion. We have only disturbed it in this book, for the purpose of complying with the claims of history, which seemed to demand that the second wife of the Emperor should be at least alluded to.

BOOK V.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

Born at Corte, in Corsica, January 7, 1768; Died at Florence, July 28, 1844.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE

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I.

Joseph, the elder brother of Napoleon, was born the year previous to the subjugation of his native island to France: but he was not excelled by either of his brothers in his attachment to the French nation, and his zeal in the public service in the various stations confided to him. When he was ten years of age, his father took him to France, and placed him and his brother Napoleon at the College of Autun, in Burgundy, where he completed his course of studies with great distinction. His own predilections were in favor of a military life, but in obedience to the last wishes of his father, he abandoned these views, and returned in 1785, to his native country. In February of that year, Joseph accompanied his father, and his uncle, the young Abbé Fesch, to Montpelier, in search of medical advice, and had the consolation of attending at the bed-side of his dying parent. He acquitted himself of the sad duty reserved for him, with all the zeal of an affectionate son.

II.

Continuing to reside with his mother and her family, at Ajaccio, Joseph applied himself to the study of the law, and prepared himself for public duties. When the mighty era of 1789 dawned, he embraced the cause of the Revolution with ardor, the Bonaparte brothers being among its most eager partisans. In 1792, Joseph received an appointment in the civil service of the Departmental Administration, under the Presidency of Paoli, and was enabled to assist his mother in the maintenance of the family. The following year, Corsica, influenced by Paoli, renounced France, and the Bonapartes separated from the former friends of their father. The family were compelled to flee from the island, and took up their residence at Marseilles. Joseph soon received an appointment as Commissary of War, and was again enabled to aid his mother in supplying her pecuniary wants.

III.

In 1794, Joseph married Julie Clary, daughter of one of the wealthiest capitalists of Marseilles, and with her received a considerable fortune. Her sister married Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, and became the mother of Oscar, the present King. The sisters were remarkable for their personal beauty, and were much esteemed through life for their amiable character, exhibited in every vicissitude. Madame Junot says—"Madame Joseph Bonaparte is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, &c., will repeat it with blessings. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Accordingly, Madame de Surviellers, (the title assumed by Joseph and herself in exile), is adored by all about her, and especially by her own household ; her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of everybody, and in the land of exile she has found a second country. She was fondly attached to her sister, the Queen of Sweden. The latter is an excellent, inoffensive creature, prodigiously fond of every thing melancholy and romantic. She had very fine eyes and a most pleasing smile."

IV.

The English having taken possession of Corsica, Joseph united with some of his countrymen, in urgent entreaties to the French Government for the supplies and troops requisite to reconquer the island; but it was only after the occupation of Italy by the French army, in 1796, that their wishes were crowned with success. On the downfall of Robespierre, in July, 1794, the Bonaparte brothers were unjustly proscribed for a short time, upon imputations the most frivolous and groundless. Napoleon and Lucien were arrested, and Joseph saved himself by a temporary retirement to Genoa. In this extremity of their fortunes, Joseph became the prop and support of the family. His brothers were soon restored to liberty and public favor, and he returned to Marseilles.

In 1796, Joseph, who had already filled a similar appointment in the army of the Alps, was named a Commissary of War, under his brother in Italy, and accompanied Napoleon in that campaign. Circumstances rendering General Bonaparte anxious to conclude a Treaty of Peace with the King of Sardinia, he dispatched Joseph from Piedmont, to demonstrate the necessity of this measure to the Directory. In this same year, Joseph, and in the following year Lucien, were both returned to the Council of Five Hundred, as representatives from the District of Liamone, in Corsica, from which Paoli had fled the second time. The election of the brothers was brought about by Lucien, who visited his native island temporarily for that purpose.

V.

Joseph had been appointed by the French Directory Minister Plenipotentiary, and afterwards Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Rome, where he entered directly into a negotiation with Pope Pius VI., with the view of obtaining the good offices of the Pontiff in bringing about a peace with the Royalists of La Vendée. For that purpose the Pope engaged to employ all those means of authority and persuasion with which the confidence of the people of the revolted province had invested the visible head of the Catholic Church. This treaty was in progress, but the favorable dispositions of the Papal Court were counteracted by the intrigues of the Austrian party, as well as by the imprudence of the young Republicans of Rome, who relied upon French countenance and support to enable them to effect a Revolution in the city, and on December 28, 1797, a few were shot by the soldiers of the Pope, in the courtyard of the Palace of the French Ambassador, where they had taken refuge. In this instance the sanctuary of the residence of envoys at Rome was violated, and Duphor, one of the French generals, in the suite of the Ambassador, was killed at his side. This general was to have been married on the following morning to Eugenie Clary, Joseph's sister-in-law, the object of Napoleon's first affections, and subsequently the wife of Bernadotte, King of Sweden.

VI.

Finding he could no longer remain at Rome without compromising his official character, Joseph immediately demanded his passports, and sent from Florence to the Directory at Paris a relation of what had taken place. The Directory, through Talleyrand, expressed themselves well satisfied with "the courage, the judgment, and the presence of mind which he had shown on the trying occasion, and the magnanimity with which he had supported the honor of the French name." The Government then offered him the embassy to Prussia, but he preferred showing his gratitude for the confidence of his fellow-citizens of Corsica, by enter ing the legislative body of France, in their service. In January, 1798, he took his seat in the Council of Five Hundred. He was there soon distinguished for sound sense and moderation. On one occasion, when on a joint committee of the two Councils, the Directory made an attack upon Napoleon, who was absent in Egypt, Joseph addressed the body with so much energy and conclusive argument, that his accusers were confounded, and a unanimous vote was obtained in his favor. A few days after this occurrence, in June, 1798, he was appointed Secretary of the Council of Five Hundred. One who was well acquainted with him at the time, describes him as being "polite and affable; of a cool and steady disposition; sagacious, intrepid, and peculiarly qualified for civil and diplomatic employments." Lucien says, that Joseph possessed the esteem and friendship of his colleagues, and it was supposed that, in concert with Lucien, he prepared the return of Napoleon from Egypt; and it is certain that by his influence and personal exertions he contributed to the success of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, [9th November, 1799].

VII.

Under the Consulate, Joseph was made a member of the Council of State, and in 1800 he was appointed by Napoleon, with Messrs. Roéderer and De Fleurien, Commissioners to conclude a Treaty of Peace and Commerce with the United States. The American Commissioners were Oliver Ellsworth, William Vans Murray and William R. Davie. The Treaty was signed, September 30th, 1800, at Mortefontaine, a villa which Joseph had recently purchased, and he gave on the occasion of the completion of the Treaty, a splendid entertainment to the American Ministers.

The Treaty between France and the United States, satisfactorily settled differences between the two nations which had commenced under the Government of the Republic in 1793, when Mr. Genet was sent to the United States, as Minister, and endeavored to involve this country in a war with England. It was natural that France should desire an ally in the United States, in the way in which she was engaged with other European powers; but the American Government under Washington and Adams, steadily preserved its neutrality toward the belligerent powers. Seizures of British property on board American vessels were ordered by the French Government, and many depredations on American commerce by French armed vessels took place. The conduct of the French Directory towards the United States was equally hostile with their predecessors of the Convention, and various decrees against neutrals and American commerce were issued. Without an actual declaration of war, hostilities existed for some time on the ocean, between the two nations. All attempts at negotiation had failed, until President Adams resolved to send a Special Commission, and the Envoys embarked in October, 1799. Before their arrival, the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire had occurred, and they found the Consular Government under Napoleon, anxious for peace. Talleyrand informed the Envoys that they were expected with impatience, and would be received with warmth. The three Commissioners were received by the First Consul in form, and, as we have stated, Joseph Bonaparte, Roéderer and De Fleurien were appointed to treat with them. It was not, however, until the 2d of April, that the first conference was had, and various delays took place, which protracted the negotiations for nearly six months before their successful termination. The principles of this Treaty, as regarded the United States, formed the basis of a confederacy, offensive and defensive, entered into between France and the northern powers in December, 1800, which was in fact the revival of the armed neutrality of 1780, and was in pursuance of the steadfast design, never after relinquished by Napoleon, of crushing the maritime supremacy of Great Britain. But the destruction of the French navy counteracted his designs. Between France and the United States, the treaty, as one of mutual concessions, nominally remained good; but the Berlin and Milan Decrees subsequently issued by Napoleon, in their effect upon American commerce, proved the counterpart of those of the Executive Directory. One of the American Commissioners, (Judge Ellsworth), in a letter to Mr. Wolcott, dated Havre, October 16, 1800, thus writes:— "You will see our proceedings and their result. Be assured, more could not be done without too great a sacrifice, and as the reign of Jacobinism is over in France, and appearances are strong in favor of a general peace, I hope you will think it was better to sign than to do nothing."

VIII.

Having displayed much diplomatic skill in the negotiations with the United States, Joseph was placed on another similar commission. On the 9th of February, 1801, he signed, with the Count de Coberzel, at Luneville, the treaty between France and Austria; and it has been remarked, as a singular circumstance during that negotiation, that although Mantua had been left in the hands of the Austrians, by virtue of an armistice agreed upon between the Commanders-in-Chief in Italy, a convention concluded at Luneville, by the Plenipotentiaries, put the French army in possession of that important post. General Moreau, the French Commander, in a letter to Joseph, says, "Receive my compliments for the manner in which you have besieged and taken Mantua, without quitting Luneville."

The following year, Joseph met with the like success, in negotiating the Treaty of Amiens, by which peace was concluded between France and England, March 25, 1802. The First Consul, on this occasion, (says Thiers), "made choice of his brother Joseph, for whom he had a very particular affection, and who by the amenity of his manners and mildness of his character, was singularly well adapted for a peace-maker, an office which had been constantly reserved for him. Talleyrand, seeing all the ostensible honor of these treaties devolve upon a personage who was nearly unacquainted with the arts of diplomacy, was unable to repress a passing sense of his vexation, though he made every effort to hide it. But the cautious minister well knew that it would be impolitic to make the family of the First Consul his enemies."

It was agreed that the Plenipotentiaries should meet in the city of Amiens, an intermediate point between London and Paris, to draw up the definitive treaty. The English Cabinet selected, to meet Joseph, Lord Cornwallis, the same who had commanded their armies in America and India, and who had also been Governor-General of Bengal, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The preliminaries had been negotiated by M. Otto and Lord Hawkesbury, and signed at London, on the 1st of October, 1801; and these different treaties which completed the peace of the world were signed nearly at the same time. The satisfaction of the public was unbounded, and grand festivals to celebrate the event were given in Paris and London, on the 18th Brumaire, [9th November], 1801.

IX.

The preliminaries of London had laid down the basis of the peace ; but until the conclusion of a definitive treaty, apprehensions were entertained that the negotiations might be broken off. Lord Cornwallis arrived in Paris in November, and soon proceeded to Amiens. The negotiations being opened, the British Cabinet made new demands, with which they instructed Lord Cornwallis. Delays ensued ; but the First Consul impressed fresh activity upon the Envoys. He wrote to his brother—" Sign, for since the preliminaries are agreed upon, there is no more any serious question to debate." He conceded what he thought should be conceded, and firmly refused the rest. After having sent his answer to his brother, with ample liberty as to the settlement, in regard to the manner of drawing up, he recommended Joseph to act with great prudence, in order to have a sufficient proof that the refusal to sign the peace came from England, and not from him. He caused it to be intimated, whether in London or at Amiens, that if they would not accept what he proposed, they ought to terminate the affair. A rupture was not wished for in London. The English Cabinet felt that they would be subject to the ridicule of the world, if a truce of six months, following the preliminaries, had only served to open the sea to the French fleets. Lord Cornwallis was highly conciliatory in the drawing up of the treaty. Joseph Bonaparte was not less so ; and on the 25th of March, 1802, the peace between France and Great Britain was signed (says Thiers,) " upon an instrument marked with all sorts of corrections. The two Plenipotentiaries cordially embraced each other, amid the acclamations of those present, full of emotion and transported with joy. Lord Cornwallis heard his name blessed by the French people, and Joseph entered his house, hearing on all sides the cry of "Vive Bonaparte." Unfortunately, this peace, the most noble and most glorious for France that her annals can show, was but temporary.

The renewal of the war between the two nations, took place in May, 1803. "How very different had their destinies been, if, as the First Consul said—"These two powers, the one maratime, and the other continental, had been in complete and perfect union, for the purpose of regulating in peace the interests of the universe. General civilization would have made more rapid strides ; their future independence would have been forever assured ; and the two nations would not have prepared a domination for the north over a divided west. Such was the melancholy termination of the short peace of Amiens."

X.

Whilst engaged in diplomatic matters, Joseph was the first to suggest a plan of concert among the contracting parties, France, England, Spain and Holland, for the suppression of that system of rapine and piracy, whereby, to the disgrace of the great powers of Christendom, the smaller European States were annoyed by the corsairs of Barbary. This liberal project was communicated in a letter to the First Consul, by whom it was adopted.

When Napoleon desired, as the people afterwards willed, a prolongation of his power, by being made First Consul for life, he did not discover the secret ambition of his heart to his brothers ; but it was so easy to guess, and his family were so anxious to bring it about successfully, that they spared him the trouble to be the first to declare it. They asserted to him that the moment was come in which to constitute himself something better than an ephemeral and fleeting power ; that he ought to think of attaching to himself a solid and durable authority. Joseph, with the peaceable mildness of his character, and Lucien, with his natural petulance, openly urged the same point. They had for confidants and co-operators, the men with whom they lived in intimacy, in the Council of State, or in the Senate. The amendment to the Consular Constitution having been adopted in 1802, an arrangement was devised to please the brothers of the First Consul by an introduction of a clause into the organic articles. The law of the Legion of Honor enacted that the members of the Grand Council of the Legion should be composed of three consuls, and one representative from each of the great bodies of the State. The Council of State nominated Joseph to this post, and the Tribunate named Lucien. A disposition of this *Senatus Consultum* declared that the members of the Grand Council of the Legion of Honor should be Senators by right. The two brothers of Napoleon were thus principals in that noble institution charged with the distribution of all the recompenses, and, as members of the Senate, they of course possessed great influence in that body.

XI.

The Concordat with the Court of Rome was signed at the house of Joseph, on the 15th of July, 1801, by those whom the First Consul had designated as Plenipotentiaries, on the part of France, viz :—Joseph ; the Abbé Bernier, afterwards Bishop of Orleans ; and by the Minister of the Interior, Cretet. The Cardinals Gonsalvi, M. Spina, and Father Caselli, signed on behalf of the Pope. They met together informally at Joseph's residence, examined the documents, and concluded this great Treaty, the most important that the Court of Rome had ever made with France, or perhaps with any Christian power ; because it terminated one of the most frightful tempests that the Catholic religion had ever encountered. Nearly at the same time, the Treaty of Guarantee was signed with Austria, Russia, Prussia and Bavaria, which recognized and confirmed the various political changes that had taken place in the Germanic Empire. In this negotiation also, Joseph was invested with the full power of France.

The superb villa of Joseph in the vicinity of Paris, where important treaties were negotiated, was the seat of refined hospitality and domestic happiness. The following sketch from one of the most celebrated French writers is interesting, as affording testimony of a high character in favor of the subject of this personal history. It is taken from the preface to the grand folio edition of Bernardin de St. Pierre's immortal romance of "Paul and Virginia." What renders this homage to the merits of Joseph by St. Pierre still more valuable, is, that the author openly professed republican doctrines :—

"About a year and a half ago," [1804], says St. Pierre, "I was invited by one of the subscribers to the fine edition of Paul and Virginia, to come and see him at his country-house. He was a young father of a family, whose physiognomy announced the qualities of his mind. He united in himself everything which distinguishes a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and a friend to humanity. He took me in private, and said—'My fortune, which I owe to the nation, affords me the means of being useful ; add to my happiness by giving me an opportunity of contributing to your own.' This philosopher, so worthy of a throne, if any throne was worthy of him, was Prince Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte."

XII.

The camp at Boulogne, at first intended for the invasion of England, was formed in 1804. Napoleon invited Joseph to take part in that expedition. He accepted the command of a regiment, and repaired to the camp, where he contributed his full share to the spirit of concord and union which so remarkably distinguished that large body of officers, whose opinions and prejudices upon most subjects were far from harmonious. But Joseph was soon to be summoned to a more exalted sphere of action, and the residue of his public life was passed in the midst of those striking revolutions which characterized the career of Napoleon when he became the dispenser of thrones, and the arbiter of nations.

The senate and people of France, on calling Napoleon to the Empire in November, 1804, declared Joseph and his children heirs of the throne, on failure of Napoleon's issue. In the same year the Crown of Lombardy was offered to him. Declining, however, to renounce the political bonds which attached him to France, nor to enter into engagements which appeared to press hard upon Lombardy, he refused it. During the campaign of Austerlitz, he remained in the direction of affairs confided to him at Paris. A few days after that battle, he received orders from the Emperor to proceed to Italy and assume the command of the army destined to invade the kingdom of Naples.

XIII.

The Neapolitan forces had been augmented by fourteen thousand Russian, and several thousand English auxiliaries. At the head of forty thousand French troops, Joseph entered that kingdom in February, 1806, and arrived before Capua, which city after making a show of resistance, opened its gates. Eight thousand prisoners surrendered to the conquerors. The English and Russians effected a retreat, and King Ferdinand embarked for Sicily. He had created a Regency, who immediately entered into stipulations with Joseph for the surrender to the French of the capital and all the fortified posts. The siege of the fortress of Gaeta, which resisted, was begun, and General Regnier pursued the retreating Neapolitan army, which he overtook and defeated.

Joseph made his triumphant entry into Naples, the 15th of February, 1806, and was received with open arms by the people as their deliverer from the despotic rule of the Bourbons. He retained, however, in public stations, those who were commended to his favor. He organized a provisional administration at the Capital, and made a personal examination into the state of the kingdom ; inquiring also into the feasibility of an attempt upon Sicily. He commenced a tour, attended by a *corps d' elite* under the command of General Lamarque ; thus informing himself of the character, peculiarities and wants of the country and its inhabitants. He halted in all the villages, and entered the principal churches where the clergy so often assembled the people. The condition to which the country was reduced, favored his views in this investigation. Beneath the most enchanting sky, in the shade of the orange and the myrtle, he found the population in rags, and worn down by poverty and starvation, prostrated on the luxurious soil from which moderate industry might with ease obtain ample support—uttering the most abject supplications for charity and compassion. Nor was it difficult to perceive that these unhappy beings entertained the most absolute indifference as to political changes, owing to the conviction that whatever the result of the new order of things then announced to them might be, their own situation could by no possibility be rendered worse. So far had their former rulers been successful in desolating this fine country, and counteracting the bounties of Providence.

XIV.

It was during this journey that Joseph first received intelligence that the Emperor Napoleon had made him King of Naples, and that the other European Continental Sovereigns were disposed to do the same, within a short period. On his arrival at Palma, at the entrance of the Straits of Messina, he was forced to admit the impossibility of an expedition against Sicily. King Ferdinand had concentrated his forces there, and carried off with him all the means of transportation, even the smallest boats.

Thus compelled to postpone the attempt upon Sicily, Joseph continued his journey across that Magna Grœcia, once so celebrated and flourishing—then so humbled and degraded. His course led him along the shores of the Ionian Sea, through Catanzara, Cotroni, and Cassano. It was during this *progress* that he caused an examination to be made by engineers, into the practicability of a project, long since conceived, of uniting the Ionian and Tyrrhenian seas by a canal. Plans were drawn which might afterwards serve for use in that enterprise. He visited Tarentum and other parts of the kingdom, and returned to the Capital, where he was awaited by a deputation from the French Senate, appointed to offer the congratulations of that body, on his accession to the throne of Naples, and express the hope of his still retaining the dignities of Grand Elector and Prince of France. One of the deputation, Count Roéderer, accepted the department of Finance, at Naples, tendered him by Joseph, and skillfully availing himself of his aid and counsel, in reorganizing the fiscal affairs of the kingdom on a new basis, established a public credit which has maintained itself under all the changes that have subsequently occurred. Marshal Jourdan was retained in the office of Governor of Naples, to which he had been appointed by Napoleon.

Congratulations were tendered to the new monarch by all classes of his subjects. The clergy, led by Cardinal Ruffo, the nobility, and the people vied with each other in celebrating his arrival among them. The provinces united with the capital in expressing their satisfaction at the change of government.

XV.

The talents of Joseph for executive power were shown in the formation of his administration. He appointed a Council of State, composed of men, in the choice of whom he was guided by public opinion, without distinction of birth or party. The most celebrated lawyers were associated in the Ministry with nobles of the loftiest birth. The French whom he admitted to his Council, or his Court, were generally men who had been distinguished for their abilities in the National Assemblies of France. Such modifications and improvements as had been suggested by his unreserved conversations with men of all classes, were marked out for accomplishment in proper time. He held up to his Council of State as a model the French Revolution, but cautioned them to avoid its evils, while they improved upon the changes it had introduced. Upon all he enjoined strict justice and moderation, as the only true guides to the happiness of nations.

XVI.

But while projecting and attending to these salutary reforms, Joseph was aware that the war was not at an end.

The fortress of Gaeta kept a portion of the army employed; an English squadron was hovering on the coast; the Neapolitan troops, although beaten and dispersed, formed themselves into numerous bands which infested and pillaged the country. The Sicilian Court had instigated the landing of an English army at the Gulf of St. Euphemia, where part of the army of Joseph, commanded by Regnier, chiefly composed of Poles, was beaten—an occurrence which for a time fomented partial insurrections. Joseph concentrated the requisite means for reducing Gaeta, and in person superintended an attack upon that fortress, where he was assisted by the French army under Marshal Massena. The garrison of Gaeta, consisting of seven thousand men, capitulated, and Massena marched on Calabria, whence the English, on his approach, retired to Sicily. Massena then joined the army of Germany, and King Joseph appointed General Regnier to the government of Calabria. That officer defeated a body of six thousand Neapolitan troops which had been landed from Sicily. Various other successes attended the troops of King Joseph, and affairs began to assume a more settled aspect. The chiefs of the most active bands had fallen; all attempts to assassinate the new King had proved abortive. The National Guards which had been organized in all the provinces under the command of the wealthiest proprietors, who had all espoused the new regime, contributed to extinguish the flame of revolt, and to preserve the tranquillity of the country, as soon as the principal masses of his enemies had been beaten and dispersed by the army of King Joseph.

XVII.

Before returning to Naples, the king renewed his visit to the provinces, and persevered in the same course of inquiry and inspection as on the former occasion. Mingling freely with the inhabitants, he interrogated them as to their desires and wants—inquired into abuses—called unfaithful functionaries to a severe account—and by the strict impartiality he maintained, as well as the sincere interest he exhibited in the welfare of his subjects, inspired universal confidence, and secured a peaceful triumph over their hearts and affections. On developing his plans of reform to the Councillors of State, on his arrival at the Capital, Joseph found little difficulty in persuading his intelligent ministry that the individual good of each class was to be obtained by meliorating the condition of the whole. Few instances on record more strikingly exemplify the power of reason over the minds of the most bigoted than the events of this revolution. The principal nobles of the kingdom were among the first to applaud and sustain the projects of reform ; thus, feudal rights were abolished with their free consent, and the most enlightened prelates, also members of the Council of State, approved and voted for the suppression of the monastic orders, whose funds soon contributed to establish public credit on a solid basis. A judicious administration introduced order and system into the finances. The feudal judges, whose jurisdictions had been annulled, were for the most part selected for judicial appointments in the new royal institutions. In a word, the national welfare and regeneration were attained without blood or tears, or individual oppression. Although nothing was done by the people themselves, everything was done for the people by the government, and a revolution was thus effected without the convulsions attendant upon the sudden rising of an oppressed nation.

XVIII.

Among other reforms, Joseph prepared the advent of a new and enlightened age, by founding many civil and military colleges, and other institutions for male and female education, many of which are still existing. He opened high roads from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; he established several manufactories of arms; organized an army of twenty thousand men, in which the French military system was introduced; provisional regiments were raised, and the command of them generally conferred on the sons of the most influential citizens; a topographical bureau was organized under the learned geographer Zannoni; a splendid map of the kingdom was completed; fortified places and the ramparts of the cities were rebuilt and strengthened, and a portion of the Lazzaroni who infested the Capital, were embodied as a corps of laborers and employed on useful public works. Clothed, fed, and paid, their toil eventuated in the completion of a new avenue from the metropolis. The city was embellished, and a part of the population until then thought incorrigible, became active and industrious.

XIX.

The city of Naples, which had been wretchedly lighted, was, in the second year of Joseph's reign, completely lighted, in the style of the city of Paris, with reflectors. The hospitals established at this period were endowed out of the national funds, and the nobility received an indemnity for the feudal rights they had surrendered, in certificates, which were taken in payment for the national domains; the public debt was chiefly paid off, and its entire discharge secured by the creation and endowment of a sinking fund —a loan negotiated in Holland was guranteed, and its repayment assured in national certificates.

A Royal Academy, consisting of a body of learned men, divided into four classes, was established; in this institution, those of Herculaneum and Pompeii were merged. Painting, music, and other branches of the fine arts, were encouraged. The Academy of Painting soon numbered twelve hundred pupils. In honor of the national poet, the King made a formal visit to the house in which Tasso was born, at Sorrento, a town which can only be reached on horseback, by a road passing along the brink of a precipice. Joseph directed a collection to be made of all the editions of this celebrated poet, and to be deposited in the house, under the care of his nearest lineal descendant, to whom he granted an office under government. And to facilitate visits to this shrine of genius, he directed a convenient road to be opened.

A vast district in Apulia, called "Tavoliere di Puglia," belonging to the Crown, had been withheld from culture, and devoted to the pasturage of cattle and sheep, under a system by which government derived an annual income from it. The Council of State, at the suggestion of Joseph, caused this fertile and extensive territory to be sold, and it was thus brought into luxuriant cultivation, by agriculturists, to the great benefit of the public treasury.

XX.

From a wish to inspire the Neapolitan nobility with a taste for country life, the king presented lands to many of them, in the vicinity of his own residence at Capo di Monte. With the same view, and to promote agriculture, he created an Order to which persons of all pursuits and professions were admitted, and appointed a grand dignitary of the order in each province to reside on an agricultural establishment or model-farm. At the same time, he influenced the nobles to re-establish their ancient residences, and urged them to hold themselves forth as protectors of the country, and friends to the poor.

Under the former government, the most rigid etiquette prevailed at the Palace. The sovereign (of the House of Bourbon,) was accessible only to a very small number of favorites. Joseph, on the contrary, threw open his Palace to the nobility, to his ministers, to the councillors of state, the members of the tribunals, the municipality of Naples, and officers of the higher grades. From their families he daily selected the guests of his table. It was thus that he gained an influence over the minds and hearts of all classes of society, and the greatest changes were peacefully effected.

XXI.

Joseph presided in person at the meetings of the Council of State, and although at that period no regular Constitution existed in Naples, and his will was supreme, yet the instance was not found in which he adopted a decree, unless approved by a majority of votes in the Council, after a discussion in which uncontrolled liberty of debate was allowed. Speaking Italian with facility, he availed himself of this advantage, to develop and to support theories new to that people, but whose utility had been fully determined by experience in France.

When Joseph arrived in Naples, the revenues of the kingdom did not exceed seven millions of ducats; they were augmented by him, without oppression, to fourteen millions. The public debt which was one hundred millions, was reduced to fifty millions, and the means ascertained and secured for the extinguishment of the balance. His efforts at reform and improvement in all the departments of government, were crowned with entire success, and every species of national and individual prosperity was opening on Naples, in brilliant perspective, when the will of Providence removed him to a different scene, where greater exertions and sacrifices were demanded, and where, had he met with no fewer obstacles than he had encountered in Naples, he would in all probability have succeeded in regenerating another peninsula, also one of the fairest portions of Europe.

XXII.

It is interesting here to sum up the administration of Joseph in Naples, in the words of General Lamarque, who had been in his military service during this portion of his career. The letter from which we make this extract, was written by the General to Joseph, while the latter was in exile in America, and is dated, Paris, March 27, 1824 :—

"You do well to devote some time to your Memoirs. It appears to me that the most interesting part is that of your reign in Naples. You there realized that which Plato wished so much for, the good of humanity—a philosopher on a throne. I remember well, in your travels, how strongly you inculcated to the nobles the love of the people ; to the people, respect for the laws—toleration to the priests, and order and moderation to the army. Not being able to establish political liberty, you endeavored to make your people enjoy all the benefit of that municipal administration which you considered to be the foundation of all institutions.

"Under your administration, too short for a nation by which you were so much regretted, feudality was destroyed ; depredation and robberies ceased ; the system of taxation was changed ; order was established in the finances ; an administration created ; the nobles and the people reconciled ; roads constructed in every direction ; the capital embellished ; the army and navy re-organized ; the kingdom evacuated by the English; Gaeta, Scylla, Reggio, Marathea, and Amanthea taken. Your Memoirs will be a lesson to Kings."

XXIII.

Says Colletta in his History of the Realm of Naples—"The universal and voluntary recognition of the new King Joseph, flowed from no gratitude to him, for he had not yet sat upon the throne; nor from hopes inspired, because he was a conqueror, but from the enchantments of fortune and power. He took up the royal functions, king in everything but the name, styling himself in his Edicts, 'French Prince,' 'Grand Elector of the Empire,' and 'Commander-in-Chief of the Navy of Naples.' His first Edict was the Proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon, who, from the field of Schoenbrunn, flushed with victory and burning with revenge, said—'Soldiers! For ten years I have done everything to save the King of Naples—he has done everything to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi and Lodi, he could offer but feeble resistance—confiding in his promises, I was generous to him. The second confederation against France was broken at Marengo: the King of Naples, who had fomented that unjust war, left without allies, without defence, and abandoned in the Treaties of Luneville, recommended himself to me, although an enemy, and I pardoned him a second time. A few months ago, when you were before the gates of Naples, I suspected new treacheries from that Court, and could have defeated them while I took vengeance for old ones. But I was generous: I recognized the neutrality of Naples. I required your departure from that kingdom, and for the third time the House of the Bourbons was confirmed on the throne and saved. Shall we pardon the fourth time? Shall we confide again in a Court without faith, without honor, and without sense? No, no: the House of Naples has ceased to reign—its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my Crown. Soldiers! advance! Overwhelm in the waves, if they have the courage to await you, the weak battalions of the tyrant of the seas. Show to the world how we punish perjured faith. Haste to tell me that Italy is governed by my laws and by my colleagues; that the most beautiful country on the earth is freed from the yoke of the most perfidious of men; that the sacredness of treaties is vindicated; that the shades of my brave soldiers, returned from Egypt, escaped from the dangers of the sea, of the deserts and of battle-fields, but cruelly butchered in the ports of Sicily, are at last appeased. Soldiers! my brother is with you—repository of my thoughts and my authority: he has my confidence—give him yours.' The style of the proclamation, and the power of him who wrote it, reassured the Neapolitans against the vengeance of the Bourbons, in 1799."

XXIV.

Farther on, in his valuable work, Colletta says—"But let us refresh our spirits with some account of wise laws and beneficent institutions. The cabinet was reorganized; the ministry of foreign affairs was confided to the Marquis of Gallo, who had been ambassador of King Ferdinand at the Court of France. The rapid transition from one king to another—which was called treachery by the more severe—really arose in most instances by the hopes inspired by the Napoleon Empire, by the errors of the late king, by signs of prosperity in the beginning of the new reign, as well as from self-interest and the inconstancy of the age.

We were not then prepared for the most liberal institutions—for morals are more necessary than laws to make a people free. Nor does liberty advance by strides of revolution, but through grades of civilization ; and that legislator is wise who prepares the steps for its advancement, rather than he who thrusts society towards an ideal good to which the conceptions of the popular mind and the desires of the heart and the habits of society are not equal. We confess and we hope. Addicted to little progress, little will do for us Italians : we are too enlightened, and yet not enlightened enough for enterprises of liberty."

We have glanced at events in the provinces of Calabria. In the meantime, at Naples the financial administration was organized, public instruction was improved, feudalism was destroyed, the rights of primogeniture were abolished, the crown lands were divided, the tribunals were simplified, and many other beneficent changes were effected. Feudalism—which arose in conquest—monarchy, the semi-civilization of nations, and the natural pride of man, existed also in the two Sicilies, as it had taken root in the rest of Europe. The advent of the Napoleon power put an end to it in Sicily forever.

XXV.

In the vicissitudes of Neapolitan literature the unequal distribution of punishments or rewards destroyed their efficacy. It was the fortune of Giannoni to die in prison, of Campanella to be put to the torture, and of Giannoni Bruno—of schools and gymnasia—to be shot ; while some learned men were favored by fortune with the base life of courtiers, and some academies were tolerated for appearance' sake. Hence severe and frequent punishments, rare and ignoble rewards generated, during a period of adversity, universal ignorance, and but few learned men were left even to look down upon an ignorant people. Instruction was not public—it was not diffused—a blind policy was in the ascendant.

This unhappy error had existed for centuries, and we trace its malign influence through all the vicissitudes of Italian letters down to the period of the accession of Joseph.

To correct these evils other laws were enacted in 1806, prescribing that every city and village should have teachers of both sexes for boys and girls to learn reading, writing, the art of enumeration, and the duties of citizens; that every province should have a college for males and an institution for the other sex; that they should be taught some of the primary sciences, the fine arts, and the noble occupations of cultivated society; and that in the chief city of the kingdom there should flourish a university for high and liberal studies—a culminating pyramid of public instruction. Other laws established special schools—a royal polytechnique academy, one for the fine arts, one for the mechanic arts, one for the deaf and dumb, one for naval science, one for the arts of design, a society of surgery and medicine, and another of music. Some of these foundations were new, and others improved; but they were all endowed by the public treasury. The seminaries and private colleges for priests were preserved; and, although their reformation was intended, it awaited the opportunity of time; since the new King, in the midst of so many changes, did not wish to court new quarrels with the Pope. Private colleges seconded public instruction; and, although established for private advantages, they were favored by the government, subjected to its vigilance, and rewarded for their success. A decree instituted and munificently endowed an academy of history, antiquity, sciences and arts, which subsequently grew into importance, and was called "The Royal Society." Rewards and privileges were bestowed upon two other academies called "d'Incorraggimento" and "Pontaniana."

"The advantages of this system of public instruction, which I have shadowed out," says Colletta, "were the promulgation of intelligence through all ranks, so that no gift of genius or virtue should remain obscure because it could not show itself. The privilege of birth disappeared, for there were lodged in the same college the highest and the lowest of society, the sons of patricians and the sons of peasants. Letters were protected, schools multiplied, academies and lyceums were abundantly endowed. The learned were venerated and nobly sustained, but not enriched; for the excessive favors of princes, although advantageous to them, are fatal to science. Liberty of writing, entire property of copyright, are the encouragements and aliment of men of genius—anything else, more or less, is only hurtful."

XXVI.

For amusement or to visit the provinces, Joseph frequently left the city. Over the ruins of Cuma he said—"Thus, too, in the revolution of centuries, the monuments of the Emperor Napoleon will be buried." He visited in Sorrentum the house of Tasso, and, struck with its humble appearance, he ordered that before it a magnificent monument should be erected at the public expense. In Pompeii he purchased the lands which covered the city, only a small part of it at that time having been discovered. He stopped often in cities and villages and showed himself liberal, beneficent and clement. He invited the chief men to public council; and, by their vote, faithful officers displaced those that were odious, and the guilty were punished. He sent back to France one of his own generals, displaced an Intendant, raised an obscure priest to be a councillor of state, and created magistrates like those among the Romans.

Perhaps in no portion of the civilized world had justice been administered more unsatisfactorily than in Naples.

The legislation and edicts of past ages constituted a chaos of jurisprudence, if it be worth the name, and a mass of absurdity. Joseph announced and caused to be completed for the kingdom of Naples a new code, which corresponded in some measure, and in kind, with the stupendous code of Napoleon. When it was finished and was reduced to practice, a magnificent spectacle was exhibited throughout the kingdom—a magistracy in every commune, superior magistrates in central towns, and higher magistracies in the chief places of the provinces; causes were commenced and finished on the spot; judgment and judges stood by the interests of the people; despotic practices were suspended; hangers-on around the tribunals were banished, and deceptions, intimidations and torture, both of witnesses and the accused, were prohibited—And thus, the immense mass of errors of ancient jurisprudence, the fruits of eighteen centuries of Italian miseries, political convulsions and domestic wars, desolating conquests, invasions of barbarous nations, the haughtiness of the great, the servitude of the people, a dominion long despised by us, were in a moment swept away. In former times, when the laws were changed, it was an act of power—now it became one of reason; once the State domineered—now it governed; once it demanded only obedience—now it seeks the appreciation and favor of the people. Hence, in past times, even when jurisprudence happened to be perfect, it was but an instrument of quiet and of justice—from our times we see that it is destined to be in the future an instrument of high civilization. At last Joseph was summoned to France, and when he left, the manner of his departure indicated he was not to return. A month later, in an edict from Bayonne, he announced that he had been called by the providence of God to the throne of Spain and the Indies; that he left us with grief; that he seemed to have done little that he had contemplated for the good of the State, great as had been his cares and the efforts of his government; that he left, as a monument of his love, a political statute confirming the good effected by his means, and designed to produce still more beneficent changes.

XXVII.

In the meantime, error and not wisdom, disdain and not counsel, prevented the Neapolitans from carrying into effect the constitution which Joseph had left them; for the hundred notables, assembled in Parliament, made a virtue of talk, only in favor of the people—but the spirit of numerous assemblies, wherever they meet, is always the spirit of the times. Centuries of feudalism, of municipal liberty, of Papacy, and of the Crusaders, test it. Hence, had the Italians better understood their age, they would have found in the constitution which Joseph sent them, from Bayonne, a check on despotism. Such are the words of Colletta.

"In June, 1808, King Joseph's family left, and his suite set out for France three months after they had so unostentatiously settled in Naples. When it was known they were to leave, the great officers of the crown, the ministers, and councillors of state, the municipal authorities, generals, magistrates, societies and academies, crowded the court, to offer their auguries of felicity—It was the Queen of Spain who was leaving. Jourdan, a Marshal of the Empire, preceded the royal carriage on horseback, and it was followed by ambassadors of foreign powers, and a numerous *cortége*. An immense crowd of people increased the magnificence of the spectacle; and although this vast multitude had been drawn together from curiosity, it seemed to be public respect. Many knights and ladies of rank were dismissed at Avezia, and others at Capua; the ministers of state and councillors, and other distinguished personages, took leave of the Queen only at the frontier of the kingdom. Three ladies of high rank, a knight and a prince, accompanied the Queen to the end of her journey, and returned enriched by munificent presents. These pageants recall the often unhappy fate of the former queens of Naples. They were all born of powerful races, while Julie Clary, wife of King Joseph, was born at Marseilles, the daughter of an honorable merchant. Misfortune waited even on her, for after a brief felicity she fell from the throne—but she preserved her simplicity and her innocence. In these freaks and lacerations of fate one might perceive lessons to human pride, if haughty natures were ever helped by example. On the second of July the edict of Joseph was published, announcing his accession to his new kingdom, which he called a burden—and such he found it."

XXVIII.

Colleta thus sums up in the History of the Reign of Joseph, the character of the King :—" Learned, and a cultivator of French, Italian and Latin letters ; ignorant of sciences, expert in politics, in the French and modern acceptation, prudent in dangers, and if they increased, timid and cruel ; just in prosperity—as he was neither influenced by hope nor suspicion, encomiastic of simplicity and private life, a lover of pleasures and royal dissoluteness—honest in his conversation, and honest also in his actions, when necessity required it ; fond of stately living, obedient and devoted to his brother, the Emperor, and more careful to please him than to help his people. He was therefore fully equal to the office of an old king, and not equal to that of a new one. Joseph made Naples indebted to him for the suppression of convents, the division of real estate, and the consequent increase of the numbers of its possessors, the humbling of the Papacy, the establishment of equality among citizens, the sciences restored, scholars venerated, and civilization advanced. We now see the new civilization advancing through Europe, although opposed by the partisans of the old, who accuse constitutional governments of being timid or unskillful in the management of mankind; while the same civilization is growing like the oak in the forest, which neither dies because it is stripped of its leaves by the storms in winter, nor is shorn of its limbs by the axe or the thunderbolt, since it preserves in its own nature the secret of perpetuity."

XXIX.

King Joseph received a pressing invitation from Napoleon to meet him at Bayonne, whither the Emperor had repaired in June, 1808, to meet the Spanish princes. At an interview held with Napoleon some months previous, at Venice, during the Emperor's journey to Italy in the latter part of the year 1807, Joseph had been made acquainted with the feuds which distracted the reigning house of Spain, and of the embarrassments to which they would probably lead; still no definite resolution had been taken, and Joseph left Naples and his family, for Bayonne, in June, 1808, in the expectation of shortly returning thither. But he was met by Napoleon at a short distance from Bayonne, and informed by him that the affairs of Spain had assumed a highly critical character; that a reconciliation between the Spanish princes was impracticable; that to make an election between Charles IV. and his son Ferdinand, was attended with insuperable difficulty; for that the former refused to return to Spain without his favorite Godoy, the Prince of Peace, and that otherwise he preferred retirement in France—that Godoy had neither talents nor disposition to render the Spanish nation happy, or his government popular—that both the King and Queen chose rather to see a stranger ascend the throne than to cede it to Ferdinand—that neither Ferdinand nor any other Spaniard wished for the return of Charles, if he was determined to restore the reign of Godoy—and that they also would prefer a stranger to him—that he (Napoleon,) perceived that it would cost him a greater effort to sustain Charles, with Godoy, than to change the Dynasty—that no regeneration of Spain was practicable while the Bourbon Dynasty continued—that the first personages of the kingdom, in rank, information and character, assembled in a National Junta at Bayonne, were convinced of this truth—and that since destiny pointed out this course, and he then felt assured of accomplishing what he would not have voluntarily undertaken, he had nominated his brother the King of Naples, who was acceptable to the Junta, and would be so to the nation at large.

XXX.

Ferdinand had long since solicited one of Napoleon's nieces in marriage, but since his more intimate knowledge of that prince during his residence at Bayonne, the Emperor said he did not think proper to accede to his request. Napoleon further urged that the Spanish princes had departed for France—that they had ceded to him all their rights to the crown—that it was highly important that his brother should not hesitate, lest the Spaniards, as well as foreign monarchs, might suppose that he (Napoleon,) wished to encircle his own brows with this additional crown, as he had with that of Lombardy some years before, upon the refusal of Joseph to accept it.

While Joseph still hesitated, arguments of a different character were urged by Napoleon, who observed to him that his compliance would produce a reconciliation among the members of their own family; for in that case he proposed to place Lucien on the throne of Naples. [Joseph had made an attempt, in June, 1807, to restore harmony between Napoleon and Lucien, but no accommodation resulted from their interview, which was arranged at Mantua. In March, or April, 1808, Napoleon had proposed to his brother Louis to retire from the throne of Holland and accept the crown of Spain, but Louis declined the offer.] Napoleon finally appealed to more elevated feelings—he pointed out the glory Joseph would derive from restoring a great people like Spain to her rank among nations, by a course of policy compatible with the enlightened spirit of the age, and which his own good judgment would dictate.

XXXI.

This conversation contained matter for the serious reflection of Joseph; but when he arrived at Bayonne, the members of the Junta were all assembled at the chateau of Marrac; he was obliged to receive their addresses, to which he returned indefinite answers, still postponing his decision. On the following day he had interviews with the Duke del Infantado, and Cevallos, who were regarded as the warmest partisans of Ferdinand. The Duke observed, that the intelligence he had received from his agents at Naples satisfied him that if Joseph was destined to be to Spain what he had been to Naples, the entire nation would rally around him. Cevallos held nearly the same language to Joseph, who then received in succession all the members of the Junta, consisting of nearly one hundred persons. They painted in strong colors the evils which afflicted their country, and the facility which existed for their suppression. All expressed their anxious hopes that he would accept the crown, and thereby restore tranquillity and prosperity to their country, which had already, at Saragosso, and in several of the provinces, been whelmed in commotion, in consequence of a belief that Napoleon was seeking to annex Spain to France.

XXXII.

Joseph, thus assured, that he alone, by sacrificing the the throne of Naples to ascend that of Spain, appeared to unite all parties, yielded his own wishes and interests to accept the throne which was offered to him, and the post where the greatest peril existed. Duty, not ambition, conducted him to Spain. But he would not surrender the throne of Naples, until he had obtained the guarantee of the Emperor Napoleon that the institutions he had introduced should be made permanent. Joseph then abdicated the crown of Naples, June, 1808, having reigned in that kingdom a little over two years. He was succeeded a few days after by Murat.

The decree of Napoleon, by which Joseph was named "King of Spain and the Indies," was dated June 6, 1808. A constitution founded on nearly the same principles as had been secured to Naples was adopted by the Junta at Bayonne, for Spain, and also guaranteed by the Emperor. Joseph and the members of the Junta swore fidelity to it, believing that if carried into effect it would have sufficed for the regeneration of the Spanish people. The recognition of national sovereignty represented in the Cortes, the independence of their powers, the demarcation of the patrimony of the crown and the public treasure, might have proved sufficient to extricate Spain from the abyss into which she had so long been sinking.

XXXIII.

The accession of Joseph to the throne of Spain was notified by Cevallos as Secretary of State, to the foreign powers, by all of whom, with the exception of England, he was formally recognized. The Emperor of Russia even added felicitations to his acknowledgment, founded on the estimation in which he held the personal character of the new King. Ferdinand too, wrote him letters of congratulation, and solicited him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage. The oath of allegiance of the Spaniards, who were with Ferdinand in France, was annexed to these letters.

On the 9th of July, 1808, Joseph crossed the Spanish frontiers. He was attended by the grandees of Spain who had met at Bayonne, and a numerous suite. Upon his entry into Madrid, [the 12th of July,] he found the people greatly exasperated at the events of the 2d of May, 1808, when a part of the royal family was removed from Madrid and sent to Bayonne, and hostilities took place between the people and the French army then in Madrid, under Murat. A stranger to all that had happened, Joseph endeavored to conciliate public opinion, and convened at the palace an assemblage of persons from the different classes of society; entered into conversation with them, and explained to them his motives, views and intentions. The current of popular feeling was turned in his favor; but the flattering hopes created by these gleams of popular favor were soon dissipated by the intelligence which reached Madrid, of the capitulation of the French army at Baylen—an event that rendered necessary the retreat of Marshal Bessiere's army, which three weeks before had fought and won the battle of Rio Seco. Joseph was of course under the necessity of accompanying them; and he left Madrid ten days after he had entered it, directing the Minister of Justice, Pinuella, Cevallos, and the Duke del Infantado, to ascertain the feelings of the chiefs of the Spanish army who had conquered at Baylen. Besides the disaster which befel the French army at that place, General Junot had been compelled to capitulate in Portugal, and thus left the English and Portuguese forces disposable. The Spaniards flocked in from all quarters against the French army, which was unable to resume offensive operations until the month of November.

XXXIV.

The battles of Tudela, Burgos, and Sommo Sierra, by which the Spanish armies were beaten and dispersed, opened again the gates of Madrid. Napoleon had hastened to the seat of war, and joined Joseph at his head-quarters at Vittoria, and directed the movements of the French army, in November, 1808. The march of the English army to Galicia, and the threatening aspect of affairs with Austria, soon summoned the Emperor away, and he left Spain in January, 1809, intrusting to Joseph the command of the French forces in his kingdom. He had entered Madrid with the French army commanded by General Belliau, which took possession of the city on the 4th of December. Napoleon issued a proclamation, setting forth his desire to be the regenerator of the Spanish nation. But in case his mild and healing mediation should be again refused, he declared he would treat them as a conquered people, and place his brother on another throne: "I will in that case, (said he in this Document), set the crown of Spain on my own head, and I shall know how to make it respected; for God has given me the power and the will to surmount all difficulties."

XXXV.

Joseph returned to Madrid the 22d of January, 1809, and formed a ministry and council of state, the members of which he selected with entire deference to public opinion. He pledged himself for the convocation of the Cortes, and for the evacuation of Spain by the French troops, as soon as the country should be pacified. "If I love France as my family," said he, "I am devoted to Spain as to my religion." Pursuing a course of policy similar to that he had followed in Naples, he recognized the existing public debt of Spain, and endeavored to provide means for its payment—gave facilities for the secularization of monks—inspected in person unfinished works of internal improvement—promoted enterprise, and gave aid and countenance to national industry in its various departments.

The earliest military occurrences of his reign were also propitious. Saragossa surrendered to Marshal Lannes; Marshal Victor was victorious at Medelin, and Joseph himself, at the head of his guard and a division of the French army, drove the army of Venegas beyond the Sierra Morena. But this state of things soon underwent a change. A British army under Wellesley, (afterwards Lord Wellington), advanced from Portugal; a Portuguese army, under Marshal Beresford, marched on the Upper Duero; and the main Spanish army, under General Cuesta, crossed the Tagus, at Almanez, to form a junction with the English.

XXXVI.

To frustrate the intention of the Allied Generals to concentrate their forces, Joseph resolved to attack them at a distance from Madrid. He advanced with all his disposable force—the French troops being under the command of Marshal Victor. The Spaniards, however, succeeded in forming a junction with the English at Talavera, on the 27th July, 1809—their numerical force being double that of the French ; but the latter determined on an attack, and a bloody action ensued. Talavera was evacuated by the Spaniards, but the British troops held their position. Yet, upon the whole, the result of the action was favorable to the French the allies were checked, and Joseph having made a rapid movement on the *Val de Moro*, the Spanish army of Venegas, which had crossed the Tagus, now abandoned its designs upon Madrid, and retired. The army of Venegas, thirty thousand strong, was subsequently, on the 4th of August, attacked at Almonacid, dispersed and destroyed by the French, under Marshal Jourdan.

XXXVII.

Other successes favorable to the cause of Joseph followed. Having returned to Madrid he received intelligence that fifty thousand Spaniards had entered La Mancha ; he marched against them and defeated them at Ocana. In other parts of Spain, the French commanders had been successful, and Joseph determined to profit by these smiles of fortune. At the head of a force of sixty thousand men, he defeated the Spaniards at the foot of the Sierra Morena. Cordova surrendered to the French, as did also Grenada, Jaen and Seville ; and Marshal Victor advanced on Cadiz. The Allies prepared for a vigorous defence of that city ; a protracted siege was expected, and Joseph returned to Madrid, leaving the army under the command of Marshal Soult.

At Cordova, Joseph pledged himself, without reserve, that as soon as the English evacuated the Peninsula, the French armies should also leave it, and that he would follow in their steps, unless retained by the sincere wishes of the nation, when enlightened as to its true interests. He stated that the nation could never enjoy a greater share of liberty than the King wished it to possess, inasmuch as he never could feel himself truly her King until Spain was truly free, and delivered from the presence of all foreign armies.

At Seville, Joseph was received with enthusiasm. When he was at St. Mary's, in front of Cadiz, he gave assurance to the Spanish chiefs there assembled, of his intention to assemble immediately a Cortes at Grenada, in which the various influential classes should be represented. To this national assembly he would submit a single question to discuss—viz : "Do we, or do we not, accept the constitution, and the king offered to us by the Junta of Bayonne?" If the negative was pronounced, Joseph would leave Spain, as he was determined to reign, if at all, by the consent of the people.

XXXVIII.

But the French Government was becoming weary of the enormous sacrifices which attended the war in Spain. They thought that the system pursued by them in other countries ought to be followed in Spain ; and that from the country itself those resources should be drawn which were required to sustain the war. Joseph, on the contrary, forbade exactions on the people, as naturally tending to alienate the Spaniards from his government, and required that France should continue to provide for the exigences of her troops. At this time a measure was adopted by Napoleon which was at variance with the line of policy pursued by Joseph. By an imperial decree, military governments were established in the provinces of Spain, and French generals were placed at the head of these administrative juntas, and the Spanish Intendant was reduced to the position of Secretary. By a decree, issued in February, 1810, by the French Emperor, the provinces of Catalonia, Arragon, Biscay, and Navarre, were organized into four distinct governments, and the military government of each was charged with the entire direction of its affairs. In a letter to the French Ambassador at Madrid, the Duke de Cadore, Napoleon's Secretary, thus explained his purpose:—"The intention of the Emperor is to unite to France the whole left bank of the Ebro, and perhaps as far as the Dóuro. One of the objects of the present decree is to prepare for that annexation; and you will take care, without letting fall a hint of the Emperor's designs to pave the way for such change, and facilitate all the measures which his majesty may take to carry it into execution."

XXXIX.

The state of things produced by these Decrees could not fail to destroy all the good effects in Joseph's favor of the successful campaign of Andalusia, in 1810—a campaign, planned and executed by the King himself, with the co-operation of Marshal Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, who commanded the French army in this part of Spain. Abandoning now all hopes of bringing about the surrender of Cadiz, by the conciliatory measures he had employed, Joseph left the army of Soult, and visited the eastern part of Andalusia. In the course of this journey, he expressed to the deputations from Grenada, Jaen and Malaga, his firm resolution never to consent to any dismemberment of the Spanish territory, or to any sacrifice whatever of national independence.

XL.

On his return to Seville, the King issued decrees prescribing territorial divisions, organizing the civil administration within these districts, and directing the formation of National Guards. He returned to Madrid in June, 1810, after an absence of five months.

The solicitude of Joseph respecting the decrees and intentions of Napoleon was so much awakened, by the information which had transpired, that, to avert the stroke as far as possible, he dispatched M. Aranza, an able Spaniard, zealous for the interests of his country, to Paris, under the pretence of congratulating his brother, on his marriage with Maria Louisa, in the spring of 1810. Aranza, having instructions to ascertain the views of the Emperor, and to expostulate against measures injurious to Spain, found on his arrival at Paris, that the expense of the war in Spain was the great subject of complaint with the French Cabinet. The Duke de Cadore declared that it was the wish of the Emperor to demand as his right, indemnities in the shape of territory. Aranza pleaded for the integrity of Spain, and urged the obligation of the Emperor to sustain his brother on the throne where he had placed him. He was told, that King Joseph would do well to remember that Ferdinand, who was then in the power of the Emperor, would make no scruple to cede the required provinces, if acknowledged as King. Aranza returned, downcast, to Madrid.

Another decree was issued by the Emperor, May 29, 1810, forming two additional military governments, and with the former ones, embracing the whole territory north of the Douro. To Marshal Soult, by another decree, was given the exclusive direction of the army, and the provinces south of the Sierra Modena.

XLI.

Such was the destitution to which the Court of Madrid was reduced at the close of 1810, that in January, 1811, Joseph intimated to Napoleon that the French Marshals intercepted his revenues, disregarded his orders, insulted his government, and oppressed and ruined the country. Although he would never oppose the Emperor's will, he declared he would not live a degraded king, and therefore he was ready to resign, unless the Emperor would remedy the evils of which he complained. Napoleon interposed so far as to afford partial but insufficient relief. Joseph therefore, [May, 1811,] set out for Paris, with his resignation prepared, to lay before his brother. The Emperor induced him to return to Spain, by the positive assurance that the military governments should soon cease, stating that the system had already wrought a good effect upon the English government, who offered to withdraw their army from Portugal, if the French troops would evacuate Spain. England would also recognize King Joseph, if the Spanish nation did, and if France would consent to recognize the House of Braganza, in Portugal. The different military districts were to be placed under the command of Joseph—the Cortes convened—and the French armies to evacuate Spain, as soon as the King was satisfied that their presence was no longer necessary. The army of the Centre was to be placed under the control of the King, and one million of francs monthly was to be paid him from the treasury of France toward the support of his Court and Government.

XLII.

In the hope of a successful issue of the negotiation with England, and of the faithful execution of the promises and guarantee of the Emperor, Joseph returned to Madrid, [July, 1811,] and had every reason to be gratified with his reception.

Our limits do not permit us to dwell on the events of the war which followed his return to his Capital. Marshal Massena, who had entered Portugal at the head of a division of the French army, 75,000 strong, after taking Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, was compelled, [March, 1811,] to withdraw his troops, then reduced by sickness, forced marches, and want of provisions, to 35,000. He re-entered Spain, and retreated to Salamanca. The English, under Lord Wellington, no longer held in check by the army of Portugal, advanced into Spain, occupied Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, the latter having surrendered to the French under Soult, in March, 1811. While Soult and Victor had been occupied with the blockade of Cadiz, Suchet commenced decisive operations in the East of Spain, supported by a covering army under Macdonald. Tortosa, on the Ebro, yielded to the French army on the 2d of Jan., 1811; Taragona, on the Mediterranean, surrendered to Suchet on the 29th of June; Saguntum, on the 26th of October; and Valencia, on the 9th of January, 1812. This latter conquest made the French masters of all that portion of the Peninsula, and placed in their hands an immense quantity of artillery and military stores. But, on the other hand, by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, the English under Wellington gained possession of 320 pieces of artillery, a large quantity of military stores, and a road was opened to the heart of Spain for the British army. Marshal Victor, the remainder of the Imperial Guard, and several regiments of the line were recalled to France. All hopes of a negotiation with England had vanished; partial insurrections multiplied; new guerrillas were formed, who were subsidized by the English, and fostered by the exasperation of the inhabitants; and communications became more difficult. Navarre was ravaged by the band of Mina, the Spanish general—now swelled to an army, and famine was laying waste the Capital and the Provinces.

XLIII.

Such was the gloomy state of affairs, when King Joseph addressed the following letter to Napoleon :—

"MADRID, March 23, 1812.

"TO THE EMPEROR :

"SIRE,—When, a year ago, I requested your Majesty's advice relative to my return to Spain, you urged my going back, and consequently I am now here. You were kind enough to say, that I should always have the power of leaving this country, if the hope we had indulged was not realized. In that case your Majesty assured me an asylum in the centre of the Empire, between which and Mortefontaine I might divide my residence. Sire, events have deceived my hopes ; I have done good, and I have no longer a hope of being of any service. I pray your Majesty then to permit me to place in your hands my right to the Crown of Spain, which you deigned to transmit to me four years ago. In accepting this crown, I had no object in view but the welfare of this vast Monarchy. It has not been in my power to accomplish it. I pray your Majesty to receive me as one of your subjects, and to believe that you will never have a more faithful servant than the friend whom nature gave you. JOSEPH."

We may well understand that the Emperor could not accept this abdication, for he was extremely anxious to put an end to the war with Spain, in order that it should not interfere with his projects. Previous to setting out on his Prussian campaign, in the spring of 1812, he manifested his continued confidence in Joseph by investing him with the command of all the armies in Spain. Under such circumstances, he was compelled by a sense of honor to remain at the post conferred on him, now become one of difficulty and danger.

XLIV.

His first operations were successful; and by a skillful junction of his forces, under Marshal Jourdan, Soult, and other French generals, he discomfited the combined English, Spanish and Portuguese, on the field of Arapiles, (Salamanca), taking five or six thousand prisoners. In this battle, Joseph was at the head of more than 100,000 men. Lord Wellington had entered Madrid on the 12th of August, but left it on the 1st of September, and Joseph again entered his Capital on the 3d of November, remaining, however, but a single day, previous to the battle above mentioned.

The French army was soon weakened by the loss of thirty thousand men, who were recalled to France, and Joseph received a positive order from Napoleon to leave Madrid, and take up the line of the Douro. The relations of France and Russia made obedience to this order a matter of duty. Compliance was unavoidable, and Joseph immediately set out for Valladolid. His departure was the signal for the advance of Spaniards, Portuguese and English, on the French army—enfeebled by the loss of its best officers and men.

The King remained no longer at Valladolid than was necessary for assembling the different corps that were on the Tormes, when he resumed his march. Leaving Burgos, he passed the Ebro, and took up a position before Vittoria; where on the 21st June, 1813, he was attacked by the combined armies under Lord Wellington, and compelled to retreat. The loss of the French was immense—in men, artillery and military stores; the military chest, containing five and a half million of dollars, with Joseph's private carriage, also fell into the hands of the victors.

XLV.

Pressed by the solicitations of more than two thousand Spanish families who had followed his fortunes, Joseph had sent an escort before the battle, to accompany them to France, where they arrived in safety. Leaving a garrison of four thousand men in Pampeluna, the King effected his retreat in good order. The troops of General Foy and other forces were united to the mass of the French army, which thus became raised to fifty thousand. But Spain was lost. In the north, the victories of Bautzen and Lutzen laid the spirit of the storm for the moment; but all the strength of France was insufficient to resist the hosts who had conspired against her Emperor. The French armies were withdrawn from the peninsula. Joseph proceeded to Paris, and at the instigation of Napoleon, renounced all right to the Crown of Spain. It was agreed that Ferdinand should return to his dominions. Blaquiere, an English writer, says that there was at this period a party in the Cortes (acknowledging Ferdinand VII. at Cadiz,) who wished to transfer the Crown of Spain to the head of Lord Wellington; and that his fears, lest such an event should take place, greatly influenced the conduct of the French Emperor. It was also said, that had it not been for his anxiety to conciliate the people of Spain, Napoleon would have restored Charles IV. instead of his son.

XLVI.

A Treaty was concluded between Napoleon and Ferdinand, at Valencay, [the 11th December, 1813], by which the latter was recognized as legitimate Sovereign of Spain, stipulating among other provisions, that those who had followed the fortunes of Joseph, or had held places of trust under him, should be reinstated in their dignities, and have their confiscated property restored. As the Regency appointed by the Cortes would not acknowledge any stipulations entered into between the Royal Family and Napoleon, while the former remained in France, the Treaty was returned without being ratified. A correspondence took place between Ferdinand and the Regency, and while it was carried on, Napoleon, relying on the good faith of the former, decided that he should return to his dominions, without any further guarantee than his own promise to fulfill the conditions of the Treaty. Ferdinand therefore returned to Spain in the spring of 1814, and entered the Capital in May. To the Spaniards who had accompanied Joseph to France, he gave the assurance that they should soon return to their native country. But he proved false and treacherous to them, to the Cortes, and their adherents. He dissolved the Cortes, re-established despotism, and restored the Inquisition; the party who had sustained King Joseph, (called *Afrancesdos*), were subjected to a series of persecutions. Joseph's adherents embraced thirty thousand of the first families of Spain, who were treated by Ferdinand as a distinct and degraded portion of the people, and those refugees who were in France were prohibited from returning to their native country. It was not until the Revolution of 1820 that the Afrancesdos obtained permission even to cross the frontier and return to their families.

XLVII.

Blaquiere, the English author before referred to, in his History of the Spanish Revolution of 1820, expresses the most favorable opinion of the beneficial effects of King Joseph's reign in the peninsula, and the rectitude of his intentions, as well as the patriotism of his Spanish adherents, during that turbulent period.

"As to the Constitution of Bayonne," he says, "most of its articles were unexceptionable. The avowed object of Napoleon was to convene the Cortes, which had, it is well known, been suspended by the Kings of the Austrian Dynasty, and completely set aside during that of the Bourbons. This admission of a National Congress, elected by the people, presented a sure barrier against arbitrary power. Unlike the former system, the executive and legislative power were to be separated; the judges declared independent of the Crown, and such other measures adopted as were most likely to check the growth or admit the possibility of public abuses. To prove that these were not idle promises, it is sufficient to add, that the abolition of the Inquisition; appropriation of church lands to the payment of the public creditor, and wants of the state; sale of national domains; the formation of civil and criminal codes; public instructions removed from those Gothic piles in which it had been confined by the depraved and despotic taste of priests and schoolmen; lastly, a powerful influence given to arts, manufactures and commerce—such, and various others equally salutary, were amongst the immediate results of the new government, though produced during the distractions of a rancorous war. With respect to the Ministers of King Joseph, it would have been impossible for the most ardent friend of Spain to make a more excellent selection. They consisted of men who had been long distinguished for the liberality of their sentiments, literary acquirements, and superior talents, in all the branches of political knowledge. Most of them had filled very high offices under Charles IV., and were all more or less exposed to persecution during his reign, for their efforts in favor of reform.

"Besides the solemn ties which bound the adherents of Joseph to him as King, this Prince, in addition to an irreproachable private character, and those public virtues which he was known to have displayed while at Naples, his engaging address, conciliating manners, and evident determination to carry the promised reforms into effect, had won the hearts of many who were at first violently opposed to his accession. Will not posterity inquire whether, had Joseph Bonaparte been accepted, it is in the nature of probabilities, the inquisition, convents, church property, and those interminable abuses which followed their restoration in 1814, would have been revived, then or at any other period of the new dynasty?

"It was a saying of the Emperor, in speaking of the Spanish people, that their descendants would one day raise altars to his name. Whatever objections may have been made to the particular mode in which Napoleon effected the regeneration of this country, it will doubtless be enough for posterity to know that the honor belonged to him alone; the principle was unquestionably paramount to every other consideration, and if there ever existed a case in politics or morals wherein the end justified the means, that of rescuing a whole people from the lowest and most abject state of misery and degradation is certainly not among the least exceptionable.

"I cannot help observing that the spoliations of human lives and territory effected by the various European Congresses, held since the abdication of Napoleon, run the risk of being regarded in an infinitely worse light by future generations, than his enterprise against Spain; inasmuch as that the latter was undertaken for the avowed and express purpose of improving the institutions of an enslaved people, weighed down by centuries of oppression, and of whom numbers of the most virtuous and enlightened espoused the cause of the foreign Prince; whereas, it is well known, that neither Poland, Naples, Genoa, Lombardy, Venice, Saxony, Ragusa, Sicily, nor Spain herself, were restored to their old masters for any other purpose than the renewal of the former tyrannies, destroyed by the victorious arms of Bonaparte."

XLVIII.

The War in the Peninsula ended after six years of continual struggle, and was one of the most sanguinary conflicts on record. It cost the French about 250,000 men, and it was a heavy drain upon the imperial treasury. The British losses in men and money were also great, and the sacrifices of the Spaniards and Portuguese were in due proportion. But Spain suffered most in the restoration of the Bourbons, and the check given to those salutary reforms which had been introduced by Napoleon and Joseph, and, if carried out, would doubtless have elevated her in the scale of nations.

"Joseph's policy, (says Louis Napoleon, in an essay on his life and character), which best suited the goodness of his heart and the philosophical turn of his mind, was all pacific. Events only obliged him to be a soldier. Although he was not wanting in courage or the decision of character requisite in the critical events of the war; he could not always impress on the different corps of the army that necessity for union so indispensable to success. Still, Joseph did all the good in his power in the short interval that the cares of the war left him, and his efforts were especially directed to the avoidance of bloodshed, and to receiving the crown with the free consent of the Spanish people. Supported by the consent of all the Spaniards assembled at Bayonne, Joseph thought that the Iberian soil was equally ripe for regeneration as that of Naples had proved. Faithful to his original principles, wishing to make use of gentle methods only for establishing his authority, he begged his brother to withdraw all the French troops from Spain, feeling certain of obtaining the support of the people without foreign troops, and trusting to the success of a frank appeal to the chivalrous character of the Spaniards. If the course of events warred against this proposition, we must at least acknowledge its grandeur, and that it was not power alone that Joseph coveted, but the welfare of Spain."

XLIX.

At St. Helena, Napoleon informed Las Casas, that towards the close of the year 1813, he yielded to the former proposal of Ferdinand to choose a wife for him, and his marriage with the eldest daughter of Joseph was decided upon; but circumstances had then changed, and Ferdinand was desirous that the marriage should be deferred. "You can no longer," he observed, "support me with your arms, and I ought not to make my wife a title of exclusion in the eyes of my people." The Emperor assured Las Casas, that had the affairs of 1814 turned out differently, Ferdinand would unquestionably have accomplished his marriage with Joseph's daughter.

In January, 1814, when Napoleon left, to put himself at the head of the army in Germany, he appointed Joseph Lieutenant-General of the Empire, and placed him at the head of the Council of Regency, which was to assist the Empress Regent, Maria Louisa. If the events of the war should intercept all communication between the Imperial head-quarters and Paris, and the Capital be approached by the enemies of France, Joseph had instructions from the Emperor, to remove the Empress and her son, and to proceed with them to the Loire. The letter, on this subject, from Napoleon, is as follows:

"Rheims, 16th March, 1814.

"To King Joseph:

"Agreeable to the verbal instructions I have given to you, as well as to the spirit of all my letters, you must not, in any case, suffer the Empress and the King of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. I am about to maneuvre in such a manner that it is possible you may be some days without having news from me. If the enemy advances upon Paris, with such a force that all resistance would be impossible, send off in the direction of the Loire, the Regent, my son, the grand Dignitaries, the Ministers, the officers of the Senate, Presidents of the Council of State, great officers of the Crown, with the Baron de la Bouillerie, and the Treasurer. Do not quit my son for a moment—and recollect, that I would prefer learning that he was in the Seine, than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner amongst the Greeks, has always seemed to me to be the most unhappy one recorded in history.

"Your affectionate Brother, Napoleon."

L.

When the Allied Army approached Paris, Joseph consulted with the Ministers and Council of State, and it was decided that the government should be removed to Chartres, and thence to the Loire. The Empress and her son, with the Court, were sent to Chartres on the 28th of March. The next morning, Joseph accompanied by the Ministers of War and others, left Paris to investigate the actual state of affairs. After the battle of the 30th, in which the troops outside of Paris were driven in by the Allies, Marshal Marmont told Joseph that he was too weak to defend the Capital, and Joseph authorized him to treat for a suspension of arms, and the preservation of the city. Passing through Versailles, Joseph ordered the cavalry in that city to follow him, and proceeded to Chartres, where he found the Empress, and escorted her to Blois.

After Napoleon's abdication at Fontainbleau, Joseph and his brother Jerome thought of removing the Empress and the regency to the south of France; but the Empress refused, and was supported in her refusal by the members of the household. Soon after, she rejoined her father, the Emperor of Austria, the regency was dissolved, and Joseph set out for Switzerland, where he purchased the estate of Prangins, near Lausanne, on the banks of Lake Leman. From thence he corresponded with Napoleon at Elba, and with Murat at Naples. He was said to have advised Murat to declare war against Austria, in 1815, so as to make a diversion in favor of Napoleon. He informed his brother, the Emperor, that several assassins had been sent from Paris to Elba to murder him. This warning caused the arrest of two persons in that island, who acknowledged their criminal intentions, and named the instigators of the affair.

LI.

During the Hundred Days, Joseph entered confidentially into the plans and hopes of the Emperor. On hearing of the arrival of his brother at Grenoble, on his return from Elba, he hastened to join him; and taking with him his daughter, he arrived at Paris the 22d of March. He suggested to Napoleon the idea of sending a confidential person to Pozzo-di-Borgo, to make the effort to gain him over to his cause, and to use his influence to divide the coalition at the Congress of Vienna. The Envoy, who was the bearer of five million of francs and the promise of a high station in Corsica, arrived too late. Pozzo-di-Borgo, tempted by these offers, replied, "I have just left the Congress—I have exerted all my powers to stir up the Congress against the Emperor. I cannot now undo what I have done. Why did you not arrive some hours sooner?"

The wife of Joseph, and Hortense, the ex-Queen of Holland, were among the ladies who welcomed Napoleon at the Tuilleries on his return from Elba. Joseph, as a Prince of France, took his seat in the House of Peers, while his brother Lucien sat in the Chamber of Deputies. In these positions they acted during the absence of Napoleon at the Field of Waterloo. After the disastrous result of the campaign and the return of the Emperor, followed quickly by his abdication in June, Joseph and Lucien succeeded in influencing the Chambers to decide in favor of the continuance of the Empire, and Napoleon the Second, in whose favor his father had abdicated, was proclaimed Emperor of the French. The ex-Emperor declared, that, if his son was recognized as his successor, his political life would close, and that he would retire as a private individual to the United States. The proclamation of the King of Rome as Emperor, however, proved a delusion, and in a few days the Bourbons returned to Paris. Two frigates—the Saale and Medusa—were placed by the provisional government at the disposal of Napoleon, and they were anchored under the batteries of the Isle of Aix. But his hesitation and delay made the provision useless.

While he was on the road to Rochefort, Joseph had come incognito to Niort, to take leave of his brother, after which he set out for Saintes, intending to retire to a country-seat in the interior of France, to await the determination of the fate of his family. Joseph was compromised by one of the *garde du corps*, who raised a mob against him and some persons in the suite of the Emperor, on their way to Saintes. The movement was suppressed by the National

Guard, who caused both the persons and carriages to be set at liberty.

LII.

On the 13th July, Joseph went to the Isle of Aix, once more to embrace his brother, and bid him farewell. He had made sure of his own departure from Bourdeaux to America, and he now came to beseech him to take advantage of their close resemblance, to offer to remain in his stead in the Isle of Aix, and to assure him that his departure from Bourdeaux and his voyage to America would meet with no obstacles whatever, as his measures were well taken. The Emperor declined this generous offer. He would not consent that his brother should expose himself to dangers which belonged to his destiny alone; and therefore he forced Joseph to leave the Isle of Aix, and gain the mouth of the Gironde, whilst the communications were still sufficiently open, he might avoid the risk of falling into the hands of the royalists.

Taking, therefore, a final adieu of his brother, Joseph, after lingering in the vicinity of Rochefort until he heard from Bertrand that Napoleon was on board of the Bellerophon—proceeded to Bourdeaux, where he embarked in an American brig bound for Charleston, S. C. The vessel landed him at New York in September following. His wife and daughters remained in France. The dread of a sea-voyage prevented the former from ever crossing the Atlantic, to join her husband in his exile.

LIII.

On his arrival at New York, he found all the hotels thronged with guests; Mr. Jennings of the City Hotel told him that he had given his last suite of rooms to Mr. Clay, who had just returned from the mission to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent. When Mr. Clay heard of the circumstance he immediately introduced Joseph to his apartments; and as they entered the room where dinner for Mr. Clay's party had been provided, the American statesman said, "And here is a dinner ready *for yourself* and your *suite.*" The courteous offer was accepted, and an acquaintance so pleasantly begun, ever after continued. He traveled extensively through the United States, and was everywhere received with the respect and attention which Americans always show to strangers of distinction, particularly to those who seek an asylum among us. Chiefly from his civil list while in Naples and Madrid, he had saved a large fortune. A large proportion of the funds he brought with him to America he invested in public securities and in real estate, the latter for the most part ending disastrously.

Having decided to fix his residence in New Jersey, he applied to the Legislature of that State for permission to hold real estate. His request was immediately complied with, and the announcement made to him officially in a cordial letter from Governor Dickerson.

A similar act was also passed [July, 1825,] by the Legislature of New York. In his petition the Count states, that "he is not in a position to profit by the law which offers him the honorable and precious title of an American citizen, and thereby confer upon him the right of holding land. He must continue to be a Frenchman."

These facts are interesting, inasmuch as they show the kind disposition entertained towards Joseph in this country and that he considered himself as possibly in temporary exile, awaiting in America the change of events in Europe, which might recall the Napoleon Dynasty to power, and therefore forbade his expatriation by becoming an American citizen.

The place selected for his country-residence lay on the bank of the Delaware, at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, N. J., about twenty miles north-east of Philadelphia. He purchased nine or ten adjoining farms, laid out and adorned an extensive park, built roads and bridges, and erected a vast edifice, on the plan of an Italian palace, with a court-yard open on one side. This superb mansion was enriched by his entire collection of paintings, busts, statues, precious stones, ancient relics, and curiosities, which he had amassed in France, Italy and Spain. Every luxury which wealth could purchase, and every appliance of comfort and taste, which art, learning and refinement could suggest, adorned and embellished this Palatial seat of hospitality. At Bordentown alone he expended on his estate nearly a million of dollars. He had brought with him most of his old secretaries and servants; they remained faithfully attached to him through life, and those he had not enriched while living were left independent at his death.

LIV.

He maintained the same domestic habits as in former years. Like all the Bonapartes, he rose early, and did his work in the morning. He remained in his library, engaged in reading and writing, till eleven, when he met his friends at breakfast, which usually occupied half an hour. He then generally went over his grounds, to give directions about the improvements in progress. Dinner came at five o'clock; and his table was almost sure to be surrounded by distinguished guests.

Of all his brothers, Joseph looked most like the Emperor. He was exactly five feet nine inches and a half in height. His manners were full of grace, elegance, and blandness; his heart was full of humane feelings; his mind was well balanced, and all his views of life were moderate and cheerful. Wherever he was known he was respected; and those who loved him once loved him always.

In his new residence he at once acquired the influence and esteem always accorded to an illustrious man of great wealth and unpretending and prepossessing manners, generosity and hospitality. Carefully abstaining from all interference with the political concerns of America, he drew around him many of the exiles from France, who, having followed the fortunes of the Napoleon Dynasty, came to seek a refuge in the United States. Clauzel, Desmonettes, Lallemand and other distinguished Frenchmen, received constant proofs of the goodness of his heart. Napoleon having made an appeal to his family from St. Helena, that each member should contribute towards his required wants, Joseph unhesitatingly offered his whole fortune to his brother. The Emperor took but little advantage of this generous offer.

LV.

His stately mansion at Bordentown was consumed by fire on the 4th January, 1820. It originated in the fourth story, so that, though the house was totally destroyed, the rich furniture, and especially the paintings, were saved. On this occasion the neighbors showed their good will, by their anxious efforts to save his property. He returned his thanks to them, in the following letter to one of the magistrates of Bordentown:—

POINT BREEZE, January 8, 1820.

TO WILLIAM SNOWDEN, Esq.,
Bordentown, N. J.

"SIR,—You have shown so much interest for me since I have been in this country, and especially since the event of the 4th inst., that I cannot doubt it will afford you pleasure to make known to your fellow-citizens how much I feel all they did for me on that occasion. Absent myself from my house, they collected by a spontaneous movement on the first appearance of the fire, which they combated with united courage and perseverance; and when they found it was impossible to extinguish it, exerted themselves to save all the flames had not devoured before their arrival and mine.

" All the furniture, statues, pictures, money, plate, gold, jewels, linen, books; and in short, everything that was not consumed; has been most scrupulously delivered into the hands of the people of my house. In the night, of the fire, and during the next day, there were brought to me, by laboring men, drawers, in which I have found the proper quantity of pieces of money, and medals of gold, and valuable jewels, which might have been taken with impunity. This event has proved to me how much the inhabitants of Bordentown appreciate the interest I have always felt for them; and shows that men in general are good, when they have not been perverted in their youth, by a bad education; when they maintain their dignity as men, and feel that true greatness is in the soul, and depends upon ourselves.

" I cannot omit, on this occasion, what I have said so often, that the Americans are, without contradiction, the most happy people I have known; still more happy if they understand well their own happiness.

" I pray you not to doubt of my sincere regard.

" JOSEPH,
" Count de Survilliers."

LVI.

The mansion, afterwards rebuilt in an unpretending and plain style, still continued to be his residence, and the abode of hospitality. It was constantly visited by Americans and foreigners, anxious to see and converse with the distinguished exile. He not only received visitors graciously, but often presented to his friends as tokens of regard, specimens from his collections of art and relics of the days when the Bonapartes were on the thrones of Europe.

Of course he participated in the deep grief felt by all the relatives of Napoleon, when the intelligence of the death of that great man in exile reached them. The son of the deceased Emperor was still in captivity, and Joseph thought it his duty to ask permission of the Austrian Court to visit the Duke de Reichstadt, and administer to him the advice and consolation of his father's elder brother and tried friend. But Metternich refused the request.

LVII.

During his residence on the Delaware, [Louis Napoleon informs us], Joseph received a proposition which surprised as much as it must have affected him. A deputation from Mexico came to offer him the Mexican Crown. He replied to the deputation:—"I have worn two Crowns; I would not take a step to wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid, now come to seek me in exile; but I do not think that the throne you wish to raise again can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable land, proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them, as a precious gift from Heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States; and seek among your fellow-citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington."

When Lafayette came to the United States, in 1824, he visited Joseph at Bordentown. On that occasion (Joseph says) that Lafayette expressed to him his regret at the part he had taken in 1815, in effecting the restoration of the Bourbons, and observed, "The Bourbon dynasty cannot last! it too openly wounds the national feeling. In France we are all persuaded that the son of the Emperor alone can represent all the interests of the Revolution. Place two millions at the disposal of our committee, (in Paris), and I promise you that, with this sum, in two years, Napoleon II, will be on the throne of France." Joseph thought the means inadequate to the object to be attained, and did not accept the proposition of Lafayette.

But when, in 1830, the tidings reached Joseph that France had again raised the tri-color, the hopes of himself and friends were strong that the nation would declare in favor of Young Napoleon, as the successor of Charles X. When those hopes were dissipated by the elevation of Louis Phillipe to the throne, Joseph reminded Lafayette, in a letter, of their conversation six years before, and urged him to use his influence to obtain the repeal of the law which excluded the Bonapartes from France, and expressed his disappointment in the preference given to the House of Orleans, when the nation had clearly made known its wishes in favor of the son of Napoleon, in 1815. Lafayette replied, in November, 1830, expressing his good feelings towards Joseph, and declaring that he had used his efforts to obtain permission for the Bonapartes to return. He also frankly stated his objections to the restoration of the Empire, and the Napoleon Dynasty.

LVIII.

Joseph also [in Sept., 1830,] addressed to the Chamber of Deputies a protest against the occupation of the throne of France, by a Prince of the House of Bourbon, when the family of Napoleon had been called to power by three millions, five hundred thousand votes. "If the nation (says he,) thinks it for its interest to make another choice, it has the power, and the right—but the nation alone. Napoleon II, was proclaimed by the Chamber of Deputies in 1815, which was dissolved by foreign bayonets. So far, gentlemen, you are bound to Napoleon II., and until Austria has given him up to the wishes of the French, I offer to share your dangers, your efforts, your undertakings, and on his arrival to transmit to him the wishes, the example, and the last dispositions of his father, who died a victim to his enemies on the rock of St. Helena."

This letter was not read to the Chamber. The new government was inaugurated without consulting the people; so that, not being founded either on hereditary right, or popular election, it sustained itself with difficulty, until overthrown by the Revolution of 1848.

LIX.

After the death of Napoleon's son, Joseph left the United States, and took up his residence in England, [1832], where he was joined by his brothers Lucien and Jerome, and his nephew Louis Napoleon. With the latter he agreed generally on great questions, but disapproved of his propensity to hasty action, in trying to accelerate events. Being much displeased and disgusted with the charges made against him in England of participating in the affair of Strasbourgh, he returned to America in 1837, and took up his former residence at Bordentown. In 1839, he again embarked for Europe, and finding Louis Napoleon in England, and being enlightened as to the means and prospects of his nephew, the latter was fully restored to his confidence and affection. The publication of the *Idées Napoleoniennes* gained his approbation, and he said that work was the exact and faithful report of his brother's political ideas.

He preserved his strength, energy and mental powers, till 1840, when he suffered from a paralytic attack, from which he never afterwards recovered. He tried the baths of Germany, and afterwards returned to England. Eventually he obtained permission to go to Florence, which climate he hoped might re-establish his health. The misfortunes of his family engrossed much of his thoughts during his latter years, and he constantly expressed his regrets at the injustice of France in permitting so many men who had served the nation faithfully, to die in exile.

LX.

Says Louis Napoleon—" Attended by the Queen Julie, whose devotion failed not to the last, and who was ever a comforting angel, as well as by his brothers, Louis and Jerome, whom he loved affectionately, he expired gently; and as a righteous man, he would have seen the approach of death without regret, if the phantom of exile had not intruded even on his last moments, to wring his heart and poison his last farewell.

" Joseph died at Florence, on the 28th of July, 1844, at nine o'clock in the morning, (aged 76 years), and the intelligence of his death was a subject of bitter regret not only to his family, but to all those who had known and cared for him. One of the sad effects of exile is, that although a general feeling of regret was evident in Paris, (an absence of twenty-nine years had naturally thinned the numbers of those who, in France, were personally attached to him), it was probably at Florence, in the United States, and even in London, that the most genuine tears were shed for the death of Napoleon's brother."

"Like all men who have a long past and a short future, Joseph delighted in recalling the events he had witnessed, and the episodes which he related with a peculiar charm, interested every one by their great simplicity, or startling earnestness. He had a fine memory, and had read a great deal, knowing by heart all the most beautiful parts of th classic authors. Although he always conducted himself with honor and tact, if he did not shine with all the brilliancy that might have been expected from his talents, it was because he was of a placable nature, and from his chancing to be born at a revolutionary period, he was obliged to become one of the chief instruments of a policy of war, independence, and absolute power, whilst his own feelings were in favor of a liberal constitution. The struggle of the people in 1789, against the old dynasty had made a deep impression on his mind. The Crowns of Naples and Spain were only accessory events to him. The Empire itself was only an episode in the midst of a great revolutionary drama, which had moved his whole soul. The adulations, the honors, the charms even of power, which he had enjoyed, like so many others, had glided past him without reaching his heart, and under the purple as under the cloak of exile, the man remained the same—a valiant adversary of all oppression, of all privileges, and of all abuses—a passionate defender of equality and of the liberty of the people. It is evident, if his participation in the events which illustrated the Republic and the Empire, are lost sight of, beside the immense deeds of his brother that they are so, not from the insignificance of his own efforts, but because everything seems diminutive beside a giant. But if, in the present day, a man existed among us, who, as a deputy, diplomatist, king, citizen, or soldier, had constantly distinguished himself by his patriotism and brilliant qualities, if he had gained battles and illumined two thrones with the torch of French ideas; if, in fine, in good or in evil fortune, he had always remained faithful to his vows, to his country, and to his friends; that man, we say, would hold the highest place in the public opinion. Statues would be erected to him, and civic crowns would adorn his gray hairs."

Joseph left most of his estate, now very much reduced, to his widow, and his daughter, the wife of Prince of Canino, a son of Lucien. His second daughter married her cousin Charles Louis, (son of Louis Ex-King of Holland), who died in 1830. Julie, widow of Joseph, died at Florence, April 7, 1845.

BOOK VI.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE,

Born at Ajaccio, Corsica, 1775; Died at Viterbo, in Italy,
July 29, 1840.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

I.

A SERIES of tableaux of the Bonaparte Family, would contain one, showing the three elder brothers in their early days, in consultation on their prospects in life, and the means of sustaining those members of the family who were dependent on their exertions. The elder of these brothers, though anxious, is cheerful, confident, affectionate, and wise in council; the second is thoughtful, ardent, and desirous for a wider theatre than Corsica for the display of his conscious abilities, but willing to listen to the advice of his brothers; the third, filled with patriotic fervor, and gifted with oratorical powers, is anxious to engage in the cause of the Revolution then breaking out. Fate subsequently linked the fortunes of the three brothers, and events proved that although widely different in their characters, they were mutually dependent on each other for success in life, during the most important parts of their momentous career.

II.

Lucien, the third son of Carlo Bonaparte, was six years younger than Napoleon. His birth-day is not recorded with that of the other members of the family, nor does Lucien himself mention it in his own memoirs.

His father, who died when Lucien was in his tenth year, had previously sent him to school in France. After having been alternately for some time at the College of Autun, at the Military School of Brienne, and lastly at the Seminary of Aix, in Provence, Lucien returned to Corsica. He was destined for the ecclesiastical profession, at the request of the Abbè Bonaparte, one of his relations, who promised to resign in his favor a canonicate of the Order of St. Stephen, at Florence. The young man, however, soon determined to change the course marked out for him, and not to enter a profession for which he doubtless felt he had not the requisite qualifications.

On his return from College, he had been only a month with his mother at Corsica, when the French Revolution opened. The education of the Bonaparte brothers on the Continent, and other circumstances, had, says Lucien, rendered the family entirely French.

Lucien, a youth of fifteen, threw himself into the popular societies which were formed in the island, with enthusiasm, fired with the great names of antiquity.

When Corsica, under Paoli, renounced France, [April, 1793], Lucien was sent as chief of the deputation of the French Party at Ajaccio, to get aid from the Jacobin clubs at Marseilles and Paris.

III.

A favorable wind wafted the Corsican delegation to the French coast in twenty-four hours. Lucien had abandoned his unfinished studies a few years before, and he was now to re-appear among the French, charged with a political mission. "My vanity," says he, "was exalted to so high a pitch, that I fancied myself a person of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the crowd at the port of Marseilles, where we landed in the evening. Great was our anxiety to arrive at the place of meeting of the popular club. In a vast saloon, which admitted very little light, were seated the members of the club, with red caps on their heads. The galleries were filled with noisy women. The president announced that a deputation of patriots from Corsica were bearers of important news, and I was called to the tribune. I began by declaring that the nation was betrayed in Corsica, and that we had come to invoke the aid of our brothers. It was not only a speedy succor that I demanded, but I painted Paoli as having abused the national confidence, and that he had only returned to the Island to deliver it up to the English. They, above all, were not spared in my figures of rhetoric. It was the chord most likely to touch the feelings of my auditors, and I made it my favorite theme. I was overpowered with embraces and compliments. Motion upon motion followed. An order for printing my speech ; a message to the administrators of the departments to send troops to the aid of Ajaccio ; a deputation of three members to accompany us to the Jacobins of Paris, to denounce the treason of Paoli, and demand vengeance—all these measures were adopted with urgency and unanimity. My colleagues not having sufficient funds for the journey to Paris, I determined upon accompanying the deputies of Marseilles alone, and we left the assembly together at midnight."

IV.

On his way to the Inn to pass the night, Lucien found that the Marseilles deputies who were to accompany him to Paris, were men of repulsive aspect, savage language and vulgar manners. After a disturbed sleep, he awoke, discontented and undecided as to the projected journey. His new friends invited him to breakfast with them at the café. In passing through the *Cannebriere*, he saw the guillotine at work. Several of the wealthiest merchants of the city had perished that morning ; "and that crowd, (says he), whom their bounty had so often fed, were then walking in the streets of the Cannebriere to enjoy the spectacle! the shops were full of customers as usual, and the cafés were open! Never shall I forget the first time I walked in the streets of Marseilles.

"I left the café as soon as possible, and I declared the next day that I would not go to Paris; that the deputies of the Marseilles Club did not want me to accompany them to fulfill their mission, and that I should await the promised succors, to return to Corsica with my companions."

A few days after, Letitia with her family, having fled from Corsica, arrived at Marseilles, where they obtained assistance from the government, as refugee patriots. The three elder brothers soon obtained public employment—Napoleon as an officer of artillery, Joseph in the commissary department, and Lucien in the administration of military subsistences at St. Maximin, a small town a few leagues from Marseilles.

At St. Maximin, Lucien acquired great influence as a popular orator, passing his evenings at the Patriotic club, where the whole town came to hear the speeches of the young Corsican refugee; and, although not nineteen years of age, he was soon chosen president of the revolutionary committee of the place. The women, rich and poor, came regularly to the sittings of the club, bringing with them their work; and all worked, that they might not be accused of aristocracy, and joined in chorus with the men in ap plauding Lucien, and in singing patriotic songs.

"How many times," says he, "have I thanked Providence for not having abandoned me to the intoxication of so extraordinary a position, so dangerous at my age, and for having surrounded me with plain and simple persons, ready to assist me in the good intentions with which I had inspired them.

as they would have been equally ready to aid me, had I been inclined to commit excesses; for in those moments of democratic despotism, (the worst of all despotisms), the power of an orator, as long as he commands popular favor, is stronger than public conscience. I have often looked back upon myself, and I have felt that my good sentiments were powerfully seconded by favorable circumstances. I was a refugee patriot, and a martyr to the revolutionary cause; these titles placed me beyond the reach of being suspected of aristocracy and of moderation. I could to a certain point brave the most prevailing prejudices, and follow the right road. It is by far the worst of all social states, where an honest man is exposed to become criminal—where the fate of every one is at the mercy of all—where we are never certain of what we may say, what we may do, or what will become of us on the morrow."

V.

His position at St. Maximin and influence with the people, enabled Lucien to exert himself with effect in the cause of humanity. At one time he exposed himself to imminent peril, in saving thirty unfortunate individuals accused of royalism, whom the agent of Robespierre in the south of France wanted to remove to the prisons of Orange, where the guillotine was in constant activity. By Lucien's order the captives were released, and the agent departed.

On the fall of Robespierre, [1794], and the reaction which took place in the South of France against the Jacobins, Lucien was arrested, on account of his speeches and his political course, and one of those whom he had saved from the guillotine proved most hostile. After six weeks confinement in the prison of Aix, he was released, by the influence of Napoleon with Barras, one of the Directory, and retired to Marseilles. While at St. Maximin, when it was the fashion to take antique names, Lucien assumed the name of Brutus, and the other members of the republican committee followed his example by taking Roman or Greek names. The town of St. Maximin they called Marathon.

Contracting a marriage engagement with Christine Boyer, the daughter of an Inn-keeper at St. Maximin, during his residence there, Lucien married her, in 1795, being then about 20 years of age. Portionless as was his wife, he was fondly attached to her; she was beautiful and amiable, and so sanguine was his temperament he found consolation for present indigence in visions of future proserity.

VI.

On Napoleon's elevation to the command of the army of the Interior, Lucien went to Paris, [1795], and through his brother's influence, he was appointed commissary-of-war to the army of the Rhine under Moreau, which he joined after a month in the Capital. His wife accompanied him, and Joseph welcomed the young couple to his house, where they remained until they set out for the army. At head-quarters he was fond of making speeches, and frequently got into quarrels with those who differed with him in politics. But his relationship to the commander of the army of Italy, which had then achieved the glories of its first campaign, and the friendship of the generals of the army of the Rhine, caused the indolence of Lucien to be overlooked, and his political discussions to be excused. Having obtained permission to leave the army at the north, Lucien repaired to Italy, and having received the instructions of Napoleon, departed for Corsica. On arriving in his native town, he solicited the suffrages of his fellow-citizens of the department of Liamone, to represent them in the Council of Five Hundred as soon as he should be eligible, and he was accordingly elected by the people a member of that body, in February, 1798, for a term of three years. Joseph was previously, through the influence of Lucien, elected from Corsica to the same Council.

VII.

On taking his seat in the Council, [May, 1798], he was welcomed with a favor due entirely to the enthusiasm the members felt for Napoleon. Napoleon had invited Lucien to accompany him in the expedition to Egypt, but he preferred to engage in a Legislative career. He did not take a decided part at first in the Council, but pursued an independent course. His first votes were generally favorable to the government, but the Directory was destined to a speedy downfall, and Lucien at last found that it was no longer possible to sustain its weakness and incapacity. He allied himself with Sieyes and his party, who were scheming for a new Constitution. While Napoleon was in Egypt, Lucien wrote to him, complaining of the misgovernment of the Directory and urging him to return to France. His letters were said to have been intercepted by the English cruisers.

A few months after becoming a member, Lucien was elected Secretary of the Council of Five Hundred; his influence soon increased, and he formed a party, which promoted the views of his brother, on the 18th Brumaire. Not long before that memorable day, the Council appointed him their President, partly, however, as a mark of respect to Napoleon. The event proved how important this appointment was to the fortunes of his brother. After Napoleon's return from Egypt, in October, 1799, Lucien became the active leader of those who wished to overturn the Directory. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage and presence of mind, rarely found in one man. Bourienne, who was present on the occasion, says he has no hesitation in stating that to Lucien's nomination as President of the Council, and his exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

These two Chambers assembled at St. Cloud; Lucien as President of the Council of Five Hundred, read a letter of resignation from Barras, one of the Directory; which body therefore, no longer existed. Sieyes and Roger Ducos had joined Bonaparte's party; Gohièr and Moulins, two other members, were under arrest, and in the custody of General Moreau

After Napoleon had left the Hall, Lucien endeavored to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said, "The scene which has just taken place in the Council proves what are the sentiments of all—sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the General had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

VIII.

"Lucien's address," says Bourienne, "was interrupted by acclamations against Napoleon. He made further efforts to be heard; and calling Casal to the President's chair, addressed the Council as a member. He begged that the general might be again introduced, and heard with calmness. This proposition was furiously opposed, amidst cries of 'Outlaw Bonaparte! Outlaw him!' Lucien, who had resumed the President's chair, left it again, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the Council, he mounted the tribunal, resigned the Presidency, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes."

Napoleon sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother, and they carried him off from the midst of the Council. Lucien was reinstalled in office, but was now to discharge his duties on horseback, and at the head of a body of soldiers ready to obey his commands. Roused by the danger to which his brother and himself were exposed, he mounted his horse, and addressed the citizens and military as follows:—

" CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,—

" The President of the Council of Five Hundred declares to you, that the majority of that Council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

" I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the Council of Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the General, who is charged with the execution of its decree; as if the word 'outlaw' were still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

" I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the Counsil. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the Republic.

" General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery,

let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them everywhere ; and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of 'Representatives of the Poniard.'"
VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

Perceiving some hesitation on the part of the troops in advancing against the National Representatives, Lucien drew his sword, exclaiming, "I swear that I will stab my brother to the heart, if he ever attempt anything against the liberty of Frenchmen." This dramatic action was successful, and at a signal given by Napoleon, Murat, at the head of his Grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the Representatives.

IX.

The government being destroyed, it was necessary to frame a new one immediately. Lucien succeeded in collecting thirty of the members of the late Council of Five Hundred. The Council of Ancients had already decided that a provisional government of three members should be appointed, and the remaining members of the Council being prepared to concur with Lucien, declared the Directory dissolved, and decreed that a provisional commission of three members, who should assume the title of Consuls, (Sieyes, Ducos, and Bonaparte), should be appointed. Everything was concluded before three o'clock in the morning of the 20th Brumaire, and the Palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated, resumed its wonted stillness.

The participation of Lucien in that memorable revolution was by far the most important event of his life. After its accomplishment, he was one of the Commission that framed the consular constitution. The portfolio of the Minister of the Interior was the reward of his services; and though he had scarcely attained his 25th year, his administration acquired a character of energy and elevation which commanded the respect of the nation. His official duties were discharged with firmness and activity; and without any sacrifice of personal consequence, he knew how to assume the most amiable suavity of manners towards individuals of all classes. He was the friend of public instruction, and the patron of science and the arts. He was partial to public ceremonies and processions—being of opinion that they produced a powerful effect upon the public mind, and tended to facilitate proper intercourse between the government and the people.

X.

After the elevation of Napoleon, the Bonaparte family purchased estates in the vicinity of Paris, and made them the seats of hospitality. Lucien occupied the villa Le Plessis Chamant.

Madame Lucien was not satisfied with her husband's change of fortune; all this grand display alarmed her. She was obliged to give up her time to other duties, which she thought far less important than those she had hitherto fulfilled with so much pleasure. But a circumstance which she was far from foreseeing, gave her comfort and happiness; it was the change in her favor which took place in the sentiments of her brother-in-law. (Napoleon had disapproved of her marriage with Lucien). The penetration of the First Consul was too just for the excellent qualities which animated Madame Lucien's heart, to escape him; and he soon attached himself to her with truly fraternal regard.

We learn, from one who knew her, that Madame Lucien was tall, well-shaped, slender, and had in her figure and carriage that native grace and ease which are imparted by the air and sky of the south ; her complexion was dark, her eyes not large, and she was pleasing, because her look was kind, her smile sweet, as well as her voice ; she was graceful and amiable. Her love for her husband rendered her intelligent in adapting herself to the circumstance of the times. She soon became an elegant woman, and her toilette manner and conversation showed no trace of the humility of her origin.

The winter of 1800 was a very brilliant period in the world of fashion, and Lucien's wife gave splendid entertainments at his house. While he was Minister of the Interior, she died, and was buried in the park of Le Plessis Chamant. Her husband erected to her memory a monument with the simple inscription :—" A daughter—wife—and mother—without reproach!" When he went to Le Plessis, he took his daughters with him, that they might join him in his prayers at their mother's tomb.

XI.

When Lucien was about twenty-two years of age, he is described as tall, and slender in form, brilliant in expression, rapid in utterance, and nervous in his movements. He was near-sighted, and the only one of the Bonapartes who wore spectacles ; but this defect was over-balanced by his smile, always in harmony with his look, and his agreeable countenance, and pleasing manners. His understanding and talents were of a high order. In early life, when he met with a subject that he liked, he identified himself with it, and may be said to have lived in a metaphysical world. He was a Greek with Demosthenes, a Roman with Cicero, and, in short, was an enthusiast in the classics and in poetry.

But his temper was so entirely different from Napoleon's, they did not long continue on brotherly terms. Their misunderstandings began in 1800; and the breach was studiously widened by the Beauharnais family, who at that time had considerable influence over the mind of Napoleon.

XII.

At the close of the year 1800, after many disputes with Napoleon, he resigned the Home Department, and accepted an embassy to Spain. He was instructed to try to change the resolution of the King of Spain, and urge him to a war against Portugal, the ally of England. His mission proved successful; he managed to ingratiate himself with Charles IV., and his favorite Godoy, and to re-establish French influence at Madrid. He managed, during his residence in Spain, to send out supplies to the distressed French army in Egypt; and was also active in the creation of the Kingdom of Etruria, and in the cession to France of the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla. A French army, under the orders of Lucien's brother-in-law, General Le Clerc, having entered Portugal, the Court of Lisbon endeavored to purchase safety by lavishing money on the invaders. That Court accordingly opened negotiations with Lucien, and in June, 1801, preliminaries of peace were signed at Badajos, on a secret subsidy of thirty million of francs being paid; which was divided between Lucien and Godoy. Lucien's share of this money is reported to have been ten million of francs, ($2,000,000), and this, according to Fouche, was the source of his immense fortune.

XIII.

On his return to Paris, he was appointed by the Emperor a member of the Tribunate, and in that body advocated the establishment of the Legion of Honor, of which Napoleon appointed him Grand Master. From this time, he began to live in great splendor at Paris, and commenced the collection of one of the finest galleries of paintings in Europe. He became a munificent patron of the arts, but his uncompromising disposition led him into frequent disputes with Napoleon—and his best friends have assured us that in almost every instance Lucien was to blame. Napoleon wished him to marry a German Princess, and thus form the first great alliance in the family. He, however, declined this proposal, and, in 1803, married Madame Jouberthou, whose husband had died in the West Indies, while engaged in commercial pursuits. When Napoleon heard of the marriage, from the priest, by whom it had been clandestinely sanctioned, he was incensed, and resolved not to confer on Lucien the title of French Prince. He obtained, therefore, only the dignity of Senator, and on the establishment of the Empire, he and his family were excluded from the right of succession to the Crown.

His residence at Paris thus become unpleasant, and he retired to Rome, where for a-while his mother resided with him ; but he returned to Paris at last, on the solicitation of Napoleon. The Pope (Pius VII.,) had received him with great cordiality, and created him Prince of Canino. He purchased an estate near Viterbo, fifty miles north of Rome, and lived in luxury, enjoying the intimacy of the Pontiff. At the close of the year 1807, Napoleon visited Italy, and by his invitation, Lucien met him at Mantua ; it was the last interview between them till the hundred days of 1815. A partial reconciliation took place between them, and Lucien consented that his eldest daughter should marry Ferdinand of Spain, then Prince of the Asturias. The marriage did not take place, and Napoleon afterwards desired a matrimonial union between the same Prince and a daughter of Joseph, which project also failed, in consequence of the French disasters in Spain.

XIV.

Lucien had taken part with the Pope, in his difficulties with Napoleon, and he was warned that his residence in the Papal dominions might be no longer safe. In 1811, with the assistance of Murat, King of Naples, he made arrangements for proceeding to America; but being captured in the Mediterranean by a British cruiser, he was carried to England. Having obtained permission to reside there, he leased a handsome villa, called Thorngrove, near Ludlow Castle, where he lived in sumptuous elegance until the termination of the war in 1814. The other members of the Bonaparte family, during Napoleon's exile to Elba, having retired to Italy, and chiefly to Rome, where the reinstated Pope afforded them a hospitable reception, Lucien joined them. He concurred with them in promoting the escape of Napoleon from Elba. When success had crowned the enterprise he hastened to Paris, and joined with his brothers and Cardinal Fesch, in welcoming the return of the Emperor, and aided in the re-establishment of the Empire. Lucien assumed the title of an Imperial Prince, and claimed a seat in the new House of Peers. This was resisted, on the ground that he had never been acknowledged as a Prince of the Empire, and he then took his seat as a common peer. In the private councils he advised Napoleon to offer to the Emperor of Austria, to abdicate in favor of his son. This manœuvre not having succeeded, Napoleon set off for the army, and lost the battle of Waterloo. Being appointed Commissioner of the Emperor to communicate with the representatives of the people, Lucien tried to revive in the

Chamber of Deputies, a feeling of sympathy for his brother. He spoke eloquently, but was answered by Lafayette, who declared that France had suffered enough for Napoleon. Lucien was opposed to his brother's abdication, but when he saw Napoleon determined upon it, he insisted on its being made in favor of young Napoleon. Soon after th Allied Armies entered Paris, Napoleon went to Rochefor to embark on his exile, and Lucien returned to Italy. He rejoined his family at Rome, where he afterwards spent many years in retirement.

XV.

In 1828 he began excavating at La Camella, on his estate of Canino, which is believed to have been the site of Vetulonia, an Etruscan city, and he gathered an ample collection of Etruscan antiquities, of which he published a description :—["Musée Etrusque de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino."] During the insurrection in the Papal States, in 1831, Lucien kept himself and family aloof from that attempt to change the government. Some time after, he visited England, where he published several of his works. He returned to Italy, and died at Viterbo, on the 27th June, 1840, leaving three sons and several daughters. The eldest son, Charles, now Prince of Canino, married Letitia, eldest daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. The two younger, Pierre and Antoine, having disputes with the Papal authorities were compelled to flee from Rome, in 1836. They retired to the United States, whence they returned in 1838, and Pierre was elected in 1848 a member of the French Nationa Assembly for the Department of Corsica. Of the daughters, Charlotte married, in 1815, Prince Gabrielli of Rome, and the second, Christine, married M. Posse, a Swedish Count. This marriage was dissolved, when Christine married Lord

Dudley Stuart. Letitia married Thomas Wyse, Esq., member of the British Parliament for Waterford, Ireland. This marriage was unfortunate; and certain romantic incidents arising out of it have been embellished in a novel by the Viscount d'Arlincourt, called "Le Pelerin."

Lucien holds a respectable rank as a French author, in prose and in verse. His principal works are "Charlemagne, or the Church Delivered," an epic poem, in 24 cantos; "La Cirneide, or Corsica Saved," a poem, in 12 cantos; "Response to the Memoirs of General La Marque;" and "Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte," in one volume, 8vo.

As an orator Lucien was among the most brilliant and persuasive in France. His literary acquisitions and abilities were superior to those of his brothers, and his literary tastes were transmitted to his children. His tastes in all respects were those of a scholar, rather than a prince.

BOOK VII.

LOUIS BONAPARTE,

KING OF HOLLAND,

Born at Ajaccio, Sept. 2, 1778; Died at Leghorn, June 25, 1846

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

I.

The Bonapartes were remarkable for the early development of their intellectual powers, and in this respect, Louis, the third brother, stands conspicuous. He entered the public service at fourteen, having lost his father in his seventh year. In one of Napoleon's visits to the family at Marseilles, during the Seige of Toulon, he prevailed on his mother to send Louis to the school of Chalons, that he might undergo the examination necessary to his entrance into the corps of artillery. In passing through Lyons the boy was exposed to great danger, as that city was then the theatre of the most violent and horrible revolutionary massacres. His passport took him through in safety; but on reaching Chalons he heard that the school of artillery was dissolved. In his alarm, he acted on the rumor, and returned to his relatives without delay. Shortly after his return, Toulon was captured, and Napoleon took Louis with him, in the Army of the Maritime Alps, giving him the rank of sub-lieutenant in his staff, although not fifteen years old. In passing Toulon, Napoleon inspected the works, and showed the ruin to his young brother. The spectacle proved an instructive lesson to the boy. On reaching a spot where two hundred dead bodies lay, needlessly sacrificed by a French officer, Napoleon said, "If I had commanded here, all these brave men would have been still alive. Learn from this example, young man, how indispensable it is for those, to possess knowledge, who aspire to the command of others."

was drawn along with him; Marmont and two subaltern officers coming to their aid, the two brothers were extricated from their perilous situation. On the second day of the battle, Louis was charged with important orders from the General-in-Chief, to General Robut, and being the only person on horseback on the road, he was marked out by the enemy, and for a long time exposed to their fire. On regaining his brother, Napoleon expressed a feeling of surprise and joy—"I believed you dead," said he; and his death had been actually announced to him by some of the grenadiers.

In the short campaign in the Ecclesiastical States, Louis accompanied Napoleon, and retiring to Milan on account of ill-health, he did not take part in the last campaign in Italy, before the peace of Campo Formio. During the negotiations, he was sent by his brother to reconnoitre the advanced posts of the enemy. This important duty lasted eight days, and his conduct received the highest praise from Napoleon. On this inspection he first saw Bertrand, then a young officer in the corps of engineers. He appreciated his merit and recommended him to the favor of his brother.

Louis had a strong constitution, but he had not taken sufficient care of himself in his campaigns. He was left too much to himself at this time, for at so early an age, he must have been improvident. He had received several severe falls from his horse, and on one occasion, in descending the mountains of Savoy, he dislocated his knee. When the Egyptian expedition was contemplated he desired to serve in it, but at the same time wished to set out later than the troops, in order to try the mineral waters of Barrege, which had been recommended to him for his health. Napoleon decided that he should join the army of Egypt, and embark with the first vessel which sailed after the close of the bathing season.

There was a secret reason which made Louis desirous of remaining at Paris. His sister Caroline was then at Madame Campan's school, and the young officer, on his frequent visits, had become acquainted with a friend of his sister, named Beauharnais, a cousin of Josephine, and daughter of an emigrant at the commencement of the revolution. The same lady afterwards became distinguished as the wife of General Lavallette. Louis conceived for her the most romantic affection. Walking one evening with a naval officer and friend of Napoleon, he confided to him his secret. The officer was alarmed. "Do you know," said he, "that a marriage of this description might be highly injurious to your brother, and render him an object of suspicion to the government; and that too, at a moment when he is setting out on a hazardous expedition?" The following day, Napoleon sent for Louis, and ordered him to set out instantly with his other aids-de-camp for Toulon, and there wait his arrival, to embark for Egypt.

He sailed with the expedition. He landed with General Kleber, and was attached to his division in the attack on Alexandria. He was an eye-witness of the celebrated victory of Nelson at Aboukir, when the French fleet was destroyed.

Soon after he was summoned to Cairo. He ascended the Nile; visited the pyramids of Gizeh; the site of Memphis; the ruins of Heliopolis; and the citadel of Cairo.

IV.

While in Egypt, he wrote several letters to his friends in France. One to his brother Joseph, intercepted by the British cruisers, and published in London, breathes a tone of high philanthropy, and indicates philosophical taste and keenness of observation.

In speaking of the inhumanity of the Bedouins, he says—"O, Jean Jacques Rousseau! Why was it not thy fate to see those men whom thou callest 'the men of nature?'—thou wouldst sink with shame and start with horror at the thought of having once admired them! Oh! how many misanthropes would be converted, if chance should conduc them into the midst of the deserts of Arabia!"

On setting out for Syria, Napoleon determined to send a messenger to France, to give an accurate account of the state of affairs in Egypt, and if possible obtain further assistance for the expedition. He chose Louis, whom he was no longer afraid to trust in France, since Mademoiselle Beauharnais had been induced to give her hand to another. Louis sailed from Egypt in one of the gun-boats, and escaped the English and other armed vessels on the lookout. Being closely pursued by an English frigate, he threw overboard the colors taken by the army in Egypt, with which he was intrusted. He arrived safely in France, after a tempestuous voyage of two months, stopping at Corsica on his way. Calling on Madame de Bourienne, at Sens, he was informed that the intercepted correspondence seized by the English, among which were some of his own letters, had been published. "The publication of some of the letters," he remarked, "would cause unpleasant scenes in more families than one, on the return of the army to France."

The Directory having granted the required aid for the army in Egypt, Louis was busy with the details necessary for the expedition, when Napoleon unexpectedly arrived at Frejus. With Joseph, and General Le Clerc, their brother-in-law, Louis started to meet Napoleon. But he was taken ill at Autun, and could not proceed. On returning to Paris, he resumed his former post of aid-de-camp. On Napoleon's elevation to the Consulship, Louis was appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons, and sent to serve in Normandy, where some remains of civil war still existed. Peace soon followed, but it was thought expedient that four of the insurgent leaders should be tried by a court-martial, and Louis was called upon to preside. This he refused, protested against the proceeding, and neglected no effort to prevent its taking place. He was grievously afflicted at this catastrophe, which began to disgust him with a military life. His regiment was soon after recalled to Paris, and on their march to the army of reserve, the command was changed to another officer. Louis remained at Paris.

V.

A project had been for some time entertained by Josephine, to which Napoleon assented, for the marriage of her daughter Hortense with Louis. The proposition was made to him after the return of the First Consul from the brilliant campaign of Marengo, [July, 1800], but he refused. "Not," he says, "from any unfavorable opinion entertained by him of the character or morals of the young lady, who was the subject of general praise, but because he was afraid their characters were not suited to each other." Soon afterwards the solicitations for this marriage were renewed, but without overcoming his objections, and to escape further persuasions, he made a journey of several months in Germany. At the Court of Prussia he met with a kind reception from the King and Queen, for whom he ever after cherished the warmest attachment. Hostilities again breaking out between France and Austria, he returned to Paris. The proposals of marriage were renewed, and he was glad to find a pretence to elude importunities on this subject by joining the army for Portugal. Previous to setting out, he spent two weeks with Napoleon and Josephine at Malmaison.

After serving some time with the army in Spain, Louis obtained leave of absence to enable him to try the waters of Barreges, for a rheumatism and lameness with which he was afflicted. He passed three months there, and returned to Paris, after the peace with England, in October 1801.

VI.

Immediately after his return, his sister-in-law again brought forward the subject of his proposed marriage, but Louis ridiculed a project which had always been so repugnant to him. But one evening, at a ball at Malmaison, Josephine took him aside, Napoleon joined them, and after a long conference, they obtained from him his consent. The day of the nuptials was fixed, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage and the religious ceremony took place. "Never," said Louis in his memoirs, "was there a more gloomy ceremony—never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of all the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage." From that day he dates the commencement of his unhappiness, his bodily and mental sufferings. It brought domestic troubles which stamped on his whole existence a profound melancholy, a dejection, a drying of the heart, which nothing could ever remedy. Louis was but little over 23 years of age at the time of his marriage, and Hortense was 19.

In his memoirs, he treats with scorn and contempt, the absurd libels respecting his domestic affairs, involving the purity of his wife's character, and the legitimacy of his children. Napoleon, also, in his conversations at St. Helena, thought proper to allude to the subject, and to indignantly repel the charges which had been made against Hortense, at the same time showing the entire improbability of the stories about her and her offspring. We have found nothing in our investigations on this subject to justify even a suspicion against the morals or integrity of Louis or Hortense, and we here dismiss the subject with the remark, that there is more cause for sympathy with the parties to this unhappy union, than of censure for their conduct.

Says Louis, in his Memoirs, " Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterwards, they both equally and constantly felt, that they were not suited to each other," and yet they allowed themselves to be drawn into a marriage, which their relations, and the mother of Hortense especially, conceived to be politic and necessary. From the 4th of January, 1802, down to the month of September, 1807, when they finally separated, they remained very little together, and that at three separate periods, and long intervals ; but they had three children, whom they loved with equal affection. The oldest, named Napoleon Charles, died in Holland, on the 5th of May, 1807 ; Napoleon Louis, the second, was baptized at St. Cloud, by Pope Pius VII., during the residence of the Pontiff in France. This is the son whom Louis endeavored to put in his place when he abdicated, as King of Holland, in 1810. [He died in 1831]. The third received the name of Charles Louis Napoleon" — [The President of France].

VII.

From 1802 to 1804, inclusive, Louis was generally in the army, or at the mineral baths. In 1804, he was appointed General of Brigade. At this period, the conspiracy of Georges, the death of Pichegru and that of the Duke d'Enghien took place. Louis was then at Compeigne, in command of his former regiment and a brigade of dragoons. He immediately accompanied Hortense to Paris, on hearing of the arrest of the Duke. Louis says he arrived too late, but that he could have done nothing to prevent the execution. "He could only (he observes,) add his tears to those of his mother-in-law, of Hortense, and of his sister Caroline, all equally afflicted on account of such a misfortune."

At the close of the year 1804, soon after the coronation of Napoleon as Emperor, Louis was severely affected with a paralytic attack, caused by exposure and rheumatism, and partly lost the use of his right-hand. Some years after, the same affection deprived him of the free use of his limbs generally. On his accession to the Empire, Napoleon appointed Louis, General of Division, and Councillor of State; and in 1805, during the Emperor's absence in Germany, he received the command of the garrison of Paris, in which situation he displayed great zeal and activity.

The first intimation Louis received of Napoleon's intention respecting Holland, was conveyed to him during the campaign of Austerlitz. Louis then commanded a corps of troops stationed in Holland. At the close of the campaign in Prussia he sent back most of the troops to Paris, and went to meet the Emperor at Strasbourg. He was received with coldness, and reprimanded for his hasty departure from Holland. Louis replied, that the rumors in circulation with respect to certain changes in the government of that country, had hastened his departure, and were unsatisfactory to the Dutch. Napoleon intimated the rumors were not unfounded, and that he contemplated making him King of Holland. But Louis did not give himself much uneasiness on the subject, believing that he should find pretexts for refusing the high rank destined for him, of which he was not ambitious.

VIII.

In the spring of 1806, a deputation from Holland arrived in Paris, and after four months of negotiation, a treaty was concluded, by which the Republic of Holland was transformed into a monarchy. Louis was not invited to the consultations on the subject, and received no official intimation that his personal interests were concerned; but at length the Dutch ambassadors made him acquainted with what had been going on, and assured him that their nation gave him the preference for King. Louis did what he could to avoid expatriation; and to Napoleon he pleaded the delicacy of his constitution and the unfavorableness of the climate. But his objections were overruled, and Talleyrand waited on him at his country-seat of St. Leu, and read aloud to him and Hortense, the treaty and constitution which had been concluded. On being asked if he approved of them, he answered that he could not form an opinion at a single reading, but he would endeavor to do his best. This took place on the 3d of June, 1806. On the 5th of June, Louis and Hortense were proclaimed King and Queen of Holland.

After remaining a week at St. Leu, during which he gained some information of the state of the country he was about to rule, Louis with his family set out for Holland, June 15, 1806. On approaching the Dutch frontiers, he changed his cockade; "not," he says, "without great pain, and shedding sincere tears." He arrived at the Hague on the 18th of June, and his first care was to form a ministry. He selected men of known integrity and merit, and to them he gave his entire confidence. To the several addresses presented to him, he replied, "that from the moment he set foot on their soil, he had become a Dutchman." He promised to protect justice, as he would commerce, by throwing the access to it open, and removing everything that might impede it. He said that no distinction should exist as to religion and political opinions, and declared that merit and services should form the sole ground of preferment.

The first care of the new King was to re-establish the finances of the State. A civil and criminal code were drawn up by eminent men, and he established an equal system of taxation. To his qualities as a statesman and sovereign, Louis added a noble character for humanity. He was in advance of the age in advocating the abolition of capital punishment. "A King," said he, "owes to God, to posterity, and to the nation, an account of all the persons in subjection to him."

The attachment of Louis to his Dutch subjects was such, that he refused without hesitation the Crown of Spain when offered to him by the Emperor; and this attachment was repaid by the devotion of his subjects.

Napoleon, having resolved to establish his Continental System, an order was given for the sequestration of all English merchandise, which would have had the effect of destroying the most valuable foreign commerce of Holland. Louis, from a sense of duty to his subjects, long resisted the commands of the Emperor, and Marshal Oudinot was sent into Holland, with an army of 20,000 men, to enforce the continental blockade. The King visited Paris, in December, 1809, to expostulate with Napoleon, and was given to understand that if the British Orders in Council were not revoked, Holland would be united to the French Empire. Louis returned to Holland in April, 1810, and finding that he was unable to protect the interests of the Dutch nation, he abdicated the throne in favor of his son, on the 1st of July, 1810. The abdication was declared a nullity, by the Emperor, and by a decree, dated the 9th of July, Holland was united to the Empire. Thus the reign of Louis as King of Holland, was a little over four years.

VIII.

Leaving Haarlem in the strictest incognito, Louis proceeded to the baths of Toeplitz, in Bohemia. He then retired to Gratz, in Styria, where he resided three years, under the title of Count de Saint Leu. He refused a brilliant appanage, and ordered his wife to decline all assistance from the Emperor, for himself and his children. At Gratz, Louis lived a retired life, endeavoring to re-establish his health. He made an attempt to recover the possession of the Crown of Holland, and even thought of returning to that country, by way of Paris. He, therefore, retraced his steps to Switzerland, and the Dutch having chosen the Prince of Orange for their King, Louis was released from all obligations to his former subjects. He now wished to retire to St. Leu for the remainder of his life. He reached Paris 1st of Jan., 1814, and through the mediation of Maria Louisa, a meeting took place with his brother, which passed very coldly. He remained in the vicinity of Paris, until the appearance of the allied armies before the city, and on the 30th of March, 1814, he accompanied the Empress to Blois. After Napoleon's abdication he retired, with the Pope's permission, to Rome; and continued to reside in Italy up to the time of his death. In his retreat, he devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was the author of a Romance, called "Maria, or the Hollanders;" "Documents Historical, and Reflections on the Government of Holland," including his own Memoirs—in 3 vols., 8vo.; "Memoires sur la Versification;" also an opera and a tragedy; a collection of poems; and a reply to Sir Walter Scott, in his History of Napoleon.

Louis died at Leghorn, on the 25th of June, 1846, aged nearly 68 years. His dying wish was fulfilled on the 29th of September, 1846, when his body was laid by those of his sons, at St. Leu. The obsequies were attended by a numerous assemblage of generals, statesmen and veterans of the Old Guard, and other relics of the Empire; and by several members of the Bonaparte family, who were allowed to return to Paris on a short visit, to lay the brother of Napoleon in his tomb.

HORTENSE—QUEEN OF HOLLAND,

Born at Paris, April 10, 1783—Died at Arenemberg, Switzerland, Oct., 1837.

I.

THE family of the Beauharnais was among the most respectable of the old French nobility. The two brothers, François and Alexander, flourished in the reign of Louis XVI. The former, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was born at La Rochelle, August 12, 1756, and was in the National Assembly at the commencement of the Revolution. He opposed the motion of his younger brother, the Viscount Alexander, to take from the King the command of the army. In 1792, with the Count d' Hervilly and others, he formed the project of a new flight of the royal family, but the arrest of his companion, the Baron Champon, defeated the plan. He was appointed Major General in the army of the Prince of Condé, and wrote, in 1792, to the President of the National Assembly, protesting against the treatment of the King. When Napoleon became First Consul, the Marquis in a letter exhorted him to restore the sceptre to the House of Bourbon. While he was in exile, the Marquis left his daughter Emilie, in the care of his sister-in-law, Josephine, who placed her at the school of Madame Campan. To interrupt a love affair between her niece and Louis Bona

HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS

parte, Josephine and Napoleon effected her marriage with Lavalette a few days before the embarkation of the expedition to Egypt. In 1815, Madame Lavalette became celebrated for effecting the escape of her husband, when imprisoned by the Bourbons. Josephine also used her influence to effect the recall of the Marquis de Beauharnais from exile, and during the Empire he served as senator and as ambassador to the Court of Spain. He united with Ferdinand against Godoy, at Madrid, in 1807, and fell into disgrace with Napoleon, who banished him. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he returned to Paris, where he died, Jan. 10, 1819.

II.

Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais, was born in 1760, at Martinique. He served with distinction in the French army under Rochambeau, (which aided the United States during the American Revolution)—and married Josephine. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, he was chosen a member of the National Assembly, of which he was for some time president.

In the Life of Josephine, we have also spoken of Viscount Beauharnais. In 1792, he was General of the Army of the Rhine, and, in 1793, he was appointed Minister of War. In consequence of the decree removing men of noble birth from the army, he retired to his country-seat. He was falsely accused of having promoted the surrender of Mentz, and was sentenced to death, July 23, 1794, when thirty-four years of age. His two children, by Josephine, were Eugene and Hortense.

III.

Hortense Eugenie de Beauharnais was born while the French nobility were still in their glory. In childhood she gave promise of wit, grace, and amiable qualities. But she was still of a tender age, when those distressing calamities which we have elsewhere related, occurred, and finally deprived the family of its protector, in the death of Viscount de Beauharnais by the guillotine.

When Hortense was three years of age, she was taken by her mother to Martinique; Eugene being left in France, with his father. In her new home, Hortense experienced the full effects of a tropical climate, in inflaming the imagination, and imparting to the manner the captivating grace of the Creoles. A French writer remarks, that "her infancy resembled that of the interesting Virginia, so well described by St. Pierre, in the episode to the Etudes de la Nature. Compassionate and tender-hearted as Virginia herself, she was deeply shocked by the miseries of the laboring class, which, in her childish charity, she endeavored to alleviate. Like Virginia, also, the constant object of maternal solicitude, she imbibed, from the cares, the endearments, and the example of Josephine, the witching grace and sensibility, which afterwards won every heart."

The effects of the French Revolution were early felt in the colonies, and the tremendous explosion of St. Domingo reverberated through the world. The existence of Hortense and her mother was frequently menaced by conflagration and the sword; for the blacks directed their enmity against the entire white race. Humanity, mildness, and benevolence, were already associated with the name of Josephine, inspiring everywhere affection and respect. The simple annunciation, "I am Madame de Beauharnais—this is my daughter," was sufficient to disarm the violence of the assassins, and she was fortunately enabled to find an opportunity of embarking for France, where, after a voyage of great privation, she arrived, with her daughter, in safety.

Evils of still greater magnitude awaited her return, and made a deep impression on the mind of Hortense.

When Beauharnais was condemned to death, he warmly commended his children to his wife's care. During the imprisonment of the parents, the unfortunate children remained in Paris, with no other protection than that of an old nurse. The cares of education could be little attended to, when even the means of existence were of difficult attainment. The earnings from the labors of the nurse were soon found insufficient for the maintenance of three persons; but Hortense, though still very young, evinced that energy of character, which, in after-life, was so useful in enabling her to support adversity. She and her brother determined to labor for their common livelihood; Eugene hired himself as assistant to a joiner, and Hortense was placed with a mantua-maker. Her patience under every privation, showed how deeply-rooted were those principles of perseverance and resignation which had been inculcated by her mother.

IV.

The liberation of Josephine was the means of restoring her daughter to comfort and to her studies. She was placed with Madame Campan, who possessed every quality required for forming the mind, the heart, and the manners of youth. Among the companions of Hortense at Madame Campan's, were her cousins, Stephaine, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden; Emilie Beauharnais, afterwards Madame Lavalette; Caroline Bonaparte, the future Queen of Naples, and several others, both relatives and connections by her mother's second marriage. Under the tuition of Madame Campan, Hortense, besides acquiring the general branches of education, excelled in all polite accomplishments, and the success of her debut in society fully justified the truth of the favorite maxim of her instructress—that "talents were the wealth of the rich, and the ornament of the poor."

After the marriage of her mother with Napoleon, and during his campaigns in Italy and Egypt, Hortense continued at her school. On the return of Napoleon and Eugene from Egypt, the family was re-united. The First Consul resided at the Tuilleries, after 1800. Here the mild graces of Hortense appeared to great advantage, contrasted with the glittering display of a new court, bristling with military splendor. She was courted by the richest and noblest of France, and had now full scope for the indulgence of those pleasing anticipations of a future which so rarely are realized. Among the frequenters of the drawing-rooms, who sought her favor, was M. de Paulo, a royalist of polished manners, and his addresses were not unacceptable to Josephine and her daughter. But his bombast and vanity were not to the taste of the First Consul, who sent him forthwith to Languedoc. Hortense never saw Paulo again, but if they had met in after-life, her ripened judgment and good sense would have confirmed the decision of Napoleon.

State policy had broken off two marriages in the Bonaparte family, and the same policy now arranged another. In uniting their own fortunes, Napoleon and Josephine seemed to have tacitly agreed to work in concert for the advancement of their families. Napoleon looked upon Louis, whom he had brought up, rather in the light of a son than a brother; Josephine, for various reasons, was particularly anxious to unite him to her daughter; Louis and Hortense were both induced to overcome their mutual reluctance to the union, and were married in the month of January, 1802. Had their choice been left free, each possessed qualities which might have produced a mutual attachment; but the desire of happiness yielded to necessity. The character of

Louis was the reverse of that of Hortense. The newly married couple treated their union as the work of compulsion, and their little asperities were in constant collision. Louis had some romance in his disposition, but it was that kind of romance which leads its possessor rather to write a book than to enact the hero. "He was enthusiastically devoted to visions of peace, and yet fate had condemned him to be a soldier. He hated ceremony, and yet his life was spent in a court, and his motions were a perpetual pageant. Preferring retirement and speculative reflection, he was hurried along by the whirlwind of his brother's genius."

It was impossible to imagine more sweetness, benevolence and simplicity of taste, than were united in the character of Hortense, but she added the qualities befitting a queen, and her superior mind was prepared for every change of fortune. She possessed a quick and decided temper, a strong intellect, and proper ambition ; but her chief desire was, that the renown of her husband should elevate and gratify her pride. The military career and literary productions of Louis had acquired for him some distinction, and his family-name had become the proudest in history.

V.

The gloom of the newly-married pair was observed at a grand ball given in honor of their nuptials by a lady of the old nobility, at which the ambassadors of the various powers were present—but these circumstances were soon overlooked by the public, amidst the many important events which arrested attention.

If Hortense ever experienced matrimonial felicity, it must have been after she became a mother. A union blessed with children seems sanctioned by Providence. Hortense had three sons, and maternal tenderness, conjugal anx iety, and the pride of a princess, were all gratified in their birth.

It was at this most brilliant period of Hortense's life that the fine collection of musical *romances* appeared, which has ranked her among the most tasteful of lyrical composers. The saloons of Paris—the solitude of exile—the most remote countries—have all acknowledged the charm of these delightful melodies, which need no royal name to enhance their reputation. The Frenchman hears with delight and pride of country the airs of Hortense sung by the Greek, the Russian and the Spaniard, and united to national poetry on the banks of the Thames and the Tagus, while they are familiar to the lovers of music in other parts of Europe, and in transatlantic regions. Even where the rank of the composer is unknown, the homage paid to her genius evinces that it is their intrinsic merit which gives to these natural effusions of female sensibility the power of universal success.

The Duchess D'Abrantes thus describes her previous to her marriage :—

" Hortense de Beauharnais was at this time 17 years old ; she was fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty ; a profusion of light hair played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her slender figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head ; her feet were small and pretty, her hands very white, with pink, well rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners. She was gay, gentle, and amiable ; she had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished education had improved her natural talents ; she drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800, she was a charming young girl; she afterwards became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. Her brother loved her tenderly; the First Consul looked upon her as his child; and it is only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct towards her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited."

VI.

In the early days of her matrimonial life, there were circumstances which alleviated her sorrows and made her cheerful in the midst of causes of discontent and unhappiness. Everything around her appeared to reflect glory, renown and happiness. Josephine was seated on the first throne in the world; Eugene reigned as a Viceroy at Milan; while the head of this exalted family could bestow on his brothers the monarchies raised by his military genius, and consolidated by his political talents. The brows of Hortense seemed destined for a diadem; Napoleon willed it, and Louis became King of Holland, in 1806—[The same year, the cousin of Hortense, Stephanie de la Pagerie, who had been adopted by Napoleon and Josephine, and called Stephanie de Beauharnais, was married to Charles, the Hereditary Prince, and afterwards Grand Duke of Baden.

In the midst of the enjoyment of new dignity, and of benevolent plans for the future welfare of those over whom she with her husband was called to rule, the happiness of Hortense was clouded by the necessary separation from her mother and her home. It was the first separation for any considerable time which had occurred. The prospect of departure from the scenes of early youth now revived all her childish attachments, and the pain thus created divided her heart with the anticipation of future grandeur. But in acts of kindness and charity she bade adieu to France in a manner worthy of her character as a princess.

VII.

Louis and his Queen arrived in their new dominions the 18th of June, 1806. They took up their residence at the Maison des Bois, a country-seat about a league from the Hague, where they received the various congratulatory deputations. Their public entry into the Capital was delayed for five days. Louis was well known in Holland, from his former visits; and the curiosity of the Dutch was therefore chiefly directed towards the queen, whom they now beheld for the first time. Louis was esteemed and respected, but with the feeling a king always inspires among loyal subjects, whilst a young and lovely queen fascinates every heart. The Hollanders, who received Hortense with joyous acclamations, might easily have believed that the fair being before them, had been created by heaven expressly to be their sovereign.

During her residence at the Hague, that hitherto sedate metropolis was changed to gayety, and a constant succession of balls and entertainments. The dancing of Hortense was perfection, and in this as well as in dress and manners, the Queen was a model for the young ladies of Holland. She promoted social amusements with that true condescension which produces in every mind regard, without derogating from superior rank.

Louis was inclined to favor his new subjects and their interests, but his wife was an enthusiast for France and Napoleon. She expected that his brother should act merely as his lieutenant in the country where he had placed him on a throne. After the death of her eldest son, Hortense was advised to travel for her health, and she ultimately returned to Paris, and while there, her third son, (Louis Napoleon), was born. In 1809, Louis and Napoleon differed on Dutch politics, and Hortense at the request of the Emperor, repaired to Holland, to watch her husband, and persuade him, if possible, to adhere to the interests of France. Louis, however, asserted his independence, and finally abdicated, and Holland was annexed to France. Louis repaired to Austria, and his wife returned to Paris ; where she had a palace and household suited to her rank, still retaining, by courtesy, the title of "Queen of Holland."

VIII.

The divorce of her mother from the Emperor, occurred previous to the abdication of her husband. She was in Paris when the divorce took place, and was selected as the natural mediator to prepare her mother for the calamity. But her feelings prevented her complete co-operation ; for in the proposed measure she could see neither propriety nor necessity. A few distant allusions and equivocal expressions, which were all she could utter, fulfilled the strict commands of duty imposed on her by the Emperor. Josephine was the true and only connecting-link between Napoleon and her children ; after her divorce their natural relation towards him was inferior to that of collateral relatives. Hortense and Eugene wished to resign their already half lost grandeur, and to become the companions of their mother in her retirement. Josephine reminded them of their obligations to Napoleon, and commanded their obedience to the will of him who had been to them a father as well as sovereign. They therefore left their weeping mother, soon to mingle in the pomp of a second marriage of the Emperor—to see a stranger in the person of Maria Louisa seated on the throne of Josephine.

Hortense was one of the four Queens who bore the imperial train of Maria Louisa, as she approached the nuptial altar. She wept bitterly as she followed the bride, and when the fatal *Yes* was pronounced that separated her from her mother, she uttered a loud shriek, and became insensible. When this tribute to nature and her sex had been thus paid, she recovered all her native strength of character, and the lofty bearing befitting her rank.

The Count de la Garde, an intimate friend of Hortense, to whose memoirs of the Queen of Holland we are indebted for some of the foregoing particulars, says, that Louis entertained a sincere friendship for Josephine, and was deeply grieved at the divorce, yet he was very near following the example of Napoleon. He wished to add the sanction of the law to the separation between himself and his queen. While both were absent from Holland on a long visit to Paris, he had never seen the queen except on public occasions. On his arrival from Holland he had repaired to the residence of Madame Letitia, instead of proceeding to his own palace, which was occupied by Hortense. After all this coldness, he expressed a desire for her return to Holland, and she conceived it was her duty to comply. Her husband was unfortunate, and her popularity might be useful in preserving the allegiance of his subjects. But after a short experience, Hortense became convinced that her presence could be more useful to her mother than to her husband, and pleading ill-health, she returned to France.

IX.

Josephine, after her divorce, resided chiefly at her country seats, Malmaison and Navarre, sometimes undertaking journeys with her circle of friends. On one occasion she met Eugene and his wife at Geneva. Hortense, who accompanied her mother, made one of the party on this occasion. She then visited the celebrated waters of Aix, which had been recommended for the restoration of her health, then very precarious. On this occasion she lost her early and faithful friend, Madame de Broc, who was drowned in a mountain-torrent, during an excursion.

When the reverses of Napoleon took place, in 1814, Hortense was with her mother at Navarre. After visiting Maria Louisa at Rambouillet, and seeing her depart for Vienna, Hortense joined her mother at Malmaison, where she received the visits of Alexander and of the Allied Monarchs. At the request of those sovereigns Louis XVIII., erected St. Leu into a Duchy for her advantage, with the right of inheritance vested in her children.

When Napoleon abdicated at Fontainbleau, Hortense remained with her mother at Malmaison, and saw her breathe her last. Feeling under obligation to Louis XVIII., she paid her respects to him, on leaving off her mourning. This visit gave dissatisfaction to the friends of Napoleon. Meantime her husband sued in the French courts to have his two sons restored to him, and the affair was pending, when the return of Napoleon put a stop to the proceedings. She now resumed her attendance at the Tuilleries, and did the honors of Napoleon's Court. She was one of the first to welcome his return to Paris.

After the battle of Waterloo, she attended Napoleon in his retirement at Malmaison, until he left it to embark. She then set out for Switzerland, and retired to the town of

Constance. Afterwards, in 1817, she purchased the estate of Arenemberg, in the Canton of Thurgau, where she used afterwards to spend the summers; and to pass the winters at Rome, with her sister-in-law, Pauline. Her eldest son, Napoleon, married his cousin, Joseph Bonaparte's second daughter. In 1831, both her sons, without her approval, joined the insurrectionary movement in the Papal States. The eldest fell sick during that short campaign, and died at Pesaro. With her only surviving son, Louis Napoleon, the anxious mother, after some narrow escapes, returned to Arenemberg, in Switzerland, and she continued to reside there until her death, which took place, October 3d, 1837. Her son had returned from America to attend her last moments. Her remains were taken to France, and buried in the church of Ruel, near Paris, by the side of her mother's.

Hortense had been deprived of the Duchy of St. Leu, at the second restoration of the Bourbons. She published some reminiscences or fragments of her memoirs, relative especially to her adventures in 1831:—"La Reine Hortensie en Italie, en France, et en Angleterre, pendant l' année, 1831." Among her musical pieces, is the favorite "Partant pour la Syrie le jeune et beau Dunois," or "the Knight Errant."

During her residence in Switzerland, on the banks of Lake Constance, her villa of Arenemberg was the seat of elegance and hospitality. She was an ardent admirer of the fine arts, and greatly excelled in music. Many of her leisure hours were employed in painting; miniatures, landscapes and flowers were equally the subjects of her pencil. She spoke freely of the brilliant days of her prosperity, and history then flowed naturally from her lips for the edification of her listeners.

BOOK VIII.

JEROME BONAPARTE,

KING OF WESTPHALIA,

Born in Ajaccio, December 15, 1784—President of the French Senate.

RICHARDSON-COX SC. N.Y.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

JEROME BONAPARTE.

I.

THE youngest brother of Napoleon was educated for the naval service, and it was the ambition of the First Consul to give him an opportunity to win distinction and place himself at the head of the French navy. In the "history of events which have never happened," our fancy has sometimes pictured a career on the ocean for Jerome, corresponding with that of his brother on the land. In imagination, we have given to certain latitudes and longitudes of the sea, a "local habitation and a name," like Montenotte, Marengo, Austerlitz, or Jena. It is not difficult to imagine how different might have been the fate of the Emperor of France and the fortunes of all Europe, if, with the favor of such a brother, in the pride and height of his empire, Jerome had displayed a high genius for the sea. Napoleon would doubtless have attempted under such an agency, to have extended his dominion over the ocean as he did over the land. We have also sometimes fancied, what might have been the consequences of that single interview which took place between Robert Fulton and Napoleon Bonaparte, when the great American offered to the First Consul his immense discovery—promising him if he would "give him a chance to try a fleet of vessels that would sail without canvas against winds and tides, twelve miles an hour." Had Napoleon entertained the scheme of Fulton, and had Jerome been a Blake, or a Nelson, how widely different might have been the condition of mankind! It is at least a startling fancy to imagine the mighty agency of steam first committed to the hands of such a man as Napoleon!

II.

Being fifteen years younger than Napoleon, we find Jerome, with his sister Caroline, at Madame Campan's establishment in Paris, during his brother's first campaign in Italy—after which, we follow him to the College of Juilly, where he continued his studies, till Napoleon was placed at the head of the Consular Government. Although he had not yet completed his fifteenth year, he was put into the navy, where he had every opportunity of distinguishing himself. In 1801, he received the command of the corvette L' Epervier, and sailed in the expedition to St. Domingo, which was commanded by his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc. In March, the following year, he was sent back to France with dispatches, announcing the successful landing of the expedition, and the capture of Cape François. The intelligence was received with transports of joy by the French people—it was believed to be the forerunner of the recovery of that important colony; and as the young lieutenant had distinguished himself in the expedition, the French nation were ready to recognize in him a Montenotte =hero of the sea. Remaining, however, at Brest, longer than was necessary, with perhaps some indulgences common to sea-faring youth, Napoleon himself undertook to reply to a letter of Jerome to Bourrienne, in which a particularly interesting account was given of his recent adventures on shore:—"I have seen your letter, M. l'Enseigne de Vaisseau, and am waiting with impatience to hear that you are on board your ship, studying a profession, intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, if you ever intend to disgrace your name; for if you live to sixty, without having served your country, you had better not have been born." Soon after the receipt of this letter, he sailed for Martinique, and while there, he resided with Madame de la Pagérie, Josephine's mother. When hostilities began between France and England, Jerome was looking for an opportunity to distinguish himself, and his vessel cruised about for several months, on our southern coast, when she put into the port of New-York. The name of his brother had already echoed through the western world, and wherever he appeared, he was greeted with the most marked attentions. He went much into society in New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and having formed an acquaintance with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of the latter city, he conceived an ardent attachment for her, and they were married in Baltimore, December 24th, 1803. The marriage-ceremony was performed by John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, (and brother of the last signer of the Declaration of Independence), agreeably to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and the laws of the United States. This ceremony was preceded by a marriage-contract drawn up by Mr. Dallas, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, and witnessed by M. Sotin, Commissary of Commercial Relations of the French Republic, and Alexander Camus, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs of Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia, John Comegys, and the Mayor of the city of Baltimore. Miss Patterson, his wife, was the daughter of a rich merchant of that city, who was born of a Scotch family in the north of Ireland. She was an exceedingly beautiful and accomplished young lady, and fully worthy of the most illustrious nuptials. It is believed that the attachment was mutual, and ardent, and the fairest prospects opened before them in the future.

III.

For more than a year, Jerome remained in this country, visiting almost every object of interest with his young wife, and they were everywhere treated with the utmost kindness and attention. It has been suggested that the cause of his remaining so long in the United States, was the offence which his marriage had given to his brother Napoleon, who, having already in contemplation the elevation of all his brothers to European thrones, wished to form for them matrimonial alliances with the Princesses of the royal houses of Europe. However this may be, as we shall presently see, the marriage was never acknowledged by the Emperor.

In the spring of 1805, Jerome embarked with his wife for Europe in the American ship Erin. When their vessel arrived at Lisbon, [in May], Jerome started for Paris, directing the ship to proceed to Amsterdam, since, owing to the delicate health of his wife, she thought it not prudent to risk the fatigues of so long a journey, and also to the fact that some doubt was entertained, whether a passport could be procured, which would admit her into France. On the arrival of the Erin, at the Texel, Mrs. Bonaparte learned that an order had already been received from the government at Paris, prohibiting her landing. She accordingly sailed for England, where she arrived in the month of June, and took up her residence at Camberwell, in the neighborhood of London, where she passed the summer. On the 7th of July, [1805], she gave birth to her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, now a citizen of Baltimore. Jerome, who was affectionately attached to his wife, brought all the influence he could to appease the anger of his brother, but his endeavors were fruitless. Napoleon would not recognize the marriage, nor allow Jerome to bring his wife to Paris. Be-

MRS. PATTERSON.

lieving that if she should once appear before the Emperor, her beauty, grace and accomplishments, would secure for her a generous reception ; he hoped till the last, that this privilege would be accorded to him. The request, however, was resolutely refused. No step had been taken in Europe to annul this marriage until March 3d, [1805], when the Emperor caused his Council of State to enact a special decree, "forbidding all civil officers of the Empire to receive on their registers a transcript of the act of celebration of a pretended marriage contracted by Jerome Bonaparte, in a foreign country." This decree, amounting to a declaration of the nullity of the marriage related to the formality prescribed by Article 171 of the Civil Code, viz: that three months after the return to France of a French subject, he should transcribe on the Public Register at the place of his domicil the act of the celebration of any marriage contracted in a foreign country.

IV.

In the following May, the Emperor, in a letter to Pius VII., requested him to grant a bull annulling the marriage. From this letter, which was dated May 24, 1805, a copy of which we have been favored with, by a member of the Bonaparte family, we make the following extract :—

"I have frequently spoken to your Holiness, of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, a daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America, Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws, the marriage is null. A Spanish priest, so far forgot his duties, as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull, annulling the marriage. I send your Holiness several papers, from one of which, by Cardinal Casselli, your Holiness will receive much light. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such matrimonies null. But it appears to me better to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants. I beg your Holiness to do this quietly, and as soon as I know that you are willing to do it, I will have it broken here, civilly. It is important for France, that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person. It is dangerous that a minor and a distinguished youth, should be exposed to such seduction against the Civil Laws and all sorts of propriety."

V.

Before giving the reply of the Pontiff, it is proper to correct some of the Emperor's misrepresentations. So far from Jerome having been only a month in the United States before the marriage, he had been here several months; and the marriage-ceremony had been postponed for nearly two months after the time first determined on, as we have learned from private sources, and as any reader may learn from Mr. Jefferson's letter of that time to the American Minister at Paris, and as appears from the life of Pius VII. by Artaud, page 56, volume ii., second edition. The marriage had taken place in spite of the urgent and reiterated opposition of M. Pichon, the French Chargé d' Affaires at Washington. The friends of the Patterson family—either directly or through General Smith, a Senator of the United States—were apprised of the invalidity with which the marriage would be regarded by the French civil law. The first reason was, want of consent of the mother of Jerome, [who was still living], and his minority ; and, secondly, the obstacles offered by law to the marriage of an officer of the army or navy without the consent of his government. Notwithstanding this notice the family proceeded. The Marquis of Casa-Irugo, Spanish Minister in Washington, from what motive we cannot say, did not hesitate to ask from the parents of Miss Patterson her hand for Jerome Bonaparte—Senor Casa-Irugo was himself married to an American lady—But what appeared most extraordinary, was the conduct of the French Consul at Baltimore, who happened to be M. Sotin, the former Minister of Police in France, and who in that quality had presided on the 18th Fructador. M. Sotin sent into exile [under the guise of a civil office] to the United States, by his appointment as Vice Consul at Savannah, would have died from the unhealthiness of the climate, if M. Pichon had not transferred him to the Consulate at Baltimore. M. Pichon, detained at Washington by important political affairs, had ordered M. Sotin to present a formal protest against the marriage founded on the civil laws of France. In defiance of his injunction, M. Sotin assisted as a witness at the ceremony of the marriage, which was solemnized by Bishop Carroll. It was the intervention of Senor Casa-Irugo which gave rise to the mention in Napoleon's letter of the presence of a Spaniard. Bishop Carroll was an American. The marriage was celebrated with all the formalities required by the Catholic laws ; and, although Napoleon was right in his construction of the civil laws, he encountered ecclesiastical obstacles in his application to the Pope, somewhat stronger than he anticipated, as we shall see in the next paragraph.

VI.

From an exact copy of the original, which was made in Paris thirty years ago, we here give the answer of Pius VII., to the Emperor :—

"From the Vatican, June 26th, 1805.

"Emperor and Royal Majesty :

"I beg your Majesty not to attribute the delay in the return of the courier, to any other cause than a desire to employ all the means in our power to comply with the requests of your Majesty, communicated to us by the letter, which, together with its accompanying documents, was handed to us by the courier himself.

"In everything which depended upon us, viz., inviolable secrecy, we have felt honored in yielding to the solicitations of your Majesty with the most scrupulous exactness : hence we have confined entirely to ourself the investigation of the petition concerning the judgment on the marriage in question.

"In the crowd of affairs which overwhelm us, we have taken all the care, and given ourself all the trouble to derive personally from all sources, the means of making the most careful researches to ascertain if our Aposotlic authority could furnish any method of satisfying the wishes of your Majesty, which, considering their end, it would have been very agreeable to us to second. But in whatever light we have considered it, the result of our examination has been that of all the motives that have been proposed which we can imagine, there is not one which allows us to gratify your Majesty as we should be glad to do, by declaring the nullity of the marriage. The three documents which your Majesty has sent us, being based on principles contrary to each other are reciprocally destroyed. The first, setting aside all other absolute impediments, pretends that there are only two which can apply to the case, viz., difference of the religion of the contracting parties, and the absence of the curate at the celebration of the marriage. The second, rejecting these two impediments, deduces two others from the want of the consent of the mother, and the relations of the young man, a minor, and of the rape which is designated under the name of seduction. The third, disagrees with the second, and proposes as the motive of nullity the want of consent of the curate of the husband, which it pretends is necessary, since he has not changed his residence, because, according to the disposition of the Council of Trent, the permission of the curate of the parish is absolutely necessary in marriages.

"But from an analysis of these conflicting opinions it results that the proposed impediments are four in number. On examining them separately, however, it has not been possible to find one which, in the present case, and according to the principles of the Church, can authorize us to declare the nullity of the marriage contracted and already consummated. The difference of religion considered by the Church as an absolute impediment, does not obtain between two persons who have been baptized, even when one of them is not in the Catholic communion. This impediment obtains only in marriage contracted between a Christian and an infidel. These marriages between Protestants and Catholics, although disapproved of by the Church, are nevertheless acknowledged as valid."

This is but a brief extract from a long letter, in which the Pontiff sweeps over the entire field of ecclesiastical learning, showing at every step that there was no authority vested in him, nor could any precedent be found in the history of the Church for dissolving the marriage ; and like an honest man as he was, Pius VII. comes to the conclusion, which he unhesitatingly announces, that he neither can nor will annul the marriage, between Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. In the course the Emperor took in this case there was not a shadow of justification, and he cannot be vindicated; and if a learned and complacent Pontiff could not find in the library of the Vatican a single precedent for so bad an act, we do not deem it our duty to extend our search any further.

Finding that to persist in his opposition to the will of his brother, would defeat his object and only offer to him a life of exile, and hoping that time would accomplish for him what persuasion could not, he accepted a mission from the Emperor to the Dey of Algiers, to demand the restoration of Genoese sailors and citizens, who had been captured on the Mediterranean, and carried into slavery. Young Jerome filled this embassy with ability, and acquitted himself with great honor. He returned from the expedition with 250 Genoese captives, and landed them once more on the glad and free shores of their beautiful and beloved city. Their return was celebrated by a gay and gladsome festival; the young brother of the French Emperor was accorded a triumph, and an arch was erected to him, on which were inscribed in letters of light and gold—"To the Young Neptune of the Sea."

VII.

Early the following winter, he took command of the Veteran—a line-of-battle-ship—and sailed for the third time to the West Indies. Having executed his orders in a cruise of eight months, he returned to France, capturing on his way six English merchant-men. He was pursued by an English fleet, and to escape a capture his vessel was stranded on the coast of Brittany, but the crew were saved. When

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JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

SON OF THE KING OF WESTPHALIA.

he reached Paris, he was decorated with the cordon of the Legion of Honor, promoted to the rank of Admiral, and created a Prince of the Empire.

But although success had attended all his maratime attempts thus far, and the persuasions of Napoleon and the flatteries of friends seemed to invite him to a career of glory on the sea, yet Jerome was not after all at heart a sailor. He solicited from his brother service on the land, and in a manner which showed that he had finally abandoned all intention of reaping honors on the ocean. In November we trace him at the head of a column of soldiers of Bavaria and Wertemburg in the reduction of the fortresses of Silesia—the month after directing the blockade of Glogan. He conducted himself with so much abilty that [in March, 1807,] he was promoted to a General of Division in the Grande Armée.

VIII.

Thus far, it is believed, the Prince had not only kept up a constant correspondence with his American wife, but he had continued to entertain for her the same attachment he felt in the beginning; but finding that every artifice and attempt at persuasion failed with his brother, and being assured that the American marriage never would be recognized, he yielded at last for the sake of peace, and doubtless under the illusion of glory, to the imperial policy of Napoleon, and immolated himself, to use his own language, on the altar of the Napoleon Dynasty. The Emperor was affectionately attached to Jerome, and he sought out for him a match which he thought would secure his domestic happiness, a brilliant career, and at the same time plant the roots of another associate dynasty of the Bonapartes. On the 12th of August he married the Princess Frederica Catherina, daughter of the King of Wertemberg. A few days after his marriage, he was proclaimed King of Westphalia. On the 7th of the following December, an imperial decree was issued, containing the constitution of the new kingdom. It was published the 15th of that month, (the birthday of Jerome, who had just completed his 22d year), and on the 21st he made a public entry into his Capital.

IX.

It ought to be a matter of no great surprise if this group of Corsican boys and girls, who were thrown by revolution and conquest high upon the summits of the earth, did not display the loftiest qualities of statesmanship, or exemplify in every act of their lives the highest political wisdom. Students of history in future ages, will doubtless contemplate the whole period as one without precedent in the achievements of men and the convulsions of nations. Nor will they read without astonishment those pages which record the annals of the reigns of the Bonaparte Kings and Princes; for really, in tracing the contrast between them and their contemporaries, predecessors and successors of other dynasties, we must confess, that so far as royalty can honor human nature, and much farther than it generally does, it did in the case of the Bonapartes. But it should never be forgotten that those were *new* kings and queens. They had not been brought up under despotisms—they had none of the souvenirs of monarchy or tyranny to influence them. They had no despotic precedents in their family to guide them on the royal road which hereditary princes travel as they trample down the rights of men. Along the road of empire, they marched more like brave men than regal princes. In the case of Jerome, English historians particularly, have indulged in elaborate descriptions of the volatile and school-boy conduct of the King of Westphalia.

It would not be strange if he diffused through his palace the joyousness of his own youthful buoyancy; nor that he should have gathered around him the gay companions of his youth—any generous young king would have done the same thing. But we have not heard that his palace was disgraced by immoralities, or that he did not acquit himself as becomes a king and more than that—a man. A celebrated Scotch writer says, that he played at leap-frog with his courtiers in the royal palace. So did Henry IV.; but his plume at the battle of Navarre was the oriflamme of France; and it was reserved for Jerome, the King of Westphalia, to open the terrific slaughter of Waterloo.

X.

It is said that when the moment came for the young King to deliver his address before the Council of State, one of his ministers put into his hands a speech which had been prepared in the regular way, as speeches are prepared for other kings. Jerome, however, rose to his feet when the time came, and, with his thanks to the minister, laying the prepared speech upon the council-table, delivered what he had to say with fluency and grace; and he displayed withal a degree of political knowledge, and an acquaintance with the internal affairs of his State, which surprised his Council. But he found his treasury empty, and the salaries of all the employées of the government several months in arrears; and like many other Christians, he was obliged to have recourse to the Jews. He borrowed two millions of francs of Isaac Jacobson, a banker. A few days after, a deputation of Israelites in Westphalia, asked for an audience, when they presented to the King a kind and loyal address, to which the King said, "I like your address, gentlemen. That clause of my Constitution which establishes the equality of religions, is in unison with my own heart. No law ought to interfere with the exercise of the religious worship of any man. Every subject ought to be as free to observe the rules of his faith, as the king himself. It is the duty of the *citizen* only, that the laws of the government ought to regulate. I hope I shall never have cause to regret that I favor and protect the Israelites of my kingdom."

Jerome was as good as his word. A Jew in his kingdom was as good a man as a Christian, if he were as good a citizen. Hence Westphalia became a Holy Land to the tribes of Israel in Europe. Jews were admitted to public offices. Says an English writer—"The Minister of State was a Jew; the Councillor of Finances was a Jew; the Commissary of War was a Jew; the Superintendent of Hospitals was a Jew; the Burgomaster was a Jew." This Christian conduct of Jerome shocked the sensibilities of many of the pious people of Europe. The English journals rang with the scandal, and English books have been filled with it to this day. The crime of Jerome was, that he recognized in a descendant of Abraham—the oldest and the only aristocrat worth mentioning—the title of man.

XI.

The Court of Jerome was more like the well-regulated reception-rooms of a republican President, than the halls of a King. A degree of familiarity and cordiality was witnessed, which offended many of the gray-headed courtier of the Continent; but men soon began to respect the King and, forsooth, there was good cause for doing it. Like all the Bonapartes, he began to tear down the effete, the old, the dead—and build up the new, the fresh, the vigorous; even in Westphalia, the past with its stagnant formulas gave way to the living, effervescing young age. He tore

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down a part of his Capital, and sent for Grandjean, the celebrated Parisian architect, to rebuild it. He began public works all over his kingdom ; and of him we may say as of the other princes of the Napoleon dynasty—if they could have remained in power a single generation longer, they would have cured mankind of despotism forever. It was this appreciation of the necessity of progress, this caring for the material and the primal wants of man—the solicitude for whatever concerns the growth of nations, the development of their resources, the extension of their power that stamped the Bonaparte Kings with that majestic seal which Macauley affixes to the philosophy of Bacon when he says, that under his tuition mankind began to make progress ; whereas, for many ages they had been only marking time.

XII.

Jerome was beloved by his subjects, and he managed the affairs of his kingdom with discretion and ability. Attempts have been made in various works written at the time, to depreciate his qualities for government ; but the souvenirs that yet remain of him in the territory he once governed, are grateful to him still. Not a moment has passed since he ceased to reign on the throne of Westphalia, that he has not reigned in the hearts of his people. In 1812, the Emperor summoned him to join in the Russian expedition. He commanded the German Division, and in the battle of Mihilow, a daring movement was crowned with the most brilliant success. He was unfortunate at Smolensko, and the Emperor in a freak of passion dismissed him. Napoleon, however, regretted it afterwards. In 1813, when the French were compelled to evacuate Germany, Jerome was obliged to fly before the march of the Russian and Saxon troops. He was awakened in his palace on the morning of the 28th of

September by the cannon of Czernicheff, who appeared at the head of his Cossacks. Dressing himself in haste he mounted a horse, and seeing it was vain to attempt to withstand the overwhelming force brought against him, he fled with his staff and the Ministers of State to Coblentz. But the Cossacks did not long hold his Capital, and Jerome soon returned. In the meantime the battle of Liepsic had been fought; but he did not get the news till the 25th of October. That evening he left Cassel for the last time, escorted by his body-guards. Several days he remained at Cologne, but he was compelled at last to part with his devoted followers when he fled to France.

XIII.

His amiable wife, the Princess Frederica, accompanied her husband on his flight, and remained devoted to him in the midst of all his reverses. On the abdication of the Emperor, in 1814, they were compelled to fly from Paris. On their way to Switzerland, the carriage of the Princess was stopped by a gang of villains, acting in concert with the Allied Armies. She was robbed of her money and jewels, and compelled to depend on her equerry for money to defray her expenses to the Canton of Berne, where her husband had arrived by a different route. and was waiting to greet her.

Jerome and his wife took refuge in Trieste, where they were at the time Napoleon landed from Elba. Murat, then King of Naples, had provided a frigate on which the King of Westphalia embarked for France, and at the meeting of the Champ de Mai, he took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The battle of Waterloo was approaching, and Napoleon, with all the military forces he could drain from the Empire, marched to the scene of conquest. Relying on the discretion and bravery of Jerome, he confided to him the important work of opening that last battle, to which he led a charge of 6,000 men.

Waterloo was fought and lost amidst the ruins of Napoleon's Empire, whose fragments were swept from the face of Europe like chaff from the summer threshing-floor. Jerome hastened back to Paris, and after the abdication assumed a disguise which protected his life ; and wandering from district to district, he at length obtained permission from his father-in-law to join his wife at Wertemberg. The same autumn the king accorded to him the castle of Elvangen for a residence, on condition he should never leave it, and keep no French in his service. The following year the King of Wertemberg conferred upon him the title of Count de Montfort ; but he still suffered certain restrictions which finally became so irksome, that he obtained leave to withdraw and settle in the Austrian Empire. He purchased a magnificent château near Vienna, and a noble mansion at Trieste, in one of which he generally resided. He sometimes visited Florence and Rome to see the other members of his family. By his marriage with the Princess of Wertemberg, he had three children—Jerome Napoleon, born in 1814 ; Matilda, born in 1819 ; and Napoleon, born in 1823. A few words on his American descendants :—His son and only child by Elizabeth Patterson, born at Camberwell, in 1805, was brought to America by his mother, and educated with care. At an early age he was sent to Harvard University, and when he graduated, he immediately began the study of Law, he was admitted to the bar of Maryland, and would doubtless have devoted himself to the practice of that profession had not his marriage with a rich lady of Baltimore, in addition to his own inheritance, given him so large an estate as to demand his uninterrupted personal attention.

He visited Europe and spent some years in traveling and study. In the year 1832 he had a son—Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, who displayed at so early an age a taste for military life, that he was thoroughly prepared for West Point, from which—after a full course—he has just graduated with the highest distinction. He has received his commission in the army of the United States, [June, 1852], and no young officer has ever entered our service with higher qualifications for his profession, more stirring ancestral souvenirs, or brighter prospects for fame. May the future show that the Bonaparte stem can flourish also in our own Republican soil.

Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, now one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Baltimore, has devoted his life to books, to travel, to society, and to planting. For many years he has cultivated large tracks of land, with great success—owing doubtless in no little degree to the careful attention he has bestowed on the subject of scientific agriculture, which multiplies so vastly the generous products of the earth.

Since her divorce was proclaimed by the Imperial Senate of France, and the Legislature of Maryland, Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte's mother—Elizabeth Patterson—has lived an unmarried life. Opulent, highly educated, and gifted with qualities which have rendered her happiness in a great measure independent of others; she has passed a long, serene and useful life—and doubtless feels now, in the evening of her days, that it was no malicious fortune which withheld from her an European diadem. The history of the family into which she married, strikingly illustrates Shakspeare's words, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." As time rolls on, such heads will lie more uneasy still.

XV

More than half a century had swept by since the glorious vision of Napoleon's star burst upon the world. Thrones had risen and disappeared like brilliant but transient meteors in the heavens. At last men had nearly forgotten that a Napoleon Dynasty ever existed. That it would ever be restored few believed, even in moments of inspired hope Its founder, his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands, were dead. The brows of so many beautiful women which had been encircled with diadems had mouldered—and the bright eyes which had flashed in the radiance of imperial splendor had lost their light in the tomb. The hands which had wielded the blade in battle, and swayed the sceptres of kingdoms, had long rested in the nerveless sleep of the dead.

One only of that family of kings and queens, that had worn a crown still remained. Jerome—the King of Westphalia—the youngest of the brothers, heard the tocsin of the Revolution of February, 1848, which ended the Bourbon Dynasty, and once more he turned his face towards France. The Bonapartes always go back to Paris—it is now doubly sacred to them, for it is the sepulchre of the Emperor. The flight of Louis Phillipe proclaimed that the long exile of the Bonapartes was ended.

ELISA

MARIA-ANNA-ELIZA—GRAND-DUCHESS OF TUSCANY.

Born at Ajaccio, January 8, 1777—Died at Trieste, August 9, 1820

I.

Maria-Anna-Eliza, the eldest of Napoleon's three sisters, was born January 8th, 1777. At an early age she was sent to the establishment of St. Cyr, which had been founded by Louis XIV., under the patronage of Madame de Maintenon. At this school, she enjoyed every advantage for intellectual culture and grace of manners, and in her twentieth year, about the time of Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, she married Felice Bacciochi, a nobleman of Corsica, who held the rank of a Captain of Infantry. Three years afterwards, while her husband was with the army, on one of its campaigns, she went to reside with her brother Lucien, at Paris; he being at the time Minister of the Interior. She was distinguished for an extraordinary thirst for intelligence, appreciation of art and literature, and delighted in the society of men of learning and taste. Chateaubriand, La Harpe, and the poet Fontanes, with many other men of genius and fame, sought her society and appreciated her talents.

After the establishment of the Empire, Napoleon, [1805], consolidated the Republics of Lucca and Piombino into a Principality, which he bestowed upon his sister Eliza. At the same time, her husband, Bacciochi, was created a Prince. He was a man of elegant manners, and considerable literary and artistic accomplishments. We have been often amused to see British writers, some of whom, doubtless, never passed beyond the Channel, speak depreciatingly of the manners and refinement of these new made Princes and Nobles of Napoleon's Empire. Those who are familiar with the elegant manners of the refined Italians, read such slurs with a smile. Whatever may be the crimes of the Italians, they have never been accused by those who knew them, of coarseness of manner or lack of refinement of mind and taste.

II.

Having exhibited very superior qualities in her public position as the Princess of Lucca, Eliza was in 1809 created Grand Duchess and Governess-General of Tuscany. Her disposition was more like Napoleon's than either of his other sisters, or even his brothers. She had an instinctive aptitude for public life, and conducted the department of Foreign Affairs of her little State entirely herself. She wrote her own letters to the French Minister, and in everything which concerned the honor or the glory of her Duchy, she manifested the greatest jealousy of French interference. The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Empire was often obliged by Napoleon to yield to her demands, for she persisted so resolutely in every requisition which she conceived the honor of her State and the good of her subjects demanded, that her brother, who was often appealed to by his minister, ended by saying—"If she insists upon it, it must be done." She had the same taste for military parades, and martial display as distinguished Murat. She was often whole days on horseback organizing battalions, disciplining her army and cashiering her generals. Such a woman would be likely to overshadow any gentleman whom fortune made her husband. The Prince was a modest and unobtrusive man, but far from being effeminate. He was destitute of none of those manly qualities which are expected to distinguish the sterner sex, but Eliza was masculine in her form, her habits, and her taste, and presuming, doubtless, not a little on her relationship with the Emperor, she conducted all the military reviews herself—the Prince, her husband, acting in the humbler capacity of Aid-de-Camp. But if in these respects she even affected something of the *brusquerie* of her brother, she felt the same earnest love for constructing public works. She had thousands of men at work, building new roads, draining marshes, cultivating deserted wastes, establishing seminaries for education—in fact, the most of her time was spent in these noble pursuits or in the mimicry of battle—martial fêtes, and reviews. Williams, a young English traveler, who was not very lavish of his compliments to the Bonaparte family, says that she was greatly beloved by her subjects, and during her reign, Lucca became a paradise.

III.

When Murat made his entry into Rome, January, [1814], he sent forward his troops to march upon Parma. The Grand Duchess saw that resistance would be in vain, against the superior force of her brother-in-law, and she retired to Lucca, where she remained till the following year; when the Allied Armies took possession of all Italy, and she was sent to join her sister Caroline, in Bohemia.

Some members of the Bonaparte family seemed to have a great liking for Trieste, and among them, Eliza requested permission from the Austrian government to reside there. This request was granted, and she spent the rest of her days there with all the luxury which wealth and refinement could bestow. She died on the 9th of August, 1820, leaving an honored name, and having displayed many of the elements of an exalted character. Napoleon himself received the news not long before his own death. When the intelligence reached him, he retired into a room by himself, where he remained for several hours. No event during his long exile had made him so sad ; and when his attendants entered to awake him from the stupor of his grief, he replied—"Yes, Eliza has gone—she has shown us the way. I used to think that death had forgotten our family—but now he has begun to strike. He has taken Eliza, and I shall be the first to follow her."—He was. Her husband took up his residence in Bologna after the death of his wife, where he maintained a princely style of hospitality. They had two children—Napoleonne Eliza, born June 3, 1806, and Jerome Charles, Prince of Piombino, born July 3, 1810. The daughter married Count Camerata, and by both children, we believe, numerous descendants have been born.

Madame Junot says—"The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill-made ; her bones were square and prominent, and her limbs seemed tacked to her body just as it happened." The Prince of Canino, (Lucien), who was much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There is one point of general resemblance—the countenance of Madame Mére—in which all her eight children might be recognized not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each. She entertained a great admiration for Voltaire, and on one occasion when the Emperor had pronounced a certain drama of the time of Louis XIV., to be good for nothing, she immediately commenced an attack on Corneille—the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which are certainly neither impartial nor just in any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, particularly as he knew that his sister was wrong. The disquisition grew warm, and angry

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

words passed between them. At length, Napoleon left the room, exclaiming—"This is intolerable! You are absolutely a caricature of the Duchess du Maine."

IV.

MARIA PAULINE—PRINCESS BORGHESE.

Born at Ajaccio, October 20, 1780—Died at Florence, June 9, 1825.

PAULINE was born twelve years after her brother Napoleon. When the family were compelled to fly from Corsica, she was yet a little girl. From her childhood, however, she was regarded as extremely beautiful. Napoleon loved her better than either of his sisters, and although she was wayward, coquettish, frivolous, and vain, she was always fascinating in her manner, elegant in her accomplishments, exquisite in her taste, and the world has long known that Canova chose her as the most peerless model of beauty in face and form, in all Europe. After the exile of the family to Marseilles, she was very much admired and caressed by the officers of the government and others who saw her, and she received the most brilliant offers of marriage from persons of distinction, although the family had at that time none of the means of luxury, and were deprived even of many of the comforts of life.

In 1801, Pauline married General Le Clerc. He was a man of brilliant genius, and would doubtless have adorned the most splendid period of Napoleon's Empire. Immediately after the marriage, he received command of the French army in Portugal, and was subsequently intrusted with the expedition to St. Domingo. His wife accompanied him on the voyage. He was unfortunate in the expedition, and fell a victim to the climate. Pauline at once prepared to return to France, and having with a pardonable precaution deposited her treasures in the triple coffin which carried her husband to his native country, she sailed for France. She fortunately escaped the hazards which attended almost every maritime expedition of her country at that time, and the suddenness with which she merged in the voluptuous pleasures of the Capital, and the gayety she displayed, gave just reason for the remark which has frequently been made, that the marriage was doubtless one of convenience, and that she had never been much attached to her husband.

V.

Two years later, [Nov. 1803], she contracted an alliance with Prince Borghese, a man of great elegance and wealth. Descended from one of the proudest Italian families which had flourished for many centuries, and held the highest stations in the state, the proprietor of one of the most magnificent villas in the neighborhood of Rome, and the possessor of perhaps the richest private Gallery of Art in Europe, with an income of $250,000 a year from his own estates and a dowry of $2,500,000 with his young wife, and the revenues of Guastalla and Piacenza, it was regarded as not only a proper, but decidedly the most brilliant matrimonial alliance that was formed during the entire ascendency of Napoleon. The marriage took place in Paris, with every circumstance of pomp and splendor; and from the moment the wedded pair started, till their greeting in the halls of the ancestors of the Prince Borghese, every league of the journey was like a triumphal progress. For a great distance, Pauline was attended by a guard of honor sent by her brother, and as the sister of Napoleon, and the wife of the most distinguished Prince in Italy, she received royal honors at every town and village.

Pauline was the idol of the brilliant circle that now gathered around her, and she must have been a woman of almost superhuman virtue, judgment and discretion, to have resisted with entire success the fascinations that played around every step. With nothing left on earth to sigh for, that opulence, station, beauty, health and accomplishments of every nature could command; warm-hearted and generous, sensitive and vain, her heart after all, constituted the only field for adventure and the only scene for conquest.

Her husband was somewhat indolent in his disposition; and, like indolent men, was jealous of the activity of others. His wife was regarded as the most beautiful woman in Europe; and, although his jealousy was doubtless inflamed by many an Iago, and multitudes of writers have re-echoed the scandals that were spread at the time, no satisfactory evidence has ever been adduced in any quarter that Pauline was not a virtuous woman. Those who were mainly instrumental in originating and circulating these slanders at the time about her, were the very persons who had endeavored to load the name of Josephine with obloquy. Still Pauline's manners, like those of other women who far excel the rest of their sex in personal charms, were more winning and fascinating than ugliness ever learns to display. Those who saw her could not withhold their admiration; and when gallant and handsome men extended this homage to adoration, like many other beautiful women, she could not escape it. But the blood of Madame Mère was in her veins; and the Bonapartes, especially the women of that family, have always been too proud and haughty to degrade themselves. Even had they lacked what is technically called "moral character," their virtue has been intrenched behind their ancestry, and the achievements of their own family. Nor was there at any time an instant when any one of the Bonapartes could have overstepped, by a hair's breadth, the line of decency, without being fatally exposed. None of them pursued the noiseless tenor of their way along the vale of obscurity. They were walking in the clear sunshine, on the topmost summits of the earth, and millions of enemies were watching every step they took. The highest genius of historians, the bitterest satire of dramatists, the meanest and most malignant pens of the journalists, have assailed them for more than half a century; and yet the Republican who dares to lift the veil from the domestic life of the families of the old dynasties of Europe, is branded as a slanderer. A recent instance in point—*vide* the attacks upon Lord Holland for a few glimpses he has afforded us of the morals of the European courts.

We have written these words because a Republican is the only man likely to speak well, even of the good things of the Bonaparte family. It was, and is, and will be the dynasty of the people—standing there, from 1804, a fearful antagonism against the feudal age, and its souvenirs of oppression and crime.

VI.

Pauline was doubtless imperious; and it would have been a miracle if she had been always a gentle and submissive wife. A separation was finally agreed on, and the haughty and beautiful Princess returned to Paris. She divided her time between the Tuilleries and the elegant château of Neuilly. She sometimes presumed on the favor and affection of her brother; and he indulged her in all her caprices, and gave his homage even to her fascinations; but whenever she laid her tapered finger upon the lowest wheel of his imperial administration, he rebuked her with the sternness and ferocity of a lion. The profligate Fouché, who played the part of political scavenger to kings, queens, reigns, and revolutions, till his gray locks went down in infamy to the grave, wrote a book called his "*Memoires.*" It is filled with lies which nobody ever believed, and it finally divested him of the reputation he had long enjoyed, of being the "cleverest" man in Europe. Fouché wrote so many improbable lies in his book, that even his truths were rejected. Sir Walter Scott, who has never been accused of eulogizing Napoleon or any of the Bonaparte family, in reply to an odious story started by Fouché about Pauline and her brother, says—"The gross and guilty enormities of the ancient Roman Emperors do not belong to the character of Bonaparte, though foul aspersions have been cast upon him, by those who were willing to represent him as in all respects a counterpart of Tiberius and Caligula."

VII.

The marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa interfered somewhat with the reign of Pauline in the world of taste, fashion, and beauty. After the divorce of Josephine, she had been the central star of the Court. On the arrival of the Archduchess of Austria, Pauline's light paled before the imperial majesty of the new Empress. She withdrew from the court, and when she was presented to Maria Louisa at Brussels, she impertinently made some gesture, behind the Empress's back, in derision of the *Autrichienne.* A tittering which could not be suppressed, went round the saloon. Napoleon himself had been looking on Pauline, and thus detected her in the act. The next morning she received a peremptory order which banished her from the court. She retired to Rome in exile and disgrace, where she remained in one of the palaces of her husband, still the centre of a brilliant circle, till the retirement of her brother to Elba. We observe one curious circumstance in the history of each of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon—even those with whom he had differed most, those who had injured him, and whom he had insulted, all forgave and forgot their injuries and animosities when he was hurled from the sublimity of his throne to the depth of his exile. Pauline, too, flew to France, and saw her brother just before his retirement to Elba; and in October, with three of her maids of honor, she sailed for Elba in the Emperor's vessel of war sent for her to Naples. Napoleon received her with every mark of affection—had a little boudoir built for her in the garden, where she gave her balls and concerts. Pauline was one of the principle confidants of the Emperor when he was meditating his return to France. It is not a small compliment to her talents, that he confided to her one of the most important parts of that strange and difficult drama. She had placed most of her fortune and nearly all her private jewels at his disposal; and so well did she play her part, that even on the very night of the escape from Elba, she entertained a large company at a soirée, with the same thoughtless gayety and elegant nonchalance which had characterized her lightest and most thoughtless days.

VIII.

The Reign of the Hundred Days was ended—Napoleon had been long in exile on the Rock of St. Helena. In July, 1821, when Pauline had received intelligence that the Emperor's life was drawing to a close, she wrote an earnest appeal to the Earl of Liverpool, then Prime Minister of the British Government, in which she says—"The malady by which the Emperor is attacked, will prove mortal, at St. Helena. In the name of all the members of the family, I ask for a change of climate. If so reasonable a request be denied, it will be a sentence of death pronounced on him—In which case, I beg permission to depart for St. Helena, to join my brother, and receive his parting breath. I know that the moments of his life are numbered, and I should eternally reproach myself if I did not use all the means in my power, to assuage the sufferings of his last hours, and prove my devotion to him." Lord Liverpool granted the request in a letter which will always be cited to his honor. But the permission arrived too late—Napoleon was dead.

After this period, Pauline kept up her establishment at Rome, with great splendor, in the Borghese palace—her husband choosing to reside at Florence. She spent a portion of the year in the Villa Paolina, a beautiful palace within the city of Rome. Her residences were marked by an unprecedented degree of elegance, refinement and hospitality. Besides all the entertainments, she gave on a larger scale, for her circles of private friends she held concerts and soirées every week. The latter were attended by the chief personages of Rome—among others there was always seen a large number of Cardinals; her uncle, Cardinal Fesch, being, from the relationship, as much at home there as in his own palace.

IX.

Madame Junot, who knew her intimately, thus draws her portrait :—"Many people have extolled her beauty; this is known from portraits, and even statues of her: still it is impossible to form any idea of what this lady—truly extraordinary as the perfection of her beauty—then was, because she was not generally known till her return from St. Domingo, when she was already faded, and nothing but the shadow of that exquisitely beautiful Pauline, whom we sometimes admired, as we do a fine statue of Venus, or Galatea."

Pauline always dressed in more exquisite taste than any woman in France, except Josephine. And as we wish to convey to our readers some exact idea of her classic beauty, we will give a brief description of her appearance at a ball in the house of Madame Permon, the mother of the Duchess D'Abrantes, who says—"Her head-dress consisted of *bandelettes*, (of a very soft kind of fur, of a tiger pattern), surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold. She was a faithful copy of a Bacchante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos—the form of her head, and the classic regularity of her features emboldened her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women. Her robe, of exquisitely fine India muslin, had a deep bordering of gold—the pattern was of grapes and vine-leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to admirable advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands, which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle, which was placed below the bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone—Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room."

X.

CAROLINE-MARIA-ANNONCIADA—QUEEN OF NAPLES.

Born at Ajaccio, March 26, 1782—Died at Florence, May 18, 1839.

Caroline, Napoleon's youngest sister, was still a child when her brother became chief of the French nation. Her sisters had known adversity—she found herself in the midst

MARIE CAROLINE LOUISE

of luxury and splendor, the first moment she entered society. Madame Junot says of her, at this time—"Caroline Bonaparte was a very pretty girl, fresh as a rose—not to be compared, for the regular beauty of her features, to Pauline, though more pleasing perhaps by the expression of her countenance and the brilliancy of her complexion, but by no means possessing the perfection of figure which distinguished her elder sister. Her head was disproportionately large, her bust was too short, her shoulders were too round; but her hands and her arms were models, and her skin resembled white satin seen through pink glass; her teeth were fine, as were those of all the Bonapartes; her hair was light. As a young girl, Caroline was charming. When her mother brought her to Paris, in 1798, her beauty was all in its rosy freshness. Magnificence did not become her—brocade did not hang well on her figure, and one feared to see her delicate complexion fade under the weight of diamonds and rubies." She was a companion of Hortense at Madame Campan's, where she acquired every elegant accomplishment.

XI.

On the return of the First Consul from Egypt, he intended to marry his sister Caroline to Moreau, and at one time he had designed her hand for Augereau. But she was passionately in love with Murat, who being also enamored of her, their mutual request was immediately granted by Napoleon, and their marriage took place in January, 1800. It was in the month of October of the same year, that the plot of the Infernal Machine was carried into execution. On this occasion, Caroline nearly lost her life. She was on her way to the opera, near the carriage of Napoleon and Josephine. Every glass in her carriage was shattered, and the shock she suffered was so great, that her child, who was born soon after, suffered for a long time with epileptic attacks and a feeble constitution. Five years later, Caroline was created Grand Duchess of Berg, and two years afterwards she became Queen of Naples.

XII.

During the eight years she sat on that throne, she managed to win the affections of her people; and as she was fond of magnificence and display, and distinguished for great generosity, she was one of the most popular princesses in Europe. She made frequent journeys to Paris where she lived in a style of splendor worthy of the most brilliant queens. In the sketch of Murat, we shall speak of her Neapolitan life more in detail. As might very naturally be supposed, Caroline took sides with her brother in his differences with Murat; and things went so far that at least a separation seemed likely to take place. It would probably have been effected at a later period, had not a melancholy fate deprived her beforehand of her husband. But they seemed to have been after all sincerely attached to one another, and even as late as the Battle of Dresden, we find Caroline addressing to her husband the following letter:—

"SIRE,—Your letters respecting the brilliant Battle of Dresden, in which you took so glorious a part, reached me just as I was going to take the little voyage I had projected in the gulf; and it was amid the thunder of the cannon which you directed to be fired, that I went on board, rejoicing in your success, and still more rejoicing at finding myself free from all uneasiness respecting your health.

"According to your instructions, I have ordered *Te Deum* to be performed. I send your Majesty the proceedings of administration, together with the ordinary statements and reports, and some particular demands, on which it will be for you to determine. I annex to these, three reports of the intendant-general. * * The prince-royal set off day before yesterday to make the circuit of the bay, on the same vessel—he returned quite enchanted. The princesses are to go to-morrow, with Lucien for their beau.

"I don't know whether you receive my letters, but I write to you very often. Everything is perfectly calm and tranquil, and I hope you will be so too. I have ordered Camponelle to send you everything you may stand in need of, and told him to get some woolen hosiery, which will be very comfortable to you in traveling. I send a box of liquorice for the Emperor. Present my respects to him. Adieu, my friend; take care of yourself, I beg you, and think of us. I embrace you as I love you.

"CAROLINE."

XIII.

In the month of March, 1815, when the reverses of Napoleon's arms and the advance of the Austrian army into the kingdom of Naples, drove Murat from his kingdom, Caroline displayed great decision of character; and her conduct at the trying period, when she lost her crown and went into exile, has elicited the praises of all contemporaneous historians. Naples was filled with alarm. Dressing herself in the uniform of the National Guards, and mounting a spirited horse, she reviewed the troops and addressed them in a style which would have done no discredit to a conqueror on the eve of battle. She was on horseback more than six hours during the last day of her reign, and it was only at the final moment, when all hope was gone, that she gave herself up to the English Naval Commander, and went on board his vessel with her children. She had been assured a free passage to France with her suite by the English Commodore; but this pledge was also broken—of course, under the specious pretext that the commander had exceeded his instructions. Disgusted at the outrage, she abandoned the protection of the English flag, and threw herself into the hands of the Austrians.

Assuming the title of Countess of Lipano, she took up her residence in the dominions of the Austrian Emperor, with an engagement not to return to France or Italy without express permission. She obtained leave in 1830, when her venerable mother was supposed to be near her death, to proceed to Rome on a visit for a month. When the time was up, she returned again to her Austrian residence, but soon took up her abode in Florence, where she died in 1839.

A single word on the character of Caroline. She was perhaps more imperious and petulant than any of her sisters, not even excepting Pauline. When the Imperial Crown was put upon the head of Napoleon, his sisters all wanted to be made queens. Joseph, being the first of the brothers raised to a throne, his sisters found it very hard to address his wife as "Your Majesty," and they complained to him, that he had treated the wife of his brother with more favor than he had even his own sisters. "To hear your complaints," said Napoleon, "one would suppose that I had robbed you of your succession to the late king, your father." But Caroline was an estimable woman, a good wife, a kind mother, a generous sister, and a noble queen.

RICHARDSON-COX SC. N.Y.

EUGENE—VICEROY OF ITALY.

EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

Born in Brittany, September 3, 1780—Died at Munich, January 21, 1824.

I.

Among the shining names in the galaxy of the Beauharnais family, stands conspicuous the name of Eugene, son of Viscount Alexander and Josephine Beauharnais. In all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, as a son and brother, dutiful and affectionate; as an adopted son and recipient of favor, grateful and true; as a soldier, valiant and skillful; as a husband and father, fulfilling every duty in the social relations; as a commander and viceroy, remarkable for bravery, honor, integrity, humanity, and love of order and justice; as a friend, faithful and sincere; in short, as a man in every vocation of life to which he was called, acting well his part, and leaving behind him an unblemished reputation. We may add, that under a simple exterior, ne concealed a noble character and great talents. Wise in council, undaunted in the field, he was moderate in the exercise of power; and he never appeared greater than in the midst of the reverses of fortune, and the peculiar trials he was called upon to endure. Such was Eugene Beauharnais.

Eugene was born in the Province of Brittany, [September 3, 1780], and received his early education at the College of St. Germain-en-Laye. Being destined for a military life, at the age of twelve, he is said to have been with Hoche, in La Vendée; and he was with his father on the Rhine—his mother and sister being at Martinique. During the Reign of Terror, the father of Eugene perished on the scaffold, and his mother was thrown into prison. On her release, after the fall of Robespierre, Eugene was bound an apprentice to a joiner, which trade he actually learned, while his sister was placed with a mantua-maker. In the life of Josephine, we have related that it was through Eugene she became acquainted with Napoleon. It was on the occasion of his calling on General Bonaparte, to request that his father's sword might be restored to him.

II.

On the marriage of his mother with Napoleon, Eugene was placed in the staff of the General; but he continued to live with his mother in Paris, until the summer of 1797, when he joined the army of Italy, at Milan. On his arrival, he entered the service, as aid-de-camp to Napoleon, who felt for him an affection, which was justified by his good qualities. The following year, he accompanied the Commander-in-Chief on the expedition to Egypt. Having participated in the first actions of the French army in Egypt, on the entrance into Cairo, he was sent by Napoleon to compliment Murad Bey's wife. She received him on her grand divan, in the harem, to which he was admitted by special exception, as the Envoy of "Sultan Keebir," the name given by the Arabs to Napoleon. All the women wished to see the handsome young Frenchman. The wife of Murad Bey, although not less than fifty, was still distinguished for beauty and grace. When coffee and sherbet had been served, she took from her finger a valuable ring and presented it to the young officer, and sent severa requests to the General, who always protected her.

Eugene co-operated with Croissier, a fellow aid-de-camp in the sanguinary affairs at Cairo and Jaffa. He endeavored to save the lives of the prisoners taken at Jaffa, but his humane efforts were in vain. We may well suppose that Eugene was not sorry to leave the scenes of suffering and horror which he was compelled to witness in Egypt and Syria, and to return to France with Napoleon. He arrived in Paris, in October, 1799.

It was owing to Eugene and Hortense that a reconciliation was brought about between Napoleon and Josephine, on the return from Egypt.

Eugene was with his mother, in Paris, on the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. On the establishment of the Court of the First Consul at the Tuilleries, he formed one of its brilliant circle. He is described by the Duchess D'Abrantes as a most charming and amiable young man, attractive and elegant in his person. Frankness and hilarity pervaded all his actions; he was good-natured, gracious, polite without being obsequious, and a mimic without being impertinent—a rare talent. He performed well in comedy, sang a good song, and danced, as his father (who was called the *beau danciur* in his time,) had done before him."

III.

The First Consul appointed Eugene, *chef d' escadron* in the Consular Guards, in which capacity he accompanied the army to Italy, and distinguished himself at the battle of Marengo. In 1804, he was made colonel-general of the Consular Guards. He was created a Prince of the Empire, and also Chancellor of State. In June, 1805, at the coronation at Milan, Eugene was made Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, which comprised Lombardy and the northern Papal provinces, and he immediately entered upon the duties of his office, his residence being fixed at Milan.

Early in 1806, he was declared the adopted son of Napoleon; and by the influence of the Emperor, he solicited and obtained the hand of Augusta-Amelia, the eldest daughter of the King of Bavaria. They were married at Munich, January 13, 1806. In the same year, the Venetian States being annexed to the Italian Kingdom, Eugene was created Prince of Venice, and declared successor to the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

As Viceroy of Italy, Eugene was popular with the citizens as well as the army. His frank bearing and affable temper with his humane disposition, made him many friends. He displayed activity and system in the details of his administration; his vice-regal court was splendid, but he was frugal in his own expenditures. He embellished Milan with public walks and buildings, and encouraged manufactures and the arts. His gallery of paintings was one of the most magnificent in Europe. Entirely devoted to the Emperor, he implicitly obeyed and enforced his decrees, though he occasionally endeavored to obtain some mitigation of them, when harsh or oppressive.

In the war of 1809, between France and Austria, Eugene took the command of the French and Italian army, on the frontiers towards Carinthia; but he was obliged to retire before the superior forces of the Archduke John; and after sustaining considerable loss, he withdrew to the Adige, where he received reinforcements. Upon the defeat of the main Austrian army in Germany, the Archduke marched back towards Vienna, and was closely followed by Eugene. A battle took place near the river Piave, in which the Austrians were defeated. Eugene followed them on their retreat, and made his junction with Napoleon's grand army at Ebersdorf, near Vienna. He was thence sent into Hungary. On the 14th June, he defeated the Archduke John at Raab, and subsquently distinguished himself at the battle of Wagram, which put an end to the war.

IV.

He visited Paris, to be present at the declaration of the divorce of his mother. On that painful occasion he made a speech to the Senate, in which he dwelt on the duty of obedience to the Emperor, to whom he and his family acknowledged themselves under great obligations.

On the 3d of March, 1810, Napoleon appointed Eugene successor of the Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, who had been created Grand Duke of Frankfort. In 1812, he joined Napoleon in the Russian campaign, with part of the Italian army—taking command of the fourth corps of the grand army ; and was engaged at the battles of Mohilow and Moscow. In the disastrous retreat he succeeded in keeping together the remnants of his own troops, and maintaining some order and discipline. After Napoleon and Murat had left the army, he took the chief command. At Majdebourg, he collected the relics of the various corps ; and at the battle of Lutzen, May 2, 1813, he commanded the left wing of the new army which Napoleon had raised. Soon after, he returned to Milan, to raise new conscriptions to replace the soldiers who had perished in Russia, and to provide for the defence of Italy against Austria. Three levies, of 15,000 conscripts each, were ordered in the course of the year, in the Kingdom of Italy alone ; but the people were tired of war, and it was difficult to collect the required numbers for the army. The news of the Battle of Leipsic added to the general discontent, and in October, 1813, Eugene fell back on the Adige, the Austrians having entered Italy. In March, 1814, being attacked by the Austrians on one side, and the Neapolitans on the other, Eugene withdrew to the Mincio, and removed his family and property from Milan to the fortress of Mantua. On the 16th of April, Eugene and Marshal Belligarde, the Austrian commander, signed a convention, by which hostilities were suspended, the French troops sent away from Italy, and Venice and other fortified places delivered up to Austria. The Kingdom of Italy had ceased to exist, and Napoleon had abdicated.

V.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by the friends of Eugene to obtain his nomination as King of Lombardy. He gave up Mantua to the Austrians, and fled with his family to Munich, where he was kindly received by his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria. He had been at his father-in-law's court but a few days, before he was summoned to France, by the death of his mother. He was courteously received by Louis XVIII., who addressed him, not as General, but Prince. By the Treaty of Paris, a suitable establishment was to be assigned him, and he repaired to Vienna, to solicit the favor of the Congress of Allied Sovereigns. While there, the Emperor Alexander honored him with special marks of regard, and proposed that he should be made the Sovereign of a small Principality. But the return of Napoleon from Elba, changed the views of the Emperor of Russia. It was suspected that Eugene had informed Napoleon of the supposed intention of the Allied Sovereigns to transfer him to St. Helena; and the suspicion was strengthened, when a decree of Napoleon enrolled Eugene among the new Peers of France. The King of Bavaria prevented the arrest of Eugene by the Austrian government, as he had gone to Vienna under his protection Being no longer an object of favor with the Allied Sovereigns, Eugene retired to Munich, assuming the titles of Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Prince of Eichstadt. The Bavarian Principality of Eichstadt was bestowed upon him, and his posterity declared capable of inheriting, in case of the failure of the Bavarian line.

With the consent of the Pope, Eugene retained some estates in the northern part of the Papal Dominions. The restored Bourbon King of Naples also agreed to pay him five millions of Francs. These grants were intended as a compensation for the loss of the yearly income of a million of francs, assigned to him by Napoleon, from the National Domain of Italy.

VI.

In 1817, on the marriage of the Emperor of Austria with a Bavarian Princess, Eugene, who then resided with his father-in-law, considered himself disrespectfully treated. He and his family, therefore, took up their abode, for a time, with his sister Hortense, near the Lake of Constance, in Switzerland. He afterwards returned to Munich, where he died, of an organic disorder of the brain, on the 21st of January, 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Eugene left six children—two sons and four daughters. His eldest daughter, Josephine Maximiliene, was married in 1823, to Oscar Bernadotte, now King of Sweden; the second, Hortense Eugenia, was the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern Heichingen; the third daughter, Amelia Eugenia, in 1829, to the late Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil; the fourth married a Count of Wurtemberg. His eldest son, the Duke Augustus, married, in 1835, Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, but died soon after the nuptials; the youngest son, Maximilian, now Duke of Leuchtenberg, married in 1839, the Grand-Duchess Maria, daughter of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia.

NAPOLEON FRANCIS JOSEPH—DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

Born in Paris, March 20, 1811—Died at Vienna, July 22, 1831.

I.

When Napoleon first abdicated at Fontainbleau, [April, 1814], the King of Rome was taken by his mother to Vienna, at the wish of Francis of Austria, who for the first time then saw the child. In 1815, after his father's second abdication, (which the Allied Sovereigns would not accept in favor of his son), young Napoleon was placed under the guardianship of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, by whose directions he was educated as a German Prince. His title of "King of Rome" was changed to that of Duke of Reichstadt.

He early evinced a taste for a military life, and was educated in that profession. In the prosecution of this design, and to divert his mind from another model, the example of Prince Eugene, of Savoy, was proposed for his imitation. To cut off all intercourse with the agitators and adventurers of France, he was carefully secluded from communication with any persons except his attendants or instructors. This precaution, although it was accompanied with the amplest indulgences in all other respects, was felt as an irksome restraint, to which a recollection of earlier years gave a keener edge; and ideas of his father's fame and grandeur, perpetually haunted his imagination. To the study of the German language he at first evinced a decided repugnance, which, however, he afterwards overcome; but he had little inclination for literature. He had an early and radical dislike for fiction.

During his education at Schonbrunn, his tutors were much perplexed by his extreme curiosity with regard to his father, and the circumstances and causes of his fall. It was evident that the restless spirit of Napoleon possessed the mind of his son. His instructors were directed by the Austrian Court to acquaint him with the whole truth, as a means of allaying the alarming and feverish anxiety of his mind. This plan had the desired effect, but he was thoughtful and reserved upon the subject of his life and fortunes.

When the news of his father's death was communicated to him by M. Foresti, he was deeply affected. He was taught the learned languages; but to these studies he paid little attention—Cesar's Commentaries being the only Latin book he seriously read. He devoted himself with ardor to military studies. He also left some proofs of literary industry. Among the papers of the Prince, in Italian, is a sketch of the life of Prince Schwartzenberg. From his fifteenth year, he was permitted to read any book on the history of Napoleon and the French Revolution. At length he was initiated into the policy of the Austrian Cabinet. Accordingly, Prince Metternich, under the form of lectures on history, gave him the whole theory of imperial government. These lectures produced the effect desired, and he was thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of absolutism.

The revolution of 1830, produced a startling effect on the young Prince. He was not informed of the pertinacity with which his uncle Joseph urged his claims to the Crown of France. Least of all could the Prince have been aware of the effect which would have been produced at that time in France, had he suddenly made his appearance there, while the people were hesitating about accepting Lafayette's nomination of the Duke of Orleans.

II.

His first appearance in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party, at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley, when he became acquainted with Marmont, one of his father's marshals. In June, 1831, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and assumed the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry. He was beginning to exhibit symptoms of consumption, and his exertions in the discharge of his new duties hastened the progress of the disease. Much against his own wishes, he was taken from his favorite military pursuits; but his impetuous disposition hastened his dissolution. The first return of vigor excited the Prince to renewed exertion; he commenced hunting in all weathers, which, together with exposure in visiting a neighboring military station, soon occasioned a recurrence of the most dangerous symptoms, and, after a short period of painful suffering, he died at the Palace of Schonbrunn, on the 22d of July, 1831, in the 21st year of his age.

Under the guidance of Metternich, the grandson of Francis became an Austrian subject, instead of a French Prince, and forbade his ever cherishing any aspirations to a throne.

The intelligence of his death was received with profound sensation in France, but at that time the people had quietly acquiesced in the elevation of the House of Orleans; and the event which caused so much sorrow in the hearts of the survivors of the Bonaparte family soon ceased to excite attention or feeling elsewhere. In the other nations of Europe there was but little regret that an individual, however blameless in private life, who from circumstances might have disturbed the general peace, had been providentially removed by death, before the opportunity had offered for awakening in his bosom the ambition which distinguished his father.

BOOK IX.

JOACHIM MURAT,

KING OF NAPLES,

Born at Bastide-Frontoniere, France, March 25, 1767;
Died at Pizzo, (Italy), Oct. 13, 1815.

MURAT—KING OF NAPLES.

JOACHIM MURAT.

I.

This illustrious soldier, who was the Chevalier Bayard of Napoleon's Empire, would have deserved in this work something more than a passing notice, even had he not by marriage with one of Napoleon's sisters, become allied with the Bonaparte family. He was born [March 25th, 1767,] two years before Napoleon, in a small village near Cahors, in France. He was the son of the keeper of the little inn of the village—an honest and industrious man. He had been a steward in the Talleyrand family, and his son Joachim was, through their favor, admitted to the College of Cahors, with the view of being prepared for the Church. But he made little progress in his studies, and was incorrigible and extravagant. All his tastes were military, and the tap of a drum made him ungovernable. But he managed to remain at Cahors, until his course—such as it was—was complete, when he was sent to the College of Tolouse. He was, however, soon expelled, when he enlisted in a regiment of Chasseurs, and soon after the Great Revolution opened a new age to France and Europe.

II.

Young Murat, having obtained a place in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI., he joined his corps, where his fine form, handsome face, and martial bearing, attracted universal attention. He went through the Reign of Terror with the deepest enthusiasm, and took no care whatever to conceal his earnest sympathy with the cause of republicanism. He passed from grade to grade, till the stable-boy became a Major in the Army of the Republic. Many interesting incidents are related of him at this period, but we must pass them all by, without stopping even to glance at those passages of his life in which his character shines out with all its brilliancy. When Napoleon was confided by the government with the quelling of the Sections, he intrusted to Murat a most important commission; and it was chiefly through his efficiency and dispatch that the park of artillery, which decided the fortunes of the day, was seized and brought to Paris only a few moments before a superior detachment of the National Guard arrived for the same purpose. Having at that trying crisis displayed, not only the highest daring, but the most marked military tact and ability, Napoleon chose him as one of his staff, in the army of Italy.

III.

He achieved such distinction during the first campaign of Napoleon, in every trial of his bravery and skill, that he laid the foundation of the reputation he subsequently acquired, of being the ablest of all the French Marshals. After the conquest of Italy, he was chosen by the Commander-in-Chief, to bear the captured standards to the Directory of Paris, by whom he was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade. He occupied one of the first positions in the army of Egypt, and during that trying expedition won still more brilliant laurels. He was the only officer of the French army who could manage cavalry with success in an encounter with the Mamelukes. At the battle of Aboukir, he was intrusted by Napoleon with the hazardous task of breaking the centre of the Turkish lines. Before the onset of his squadrons, column after column of the Turks was driven into the sea. As the smoke of battle rolled off from a corps of the Turkish army, he saw the commander, Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by two hundred Janizaries, all of them fighting with the energy of despair. The Pacha drew a pistol, and fired at his head. The ball grazed Murat's cheek, but the next moment the Frenchman's sword glittered in the air, and by a *trenchant* stroke severed two of the Pacha's fingers, and brought his Arabian steed to the ground. He seized the uplifted hand of the Turk, and sent him a prisoner to Napoleon.

Murat was one of those gallant spirits to whom Napoleon made known his intention of returning to France, and whom he resolved to retain near his person. They held many intimate conversations during the long voyage, and its tedious hours were relieved by the communion of their kindred minds. Before Napoleon decided on the seizure of the Government of France, he had calculated well his forces; and to Murat was intrusted the most important part, after his own, in the decisive days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire. When those cries of "Death to Bonaparte" were ringing through the hall of the Council of Five Hundred, and Napoleon himself had just escaped from the dagger lifted against him, it was Murat who marched into the assembly, and ended their sessions.

Although Moreau, who was then the second military man in France, had sued for the hand of Caroline, Napoleon's youngest sister, yet either owing to the superior fascination of Murat's person or manner, or to the well-known affection entertained for him by the First Consul, she became his wife, and it was now more than ever an object of desire, as well as of interest on the part of Napoleon, to promote his fortunes. These were periods when marriages were contracted with as little premeditation as battles were fought;

and the convulsions of Europe allowed but brief honeymoons to its soldiers. A few days after the marriage, the army of Italy was again in motion—they were soon defiling along the glaciers of the Great St. Bernard—they descended into the garden of Italy, and unfurled their standards at Marengo. If this were a book in which we had scope for the description of the movements of armies, we should have to glance at some of the fields where Murat led the cavalry of France. At Marengo, Napoleon grasped his hand, when he returned from his last charge, and sent him to Paris to bear the standards of the enemy, when the Consular Government presented him with a magnificent sword, heavily mounted with diamonds.

IV.

We cannot go with him to Austerlitz or Jena, to Eulau or Friedland ; nor contemplate his career in Spain, where he placed the crown of the Peninsula in the hands of Napoleon—we cannot follow him in his struggles with the Bedouins of the Desert ; nor under the shadows of the Sacred Mountains ; his charges against the Cossacks on the frozen steppes of Russia we cannot record. We must forego the pleasure of tracing the career of this great soldier. But we need not record his achievements—they are already written in the history of Europe. Of the hundred victories that stand emblazoned on the Column of the Place Vendome there are few battles in which the majestic form of Murat on his battle-steed, charging the enemy at the head of his cavalry is not traced. Time and again, the fortunes of Europe hung on his sword. More than six feet high, finely proportioned, eminently handsome, with the most brilliant expression of countenance, hair which waved in natural curls all over his head, fond of riding, and acquainted with horses from his boyhood, riding none but the best horses in Europe—extravagant and superb in dress, fond of adornment, and captivated with splendor—he was altogether the most brilliant soldier on foot or on horseback that has been seen in modern Europe. Hundreds of thousands of men that were with him on his battle-fields have seen his gorgeous plumes wreathed in the smoke of battle; and so terrible did his name at last become, that the bravest soldiers he fought against, recoiled when they knew that he was on the field. Probably no man has lived in recent times who has performed so many deeds of daring—the very relation of which makes the blood run cold. From his birth to his death, he seems never to have known the passion of fear. Often during the march to Russia, and the retreat from Moscow, he rode unharmed through squadrons of the Cossacks sweeping around him—terrified and half charmed at the magnificence and daring of his adventure. He bore a charmed life. But his fate at last was sad enough to atone for the splendor of his career.

Napoleon never admired the military genius of any other man as he did Murat's, and he showered upon him all the magnificence of his Empire. He may have been more tenderly attached to Eugene—sometimes he may have felt a warmer sentiment for Duroc—he caught Dessaix as he fell on the field of Marengo, and he held Lannes to his bosom when he died; but no man ever lifted his arm for Napoleon whose blow when it came shattered the forces of the enemy o dreadfully as Murat's. Side by side with him, he traveled from the bombardment of Toulon till the fall of his Empire. From a General of Brigade he became General of Division, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, Marshal of France, and Grand Admiral, and Prince of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, Grand Duke of Berg and of Cleves, until the last honor which the French Empire could crown him with, was given—the diadem of Naples. We shall bestow upon him in this latter capacity, the few remarks we find room for in this volume.

An Imperial Decree of Napoleon dated, "Bayonne, July 15, 1808," placed Murat upon the throne of Naples.

Caletta, who held high civic and military offices under his government, who was long his Minister of War, and Councillor of State, has left in his posthumous work so many valuable and philosophical records that we could find no safer guide to follow, in tracing the policy and political fortunes of the new King. His work has never been published in English. To his history in Italian we are chiefly indebted, for what remains to say of Murat.

V.

When the new King was proclaimed, the Neapolitans were full of inquiries about his birth, his life, and achievements ; but the fame of his valor overshadowed everything else : hence those who were not attracted by military glory, feared to encounter in their sovereign inflexibility, hard-heartedness, fondness for war, and no capacity for government. But as the news came of his approach, festivals and rejoicings were seen throughout the kingdom.

On the 6th of September, [1808], he made his public entry into Naples, on horseback, superbly attired, but not with the royal mantle or any other sign of sovereignty—he was dressed only in the uniform he wore in battle. He was received at the gate by the homage of the magistrates, the keys of the city, and every sign of allegiance. Magnificent in his person, cheerful and even gay with those around him, powerful, fortunate, and a hero, he had everything to inflame the enthusiasm of a people. In the church of Spirito Santo he received from Cardinal Fiaro the sacred benediction, with every sign of veneration, except that he stood with his feet on the throne. When he entered the Royal Palace, he went through the etiquette of the Court with the grace of a king who had been born in the midst of grandeur. The city was brilliantly illuminated, and festivities and gayety were prolonged throughout the night.

The first acts of his reign were a proclamation of pardon for all those who had deserted the army, and a Convocation of Counsellors of citizens in the provinces, the curtailment of the expenditures of the army, particularly the French troops, garrisoned in the kingdom—all of which gave universal gratification. The festivities which celebrated his arrival, were hardly over, when the people abandoned themselves to other *fêtes* to demonstrate their joy on the arrival of the Queen. Caroline entered Naples the 25th of September, and although the public ceremonies were less imposing than those which greeted the coming of the King, they were marked by a greater degree of elegance and splendor, as might be expected, to distinguish the reception of a young and beautiful sovereign, who was the sister of the most powerful monarch that had ever held a sceptre in Europe. Something more than this gave heartiness and enthusiasm to the occasion ; for in the same carriage with the queen, were four very young and beautiful children to whom the Neapolitans looked forward for the majesty and the glory of the kingdom.

VI.

But the splendors of the palace, and the gayeties of the court, were not so strong for Murat as the allurements of the camp. In the midst of these festivities he was preparing the expedition to Capri. That island was then held by the

English, and had become, as Colletta says, a forge of conspirators and brigands under the command of Col. Lowe, who was afterwards to be the jailer of Napoleon. But Murat was determined to wrest it from their grasp, and he did it with complete success. This achievement, which was one of the most brilliant ever performed in the history of Europe, was achieved by 200 men, and it made the name of Murat ring through the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

This brilliant act was a hazardous pledge to hold out to eight millions of subjects ; but Murat was the man to redeem it. The eclat had scarcely resounded to the borders of his kingdom, before he undertook a still more difficult enterprise—that of civil change and amelioration. Exiles were recalled, state criminals were liberated, spies were dismissed, and all the barbarities of the police abandoned ; and Murat displayed a great deal of discretion in the means he chose to remove these obstacles which old habits and customs opposed, to the working of the new Napoleon Code. The registry of deaths, births and marriages, was confided to civil magistrates, and matrimony could not be celebrated in the church as a sacrament till it had been ratified before a magistrate as a social contract. The registry of mortgages on real estate, was opened for public inspection. This vast innovation met with opposition, for it tore away one of the last props of the feudal system. But its results were beneficent : Estates were cleared up and credit established ; and afterwards there were witnessed no deceptive bankruptcies, few estates squandered ; and frauds upon property were far less frequent than in former times. The magistracy of the city of Naples was regulated by wise and enlightened ordinances. A corps of engineers, of bridges and roads, was named ; and this part of the administration was made an instrument of civilization and wealth, although it had been neglected since the time of Charles Bourbon, in the early portion of the last century. Colletta, who was himself the Chief of the Corps of Engineers, under Murat, gives a long, minute and interesting account of the progress they made in public works during the reign. One of the chief characteristics of the Napoleonic policy has been from the beginning, the development of the resources of nations and the extension of public works.

Joseph had established in Aversa an institution for the education of the daughters of nobles. Murat transferred it to Naples ; and as its management was confided to the queen, it was called " Casa Carolina." The nobility of the young ladies was not sought in titles and the recollections of ancestors, but in the respectability of their position ; hence, the institution embraced names the most illustrious for ancient lineage, and most distinguished in the achievements of modern times. This Seminary flourished for several years ; and although its founders were overwhelmed by the counter revolution of 1815, it was still preserved with its original regulations, and is at this day a powerful instrument in improving the manners of families, in educating virtuous wives, and in providing affectionate mothers for the charities of home.

VII.

On the 25th of March, the birth-day of Murat, and of his Queen, he presented to the new regiments he had organized, and to the National Guards, their colors. He had called from the Provinces the choicest of the legions, and raised a magnificent throne in the Grand Piazza of Naples, and made all his preparations for a splendid fête, with his Oriental genius for display. The National Guard, which had been organized throughout the kingdom, had been summoned to witness the grand celebration, and wherever they passed cities and villages, on their march to the Capital, they were provided with the means of enjoyment and luxury. When their battalions reached Naples, they were not lodged in the rude quarters of soldiers, but commodiously in the palaces of the nobles and the rich, and of the king and his ministers. Although a violent rain was falling, it did not interrupt the ceremonies. Cardinal Fiaro, at the signal of the artillery from the forts and the ships, with a clear and harmonious voice blessed the standards, and as they hung drooping to their staffs they were carried to the king, who planted them around his throne; and as company after company approached to receive them, and swear allegiance, the rain ceased, the clouds broke away, and a full tide of sunshine flooded the martial scene. The multitude regarded it as an augury of a happy future. The fête went on—banquets, plays, theatrical spectacles, were given to the soldiers; and, to commemorate the occasion, a silver medal was struck, which bore on one side the image of the King, and on the other, fourteen banners, the number of the Provinces, with the motto, "Domestic Security"—and around it, "To the Legions, 26th of March, 1809." This scene doubtless had no little influence in consolidating the reign of Murat; and when the troops returned to the Provinces, where they were stationed, every village and hamlet flashed with illuminations.

VIII.

Soon after, from the port of Messina, two expeditions started, one of which landed in the Gulf of Gioja, four hundred brigands and soldiers; and the other, on the coast, between Reggio and Palma. The brigands dispersed through the forests, killing, robbing and destroying, wherever they came within contact of civilization. In the meantime, the innumerable ships of England were scouring the coast of

Italy, and landing brigands and desperadoes wherever it was judged they could inflict the most damage and distress upon the population. It is humiliating to human nature to contemplate the conduct of the British Ministry at this period, for thousands of innocent persons were sacrificed to the brutality of these desperate gangs of robbers, with whom the highest personages in the British navy were not ashamed to consort. It was regarded as legitimate revenge upon Napoleon himself to receive these villains when they fled from the pursuit of authority—protect them, load them with money, and send them ashore, to scour, ravage, violate, and lay waste the devoted homes and plains of Italy.

IX.

Murat understood thoroughly the policy of the English; and he determined to drive them from the Peninsula. With the energy and heroism of his spirit he at once began the work. He gave dispatch to orders, provisions, and counsels. He gathered his soldiers; visited the camps, the barracks and coasts; organized the militia as a guard of the city. Tranquillity reigned throughout the kingdom among his own subjects. But Naples turned pale with terror. Queen Caroline displayed the greatest confidence in the security of the Capital, by appearing every morning and evening in the public parks and promenades, and at the theatres with her children. Her example was imitated by all the upper classes, and Naples soon bore the appearance of luxury and repose. The brigands, landed from the English vessels, were obliged to get their food by incursions on farm-houses and villages. In a hostile soil they could calculate on neither safety nor life, but in victory. But their object was neither bread nor peace. Being distributed throughout the kingdom along the line of the Appenines, they descended on the same night into a hundred villages, and the kingdom of Naples must have seemed to the eye of Heaven to have been lit by a general conflagration. Rapine, violence, death and fire, attended their steps. The old, the sick, and the young, were either massacred or burned. Hundreds of those whose misfortunes or condition should have rendered them objects of sacred regard, were subjected to the most ignominious and disgraceful deaths. A thousand instances are recorded, many of them authenticated by the impartial and honest pen of Colletta, in which traits of human nature are developed in such light as are seldom cast even by the pen of romance.

X.

England had furnished ships to land the brigands—and she rewarded them munificently for their barbarity—not unlike the policy she pursued in the War of our Revolution, and in that of 1812, when she summoned to her aid, by the the agency of whiskey, blankets and gold, the terrible machinery of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, for the mothers and infants of our own people. The Declaration of American Independence, long before these outrages were perpetrated, found in our own history, justification enough for that memorable accusation against the King of England—"He has brought on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is the undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions." But the ostensible instruments in her hands during this crusade of blood in the Italian Peninsula, were the Duke d'Ascoli, the Prince of Canosa, the Marquis of Sciava, and other distinguished courtiers of the King of Sicily. There were, in the court of that king, even priests and bishops who pronounced their benedictions upon the heads of the most notorious villains of Europe, and absolved them from all the sins they ever had committed or ever would, and promised them a free passport to the gates of Paradise, if they would only return to the horrid work of the butchery of helpless men, the violation of innocent maidens, and the slaughter of mothers, with their unborn children. Many of the most distinguished officers of the British army and navy witnessed and justified all this.

XI.

When Murat, whose humanity—seared as it may have been by the carnage of his battle-fields—recoiled in disgust from this infernal brutality, had exhausted in vain every means in his power to secure at least a decent warfare, he resolved to put an end to these barbarities, and drive the brigands from the soil of his kingdom. It was the mightiest effort of his life, and it was attended with complete success.

On the birth-day of Napoleon, [August 19th, 1809], while the city was transported with the festivities of a great celebration, the English fleet sailed into the Bay of Naples, and began to bombard the town. The little squadron of Murat, all of whose masts and sails were decked out for the festival, unfurled its mimic power against the enemy, under the command of Murat, who on that day showed that he was worthy of the title of Admiral of the French Empire. On that day, the first and last occasion when he wore the uniform of Grand Admiral, he stood upon the deck of a vessel, and began the action. His army had been drawn up for a display to grace the festival, on the beautiful shore of Chiaja, and their martial music mingled with the roar of the fortresses of Naples, until the signals from the Admiral's vessel gave a new direction, with something more than the fire of blank-cartridges to their military evolutions. Near and around the enemy's fleets, in a single minute, the shells of the guns of the Neapolitan forts fell on the gulf; while Murat sailed with his little fleet down on the enemy as fearlessly as though he had been on the deck of the Victory, with the confidence of Nelson. Says Colletta, "I never saw, in the midst of the prosperity of his reign, and the gayety of his palace, Murat so much delighted as he was on that day fortune seemed to be gratifying all his desires. He stood in the midst of war, pomp and glory, the object of admiration to an immense people."

XII.

Having repelled foreign invasion, and made the most energetic arrangements for the gradual expulsion of brigandage from his realm, he began the construction of several large vessels of war, and devoted himself with the greatest zeal and application to the internal improvement of his kingdom. Public instruction was taken care of, and many public schools were established. Colletta says, that the credit of institutions for popular education in the Kingdom of Naples is due to Murat more than to any other king. Bishops were prohibited from printing or publishing edicts or pastorals without permission of the government—a humiliating but just dependence for those who, having been free themselves till then, had imposed fetters upon the liberties of others. Two hundred convents of Monks or Nuns, which held real estate and were considered a curse to the entire community, were suppressed, and every vestige of priestly rule was for the time almost obliterated from the Kingdom of Naples.

XIII.

Murat and Caroline now left Naples on a journey to Paris, where they had been summoned by Napoleon, to assist at a family congress in which the divorce of Josephine was to be decided. Colletta says, that he alone of all the family and council, gave a dissenting vote to this measure.

His Queen remained in France, but Murat returned to devote himself to the affairs of his State. He founded in every Province a society of agriculture, assigned to them lands for experiments, and had a Conservatory erected for useful plants. He opened agricultural schools, gave premiums for superiority, and offered still more brilliant inducements to inventors of machines or processes useful to agriculture; while he connected the Agricultural Societies of the Provinces with the Garden of Plants at Naples, to which noble institution he presented a fine tract of land, with the condition that a spacious and beautiful edifice should be erected for the preservation in the capital of the plants for botanical experiments and for agricultural literature. In many ways also he endeavored to promote floral and useful agriculture as the basis of national wealth, uttering in one of his proclamations, the noble sentiment, that as the earth in some portions of Europe had been so long abandoned to the wasting-course of time, recourse must he had to human skill, which makes the most meagre soils fertile even under the most inclement skies.

XIV.

Colletta finely says of the nuptials with Maria Louisa, in 1810, that they were like a malignant comet speeding across the track of Napoleon.

Murat was summoned from Naples to witness the marriage, but he hastened back to attend to the affairs of his kingdom. The brigands had become so bold, that they advanced to the limits of the camp, and often assaulted and killed the soldiers in the neighborhood. Murat himself often went distances from the camp, and on a certain occasion, meeting a brigand whom the *gens d' armes* were carrying, bound hand and foot to the camp, he said to him—"Sire, I am a brigand, but worthy of pardon, for, but yesterday whilst your Majesty was passing over the mountains of Sicily, and I was in wait behind a rock, I could have killed you—such was my design, and I had prepared my arms, but your grand and royal aspect disarmed me—I could not fire on such a man—you are a king that I could respect. But if I had killed the king yesterday, I should not to-day be a prisoner so near death." Murat, who was open to any generous appeal, gave him his pardon—the brigand kissed the knee of Murat's horse, embraced the King's foot, and went free and happy. Colletta says, that from that day, he lived honestly in his native place.

Society seemed to be broken up—relations and friends were renounced, pursued and killed by friends and relations, and men became as they become in an earthquake, in a shipwreck, in a plague—solicitous only for themselves, and reckless for the rest of humanity. In the beginning of November, the lists of brigands numbered three thousand—before two months were over, they were numbered only by hundreds. There are probably to be found among the records of the destruction of brigandage in the time of Murat, in the kingdom of Naples, more instances of barbarity, of hardihood, and of heroism, than any other country at any period has furnished.

XV.

The enginery of destruction which Murat had set in motion with his unrelenting hand, was steadily pressed, till the last brigand was driven from the kingdom of Naples. Colletta says, it was the first time in the life of the restless and factious Neapolitan people that neither brigands, nor partisans, nor robbers, infested the public roads of the open country. The Court of Sicily and their English allies, lacking material for other domestic incendiarisms, launched no longer upon us their accustomed brands of discord and conflagration. Justice having vindicated her cause, the military commissions were dissolved ; the flying squadrons were recalled ; the military commandants in the provinces were divested of all control in the civil administration ; enterprises of industry resumed their wonted rigor ; traffic again rose into activity ; markets and fairs were crowded with people, and the kingdom wore the aspect of civilization and public security. The beneficent institutions of Joseph and Murat which had hitherto been prevented from putting forth their power, now became known to the people, and were joyfully accepted.

Thus, during the same year, [1810], the last trace of feudalism was swept from the kingdom. The effect of it was not so immediate as the suppression of brigandage, but it was of far greater importance. The feudal lands were divided among the communes and citizens—the vast estates of the crown which had produced little or no revenue, and had remained for ages without cultivation, were cut up into small farms and given as premiums to those who displayed the greatest science and industry in agriculture. On the first of January, 1811, in the midst of the usual festivities of the palace, the King conferred upon the most distinguished officers of his army titles of nobility with estates, (with none of the rights or usages of feudalism, however), and thus created a new armed and powerful nobility, devoted to progress and the future ; and although Joseph and Murat were both generous in the titles and estates they conferred upon their favorites, still Colletta says that the history of Naples shows no new dynasty established in that country, where so little avarice or prodigality was displayed. Nor had any preceding sovereign bestowed his favors upon men who had deserved better of the State.

XVI.

On the birth of the King of Rome, Murat hastened to Paris to offer his homage, and on his return he disbanded the French army in Naples, and issued a decree that no foreigner who had not first been declared a Neapolitan citizen, could any longer enjoy under his reign civil or military stipends. This decree enraged Napoleon, who protested against it. Murat hurled back the insult of interference on the part of the Emperor, and a hopeless estrangement would doubtless have taken place between them had not Queen Caroline calmed their excited passions. At length a compromise was effected, and a spirit of moderation signalized the actions both of Napoleon and Murat.

But there was not a complete reconciliation between the two Sovereigns, for Napoleon never could forget that he was an Emperor and had made Murat a King ; while Murat never could forget that he, above all other men, had made Napoleon an Emperor. In the estimation of Murat, as well as many other men, the Empire of Napoleon was approaching its fall ; and influenced somewhat, doubtless, by chagrin, and inspired also by the highest sentiments of honor and of chivalry, Murat began to change his policy of government in some respects and look more to the consolidation of his own dynasty than to the promotion of the views of Napoleon. He founded new colleges and schools, issued new ordinances for public instruction, and inaugurated with solemn ceremonies the university of studies. He also began and nearly completed many great public works, designed either to be of general utility or to contribute to the arts which adorn and embellish civilized life. He built theatres in the chief towns of the Provinces, and roads, bridges and aqueducts, and began an extensive system of draining for marshes. Among other great roads, he built the Strada di Posilipo and Campo di Marte. Many of these public works were paid for by Murat with his own money. On the hill of Meradois he founded an astronomical observatory, after the design of Baron Zach, and it was mounted with the instruments of Reichembachs, who, at the invitation of the King, visited Naples to superintend the work, where they were greeted by learned men and Murat with more than regal honors.

XVII.

In April, 1812, Murat obeyed once more the call of his old Commander; and, leaving Queen Caroline Regent of his kingdom, he started for the campaign of Russia. For the moment all their mutual animosities were laid aside—Napoleon forgetting them in the glorious chivalry of the greatest leader of cavalry in modern Europe; and Murat giving away again to the fiery instinct of war. We shall not again recount any of the scenes of that terrible expedition. In one of the last bulletins of the campaign, Napoleon, who was moderate in his praises, and none too kindly disposed towards Murat, wrote—"The King of Naples in this battle has accomplished all that could be done by prudence, valor, and a knowledge of war. Throughout the campaign of Russia, he has shown himself worthy of the supreme rank of King." When the French army had reached the banks of the Niemen, Napoleon hastened on to Paris, leaving as his Lieutenant, the King of Naples. Murat nobly discharged his duty till the last; but when the remains of the French army had reached secure and commodious quarters, and the war of 1812 terminated, he resigned into the hands of the Viceroy of Italy the chief command, and returned with all speed to Naples. But Colletta censures with terms of great severity, his abandonment of the French army ; for, he says, his kingdom was in repose—England was busy with the wars of Germany and Spain—his Regent Queen, whose courage and judgment were superior to her sex, was administrating every providence necesssary for the wants of the State. On the banks of the Oder he was not king, but captain—not a citizen of Naples, but a Frenchman. There his country was wounded, and there, surrounded by danger, was struggling the army that had given him his fortune and his throne. When Napoleon heard of the departure of Murat from the camp, he caused the fact to be published in the *Moniteur*, accompanied with censures on him and encomiums on the Viceroy which wounded Murat still more deeply, from the fact that these two princes, one of whom was the favorite of fortune and the other of the Emperor, had long felt mutual jealousy and animosity. But this public censure did not appease the anger of Napoleon, for he wrote to his sister, the Queen of Naples, insulting words against her husband ; calling him unfaithful, ungrateful, a bungler in statesmanship, unworthy of an alliance with his family, and deserving by his machinations, a severe and public castigation."

The King replied directly to the letter ; and, among other things, said—" The wound to my honor has been made, and it is not now in the power of your Majesty to heal it. You have injured an old companion in arms, faithful to you in your dangers, no insignificant means of your victories, a a prop to your power, and the reanimator of your lost courage on the 18th Brumaire. When one has the honor, as you say, to belong to your illustrious family, nothing should be done by him to peril its interests or dim its splendor. But I tell you, Sire, that your family has received from me as much honor as it gave, on my marriage with Caroline. A thousand times, although king, I sigh for the days when I was simply a soldier. Then I had superiors and no master. When I became King, in that supreme rank I was tyrannized over by your Majesty, domineered over in my family, and it was then that I felt more than ever the necessity of independence and an unquenchable thirst for liberty. Thus you torture—thus you sacrifice to your suspicion men faithful to you, and who have served you nobly on the stupendous march of your fortune. Thus, Fouché was immolated to Savary, Talleyrand to Chagny, Chagny to Bassano, and Murat to Beauharnais—to Beauharnais, who has—to you—the merit of mute obedience, and of having cheerfully announced to the Senate of France the repudiation of his own mother! I can no longer deny to my people some relief from the severe damages their commerce has suffered through maritime war. From what I have said of your Majesty and yourself, you will infer that our former mutual confidence is changed. You will, therefore, do what best pleases you. But whatever may be your errors, I am still your brother and faithful brother-in-law. JOACHIM."

This letter being dispatched in the effervescence of anger, could not be recalled. Murat supposing the indignation of Napoleon would burst forth in a hostile explosion, prepared himself for defence. But Caroline, who understood the disposition of her husband and the tenor of the letter, from words which escaped his easily-impassioned lips, interposed, and softened his animosity. This presented an open rupture at the time.

XVIII.

King Murat now attempted the organization of a political union of all the States of Italy into a great confederation—the dream of Italian patriots for centuries. He was judicious in all that he did to attempt this grand result, and the whole subject is worthy of a volume which would unfold the policy that actuated him and the difficulties that attended the result. Napoleon once more went to meet his enemies, and Murat, who could not resist the allurements of a victorious campaign, was again attracted to the banners of Austerlitz, and once more he joined the army of Napoleon. He presented himself with restraint and embarrassment—but he was joyfully received ; and Napoleon pressed him to his bosom—for their old affection and the souvenirs of so many victories, with a common danger, overcame their mutual disdain and the memory of recent discords. He was by the side of Napoleon in the battles of Silesia and Bohemia, "waiting," says Colletta, "impatiently to break through the orders of the Commander ; and, if an image may be permitted to the severe style of history, was the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove."

He fought in the great Battle of Leipsic, and it was on the banks of the Elbe that he saved the Empire of Napoleon. "That Leipsic was preserved and the army afterwards enabled to retire by the shortest route to the Rhine, was due," says Colletta, "to Murat." After the dangerous retreat from Erfurth, Murat took leave of the Emperor with mutual fraternal embraces—their last separation and their last signs of friendship and affection. Murat arrived at Naples at the close of the year 1813. The reforming genius of the eighteenth century had swept over the nations of Europe. The liberty of France had been welcomed by tumult, and men parted with it reluctantly. But political equality had struck its roots deep, and among men and governments a new tendency had begun. The reaction was to follow; but it was only a step in another cycle of revolutions.

XIX.

It had now become evident that the colossal structure of the French Empire was hastening to its fall. Murat felt that his tenure on regal power was too dependent on the duration of Napoleon's reign, and he therefore received proposals of amity, which were made to him by the Emperor of Austria in the names of the sovereigns of Europe. He negotiated treaties with Austria and with England, which, had those nations observed with common faith, would have kept him upon the throne. But the moment Napoleon himself had been overwhelmed by the great coalition, the Allied Powers trampled every treaty they had made in the dust; and Murat, whose great fault was that he believed their word, was brought to ruin. He foresaw his doom, and whatever a brave man could do to save his throne or his fortunes was done; but it was all in vain—he was driven from his kingdom by the very Powers that had pledged him their protection, and nothing remains for us but the brief record of his last days. His kingdom had fallen to ruins and the return of the Bourbon was imminent and certain. He had fought his last battle—he had been betrayed by his friends, and abandoned by his people. The spies of Austria had been lurking on his track, and the brigands and assassins of Italy had been ready for years to take his life. England had expended many millions in slaughtering his people, hoping by these means to sap the foundations of his power. He was at last disheartened; and abandoning the cares of Captain and King, he thought only of saving himself and his family. He delegated the command of his army to one of his generals and privately entered Naples at evening; but he was recognized by the people, when he returned to his Capital and welcomed back as their sovereign, as though nothing had happened. He went to the palace, and rushing to the apartments of the Queen embraced her, and said—"Fortune has betrayed us—all is lost!" "But not all," she replied, "for we preserve our honor and constancy." Together and in secret they prepared for their departure. A small circle of courtiers and friends, faithful and beloved, were admitted and dismissed, after a brief conversation. The King made provision with his ministers for many of the affairs of the kingdom; and he was serene, discreet and generous. When he parted with those who had been faithful to him, unlike other Kings, he was as munificent as a prince when he is mounting a throne.

XX.

In the fall of his fortunes he made no provision for himself; but he instructed his negotiators to take care of the State and the army—to insist on the confirmation of sales and donations, and protect in good faith all the interests of his subjects, and ratify his acts, so far as they concerned the fortunes of his people; "thus leaving," says Colletta, "the fame of a good King, and many affectionate and touching souvenirs, in the recollections of the Neapolitans." When Colletta, his Minister of War, asked him what he should concede to the enemy, he answered—"Everything but the honor of the army, and the tranquillity of the people. I wish to bear all the burdens of the misfortune myself." These conditions were stipulated in the treaty with the Allies, and at the bottom of it were written these words—"The Emperor of Austria gives to this Treaty his formal guarantee." Every condition of it was violated, and a reign of terror began the very moment the tyrant Ferdinand once more set his foot in Naples.

On the evening of the same day, when the King had learned of the ratification of the treaty, and he had done all that honor, affection, or good faith could do, he set out privately for the sea-shore, where he took a small vessel and sailed over to Ischia. On this island he was venerated as King for a day, and then, in a larger vessel, with a small suite of courtiers and servants, without pomp or luxury, or even the comforts of life, he sailed for the coast of France. Queen Caroline had remained in the Royal Palace at Naples, Regent of the kingdom ; but when the Bourbons were again entering the city, according to previous arrangements, she embarked on an English line-of-battle-ship, with some of her court and former ministers, and a large number of other persons who could not put any faith in the word of a Bourbon, although signed, sealed and ratified by treaty. On the 23d of the month, the Austrian army entered Naples, attended with every scene of triumph and martial display. The Royal Prince, Don Leopald Bourbon, was on horseback, attended by a numerous court, joyfully returning the popular salutations ; and as the news had been spread during the last two days by couriers, telegraphs, and common report, the restored government was everywhere recognized and feted —the reign of Murat disappeared ; names, images, emblems and ensigns—the Queen alone, a prisoner on a line-of-battle-ship in the harbor, the spectacle and the spectator of her miseries.

XXI.

Says Colletta, whose account we follow—Traversing the Gulf of Gaeta, from whose towers he saw his flag waving, and thinking that his children were within those walls, his natural impulses and long familiarity with war urged him to enter the fortress, and still struggle like a desperate man, without a hope of saving his kingdom. But several ships closing the entrance of the port, he mournfully turned his prow toward the west.

He arrived at Fréjus, the 28th of May, and landed on the same coast that the prisoner of Elba, two months before, and with a better fate, had touched. On the soil of France a thousand thoughts and recollections agitated him—the first fruits of his valor, his hardships, his fortunes, his diadem, his name ; on the other side, the recent events of the war of Russia, the anger of Napoleon, the intrigues with Austria and England, the alliance and the war against France, abandonment and ingratitude. Adversity had softened that proud spirit, and fear prevailing over hope, he did not dare to go on to Paris but stopped at Toulon.

He wrote letters to the minister Fouché, who had been his friend in prosperity. Fouché presented the letters to Napoleon, who asked what treaty of peace he had signed with the King of Naples after the war of the year 1814 ; thus recalling his injuries in vindication of himself. Murat remained in Toulon, respected by the people, or, perhaps, commiserated for his misfortunes, and from recollections of his former greatness or expectations of new events.

That troubled repose was soon after disturbed by th news of the battle of Waterloo. Murat kept himself concealed, and sent letters to Fouché, who a little before, minister of Napoleon, and now minister of Louis, had preserved entire his authority and power with hostile kings, amid the ruin of kingdoms. Murat prayed him for a passport for England, promising to live as a private man, subject to the laws. But Fouché made no reply.

The lot of the unhappy Murat was every day becoming worse. He wrote a letter to the King of France, neither haughty nor abject, but worthy of an unfortunate and fugitive monarch, and inclosed it to Fouché, begging him to consign it to the royal hands. The letter bore no date, for he would neither discover his retreat nor lie; he dated his note to the minister, "*From the dark abyss of my prison;*" but he said nothing else to excite compassion.

He gained nothing by these supplications; the cunning minister made no reply, and the king was silent. Miserable and desperate, he determined to find his way to Paris and confide his fortune to the allied sovereigns. Recalling the diadem that once pressed his brow, the splendors of war, his familiar conversations with those kings, the hands so often extended in pledge of friendship and of fidelity, he hoped for safety and a noble reception. He did not undertake the journey by land in order to avoid the roads, still wet with the blood of Marshal Brune; but he chartered a vessel to take him to Havre de Grace, whence without danger he could get to Paris.

He chose for the embarkation a secluded part of the coast at the dead of night; but by some mistake or chance the vessel landed at another place. After waiting and searching for it a long time, he saw the day was breaking, and he went wandering through woods and vineyards. He fortunately found another asylum; he eluded the snares of his enemies, and at last on a small boat fled from France to Corsica, that hospitable island, the birth-place of so many who had in other days been his followers in wars and on fields of glory. After a voyage of two days a tempest arose, and for thirty hours his vessel was abandoned to the fortunes of the sea. When the storm subsided they fell in with the mail packet, which plies regularly between Marseilles and

Bastia. Murat with a bold countenance revealed his name to the pilots, and added, "I am a Frenchman—and I speak to my countrymen; I am near shipwreck, and I ask help from those who are sailing without danger." He was received and honored as a king.

XXI.

On the following day he was landed at Bastia. Corsica was at that time agitated by civil discords between the Bourbonists, Bonapartists and Independents. The first of these parties was small and weak, but the other two were strong, and confided in Murat for some new political movement. Hence the authorities of the island were suspicious of him, and from motives of security and prudence he passed to Vescondo, and thence to Ajaccio, closely pursued by the magistrates of the island, and continually defended by the islanders, who had risen in arms. These popular recognitions made him feel once more like a king, and with a false image of fortune glittering on his eye, he frequently said—"If strangers fight for me, what will not the Neapolitans do? I accept the augury."

He then formed the design, which he revealed to none but his most intimate confidants, of landing at Salerno, where three thousand of his old army were stationed, idle and discontented with the Bourbon government; to march with them to Avellino, swelling his ranks on the way with soldiers and partisans. With these plans he assembled a company of two hundred and fifty Corsicans who were faithful to him and ready for battle, and freighted six barques. He fixed the day of his departure; but shortly before the time, letters of Macerani from Calvi announced that he was on his way from Ajaccio, the bearer of good news. Murat waited for him, and he arrived the next day, narrated briefly what he had done, and put into his hands a paper written in French, which said—

"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, grants an asylum to King Murat on the following conditions:—

"1st. The king will assume a private name; the queen having taken that of *Lipâno*, the same is proposed to the king.

"2d. The king can reside in a city of Bohemia, or Moravia, or Austria Proper; or, if he wishes, in any country town of the provinces.

"3d. He will give a guarantee on his honor, not to abandon the Austrian States without express permission of the Emperor, and to live as a private man, subject to the Austrian monarchy.

"Given at Paris the 1st of September, 1815.

"By command of S. M. F. R. A.,

"PRINCE METTERNICH."

"A prison then," said Murat, "is my asylum! A prison is a tomb, and to a king who has fallen from a throne, there remains nothing but to die like a soldier. You arrive late, Macerani; I have already fixed my destiny. I waited three months the decision of the Allied Sovereigns; those same men who were once rivals in courting my friendship, afterward abandoned me to the sword of my enemies. I go with happy hopes of re-conquering my States. The unfortunate War of Italy has robbed me of none of my rights; kingdoms are lost and acquired by arms; a right to a crown is immutable, and fallen kings raise themselves to their thrones if it be the will of fortune, which is the instrument of God. If I fail in my undertaking, my imprisonment will find an excuse in necessity, but I never will preserve, as a voluntary slave, under barbarous laws, the miserable remains of my life. But, be assured, that Naples shall be *my* St. Helena."

XXIII.

On the same night, the 28th of September, the little fleet weighed anchor, and left the harbor of Ajaccio. The heavens were serene, the sea was placid, the wind propitious, the band was in high spirits, and the king was gay. Fallacious appearances!

The government of Naples was thoroughly informed of Murat's movements. As soon as they heard that he was in Corsica, a spy followed his track. For six days the fleet sailed prosperously, when it was dispersed by a tempest which lasted three days; two of the vessels, one of which bore Murat, wandered into the Gulf of Santa Eufemia; two others within sight of Policastro; a fifth upon the coast of Sicily, and the sixth was drifting on the sea. Murat hesitated, but afterwards became daring and desperate; he resolved to land at Pizzo and move with twenty-eight followers to the conquest of a kingdom!

It was the 8th of October, and a holiday; the Civic Guard were drawn up for exercise in the square, when Murat, landing, with his colors flying, he and his followers cried, 'Viva King Murat.' At this shout the bystanders, who perceived what must be the unhappy end of so rash an undertaking, stood mute. Murat at this cool reception hastened his steps toward Monteleone, a populous city, the capital of the province, which he hoped was friendly to him, for he could not believe it ungrateful. But in Pizzo, a captain Trentacapelli and an agent of the Duke of Infantado devoted to the Bourbons, the first by ancient and atrociou services, and the latter by disposition, hastily maneuvered their adherents and partisans, and advanced upon him with a discharge of muskets. He stopped and answered them, not by arms but by salutations. Impunity increased the courage of the profligate villains; they fired other shots, killing Captain Moltedo and wounding Lieutenant Pernice; the others then prepared to fight, but Murat by a word and motion of his arm, prohibited it.

The enemy crowded round him, and shut up the road, and there was no escape except to the sea, which was bordered by overhanging masses of rock. Murat precipitated himself down the steep, and reaching the shore, saw his bark moving out to sea. With a loud voice he called Barbara, (the name of its captain), who, hearing him, pressed his sails still harder, to make gain out of his rich spoil. It was the act of a villain! for while Murat was on the throne, he had enticed this man from the life of a corsair, and, although a Maltese, had admitted him into his navy, and in a brief space raised him to the command of a frigate, and made him a cavalier and a baron. Despairing of help from that quarter, Murat tried to launch from the beach a small vessel—but his force was insufficient; and while he was struggling, Trentacapelli with his corps came up; they surrounded him, they seized him, they stripped from him the jewels he wore on his head and breast, then wounded him in the face, and with a thousand insults and injuries outraged his person. This was the moment of the infamy of his fortune, for the violence of a villain mob is more bitter than death. Thus defaced, they dragged him to prison, in the little castle, together with his companions, whom they had also seized and maltreated.

XXIV.

The government received intelligence by telegraph and courier, of what had happened at Pizzo. But while messages of death were flying on the wings of telegraphs, Murat was passing his time serenely in prison. The fatal order, however, arrived on the night of the 12th. Seven judges were elected, three of whom, with the procurator of the law, were among the multitude whom Murat, as a Sovereign, had raised from nothing, and upon whom he had heaped gifts and honors. In a room of the castle this infamous council assembled.

In another apartment Murat was sleeping the last sleep of life. Nunziante entered, after broad day-light!—commiseration would not suffer him to awake the prisoner. When satisfied with sleep, he opened his eyes. The General, moved with grief, told him that the government had prescribed that he should be judged by a military tribunal.

"Alas," he answered, "I am lost! the order for trial is an order for death."

He covered his eyes and wept; but ashamed of his tears, he controlled himself, and asked if he should be allowed to write to his wife? The General replied with an affirmative sign, for his heart was full and his voice suffocated. Murat, with a steady hand, wrote in French :—

"My dear Caroline,—My last hour has sounded. In a few moments, I shall have ceased to live, and you to have a husband. Do not forget me; I die innocent; my life is stained with no injustice. Farewell, my Achilles; farewell, my Letizia; farewell, my Lucien; farewell, my Louisa. Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdoms, without fortune, among many enemies. Be united and superior to misfortune. Remember what you *are*—not what you have been, and God will bless your discretion. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering in the last moment of life, is in the thought of dying far away from my children. Receive a father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears. Preserve always in your memory the recollection of your unhappy father. JOACHIM.

"*Pizzo*, 13th October, 1815."

He cut several locks of his hair, and inclosed them in the letter, which he consigned and recommended to the General.

Captain Starace was chosen his defender, and he presented himself to the unfortunate man to announce to him the painful office he had to perform in the presence of his judges. Murat answered :—

"They are not my judges, but my subjects ; private men do not judge kings, nor can they be judged by another king, for he has no authority over his equals. Kings have no judges but God and the people, and if I am regarded as a Marshal of France, a council of Marshals may judge me, and if as a General, a council of Generals. Before I descend to the baseness of these appointed judges, many pages must be torn from the history of Europe. That tribunal is incompetent—I blush at it."

Starace implored him to consent to be defended, but he replied with the firmest resolution, "No, sir ! You cannot save my life ; let me preserve the decorum befitting a king. This is not to be a trial, but a condemnation ; and those who call themselves my judges are my executioners. You will not speak in my defence—I prohibit you."

The advocate left in sadness. The judge who was making up the process, entered, and, according to custom, demanded his name, and was going on to say something else, but the prisoner cut off his troublesome discourse, by saying,

"I am Joachim Murat, King of the Two Sicilies—and yours. Depart ;—take yourself away from my prison."

When he was left alone, he bowed his head towards the earth, with his arms crossed over his breast and his eyes fixed on the portraits of his family ; his rapid sighs, his profound affliction, showed how bitter were the thoughts that pressed on his heart. Finding him in that attitude, Captain

Stratti, his benevolent keeper, did not dare to address him, but Murat spoke, and said–

" In Pizzo there is joy over my calamity, (he supposed or knew it), but what have I done to make them enemies? I have spent for their advantage all the fruits of my long hardships in war, and I leave my family poor. I gave fame to the army, and rank to the nation, among the most powerful of Europe. For love of you, I forgot every other affection; I was ungrateful to the French, who would have judged me on the throne, from which I descend without fear or remorse. In the tragedy of the Duke de Enghien, which King Ferdinand now vindicates by another, I had no part, and I swear it, to that God before whose face I shall soon appear."

He was silent for a moment, and then continued—" Captain Stratti, I feel the need of being alone. I render you thanks for the love shown to me, in my adversity, nor have I any other way to prove my gratitude but by confessing it. May you be happy."

Here Murat ceased, and Stratti, weeping, left him alone. Soon after, before the sentence was published, the priest Masdea entered, and said—

" Sire, this is the second time that I address you. When your Majesty came to Pizzo, five years ago, I asked your help to complete our church, and you granted more than we hoped. My voice then, not having been unheeded by you to-day I have faith that you will listen to my prayers, which are turned only to the eternal repose of your soul."

Murat performed the duties of a Christian with philosophical resignation, and, at the request of Masdea, wrote in French, the following words—" *I declare that I die as a true Christian.—G. M.*"

XXV.

While these pious offices were being performed in one room of the castle, far different scenes were being enacted in another. ‘That Murat, who had been brought by the fortune of arms, to the private rank to which he was born, had come on a rash enterprise, with twenty-eight companions, confiding not in war, but tumults, that he had stirred up the people to rebellion, that he had warred against legitimate sovereignty, that he had attempted the revolution of the kingdom, and of Italy, and that therefore as a public enemy he was, by the force of the law of the Decennio, still maintained in vigor, condemned to die.’ That law (for the greater derision of fortune,) dictated by Murat, seven years before, benignly suspended by him in many cases of government, was, the instrument of his death.

The sentence was heard by the prisoner with coldness and disdain. A company of soldiers that had been stationed in a small inclosure of the castle, was drawn up in two lines. Murat would not have his eyes bandaged. He gazed serenely on the preparations of arms, and taking the place where he was to be shot, said to the soldiers—

“ Save my face—aim at my heart.”

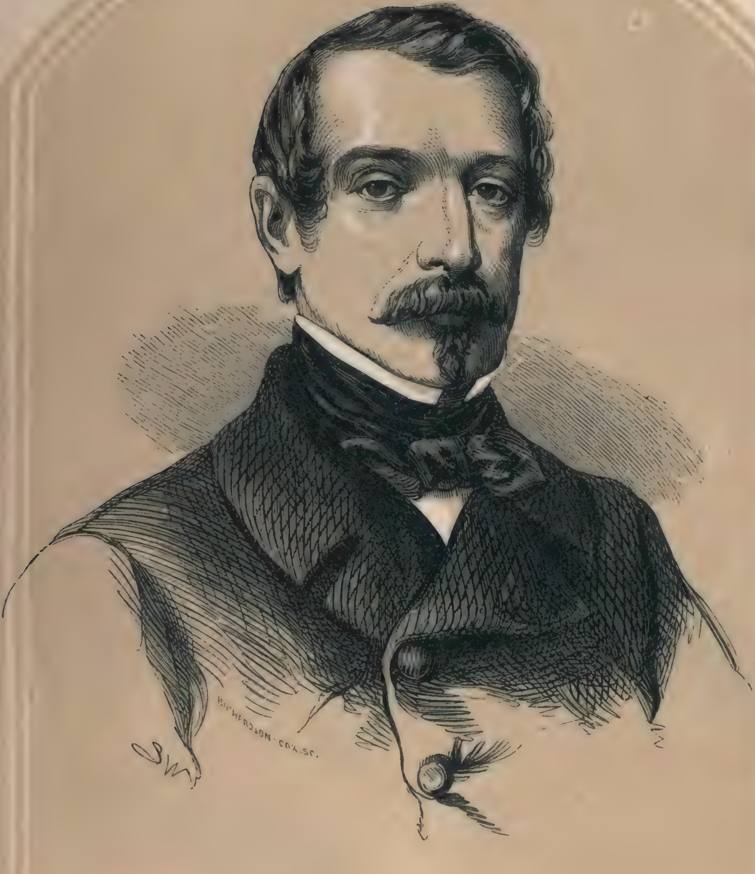
A volley of musketry answered his words, and the once King of the Two Sicilies was no more! He fell, grasping in his hands the miniatures of his family, which, together with his unhappy remains, were buried in the same temple which his piety had erected. Those who thought of his death, wept over it bitterly. His life was checkered by virtue and fortune, and his death was unhappy, courageous and lamented.

BOOK X.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON,

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Born in the Palace of the Tuilleries, April 20, 1810.



LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

I.

WE bring this volume to a close with the name and history of Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French Republic. If the title seems to any of our readers misapplied, or inappropriate to the man we write about, a more careful survey of his history and ideas, will perhaps explain an epithet which would otherwise be deemed improper. If we are not mistaken, his theory of national reformation is founded on a revival of the philosophy of government and progress, which was first unfolded by his uncle, and which would doubtless have been permanently established had not the Emperor been overwhelmed by a counter revolution.

Journalism and contemporaneous history have pronounced the act of Louis Napoleon of Dec. 2d, 1851, a usurpation, without parallel—and certainly, regarded in the light of American history, institutions, and character, this may seem to be but the mildest epithet that could be used for the occasion. But we have already bespoken for our work a spirit of impartiality in judgment, and we again ask, that the reader, before he goes on with this history, will remember that we are writing of Frenchmen—of foreigners—of those who have neither been born nor educated under our system of government, nor in our way of thinking. This fact alone should disarm criticism, and obtain for a sober recital of facts, at least the tribunal of impartial judgment.

II.

Louis Napoleon, the son of Louis Bonaparte, and Hortense Beauharnais, was born at the Palace of the Tuilleries, April 20, 1808. A few months before his birth, the final separation of the King and Queen of Holland had taken place, when Hortense went to Paris, where she resided at the Court of the Emperor, as one of its most brilliant and fascinating personages. Louis Napoleon was the first prince of the Napoleon Dynasty, born under the Imperial règime, who received military and public honors at his birth. Along the lines of the Grande Armeé, from one extremity of the Empire to the other, his birth was announced by the thunder of cannon, and the waving of the tri-color. The second, and last prince of the Napoleon Dynasty, born under the Imperial règime, was the son of Napoleon himself; and it is a circumstance worthy of notice, that Louis Napoleon should have been the only prince besides the King of Rome, of whom this could be said. The death of the Duke of Reischstadt, left Louis Napoleon the legitimate representative of the Emperor, and the heir to his Empire.

Louis Napoleon was baptized at Fontainbleau, in 1810, with the splendid ceremonies of the Imperial Court and the Church of Rome. After the restoration of the Bourbons, his mother, with the title of the Duchess of St. Leu, retired to Bavaria. They were not allowed, however, long to remain there, and they took refuge in Switzerland, from which they were again compelled to fly; when they finally settled in Rome. The education of the young Prince Louis was confided to M. Lebas, a radical republican, and the son of Robespierre's associate of the same name, who, on the death of that character, committed suicide rather than outlive his master.

III.

From the downfall of Napoleon to the year 1830, public tranquillity reigned throughout Europe. Millions of men had fallen on the field of battle, and the fortunes of men and of nations had been impoverished by a succession of Revoutions. But this period of repose had been but an interval of reflection, and recuperation, and the generation that came on afterwards, inheriting the souvenirs of their fathers, could not brook the same passive submission to the despotism of former ages. With such an inheritance of glory as the Bonaparte family had been born to, it is natural to suppose that they would await the first shock of a European revolution with anxiety and hope; and, accordingly, we find that in 1830, when an earthquake burst once more under the Bourbon throne, leaving Charles X. an exile from the home of his fathers, the Bonapartes assembled in Rome, to consider the course they should take in reference to the future. Letitia, the mother of the race; Cardinal Fesch; Jerome, the brother of the Emperor; Hortense and her son Louis, met in the same room. What passed in this family conclave we cannot tell. We only know that a knowledge of their proceedings came to the authorities of the pontifical government; and a request made to Cardinal Fesch for young Louis Napoleon to retire from the Ecclesiastical States, having been disregarded, he was arrested by the police in the house of his mother, and compelled under the escort of a band of mounted Carabinieri, to retire beyond the frontier.

IV.

This short-sighted policy of the Papal government, was the immediate cause of the disturbances that broke out in 1831, in the Roman States, and which, but for the armed intervention of Austria, would have prostrated the government of the Pope. The tocsin of revolution, which had sounded from Paris, had waked all Europe. Poland had again lifted her arm, to smite one more blow upon the breast of her spoilers. The communities of the old free cities of Germany, the inhabitants of the ancient Italian Republics, some portions of the Austrian Empire, the revolution of Belgium, and the general political agitation of Europe, favored and invited another attempt at independence in the Peninsula. Having been expelled from Rome, where Louis Napoleon would probably have been harmless, he joined with his elder brother in the attempt at a revolution in the spring of 1831, and the tri-color was raised at Urbino, Ferrara, and other Italian towns. The name of Louis Napoleon was enough to gather around his standard a formidable body of men; and with the aid of General Sercognani, they gained several victories over the army of the Pope. Three causes, however, prevented their triumph. Austria, who had her ascendency in the Peninsula to maintain, proclaimed an intervention, and marched her troops into the Pontifical States. A French fleet landed on the coast of Italy, to suppress the insurgents, and the revolutionists themselves had no man of superior military genius to guide their movements. But the successes of the revolutionists were so great, that they sent consternation to the gates of Rome, and had their plans been well laid, under an old Marshal of the Empire, they might have overwhelmed the petty tyranny of Italy, and rolled back the tide of invasion from Austria and France. An edict of exile, banished the nephews of Napoleon from the Italian soil—Louis Napoleon's elder brother was seized with a sudden and fatal illness at Faenza, and died [March 27, 1831]. Hortense had been aware of the attempts of her sons; and, making her escape from Rome, she contrived a disguise for Louis and herself, by which they evaded the vigilance of Austrian and French troops, and pontifical spies, and made their escape to Cannes—the very spot where the Emperor Napoleon had sixteen years before landed, on his escape from Elba, for the reign of a hundred days. But they were exiles on the soil where they stood, and it was the official duty of any agent of the French government to arrest them, if they were discovered. With a courageous resolution they, however, determined to press on to Paris, and throw themselves on the generosity of Louis Phillipe, trusting thereby to obtain some leniency, if indeed they should meet with no other favor. There were many reasons why the Queen Hortense could ask with some confidence a favor of the Duke of Orleans. Louis Phillipe was under great obligations to Napoleon, for he had allowed the mother and aunt of that king, to remain in France, after he had been placed at the helm of power, and had settled upon them an annuity of 600,000 francs, with which they could maintain with dignity, if not with splendor, a condition corresponding with their rank. Queen Hortense, who had always been kind and generous in the days of her prosperity and power, had been mainly instrumental in procuring the leniency and the magnanimity that had been shown to Louis Phillipe's relations. But Louis Phillipe, who scarcely felt himself yet securely seated on the throne of France, either did not wish or did not dare to reciprocate this favor to the members of the Bonaparte family; and when Hortense and Louis cast themselves at his feet, and asked for toleration, even this poor boon was denied them. The King endeavored to persuade them to fly from the country, telling them that he had not power enough to protect them in his realm. The crown had made him more selfish than he had ever been, and he began his reign and continued his government under the cardinal mistake that Napoleonism was extinct in France. *Its final resurrection was the main cause of his overthrow.* Louis Napoleon, who had now reached a period of maturity—and who was far more mature for his years than most princes or men ever become, (since he had been industriously educated in the school of adversity, and had studied with intensity the principles and the policy of the Emperor), asked the King to allow him to enter the French army. He even begged the privilege of becoming a common soldier; but this request, like every other, was denied, and a peremptory order was issued, for him and his mother to quit the kingdom without delay.

V.

Again they were compelled to seek a new asylum, and they fled to the hospitable shores of England—a nation magnanimous enough at least to offer a home to all the fugitives and hunted exiles of the earth, who fly to her shores. When they had recovered from the fright and fatigue of their flight, they returned to Switzerland [Aug. 31,] and took up their residence at Arenemberg. They were now on republican soil; and owing partly to what they had suffered, and partly to the associations of their family, and in the name of the government of the Canton of Thurgovia, the Prince was offered the rights of a citizen, and the grateful announcement was made to him in the following letter:—

"We, the president of the petty council of the Canton of Thurgovia, declare that the commune of Sallenstein, having offered the right of communal citizenship to his highness the Prince Louis Napoleon, out of gratitude for the numerous favors conferred upon the Canton by the family of the Duchess of St. Leu. since her residence in Arenemberg;

and the grand council having afterwards by its unanimous vote of the 14th of April, sanctioned this award, and decreed unanimously to his highness the right of honorary burgess-ship of the Canton, with the desire of proving how highly it honors the generous character of this family, and how highly it appreciates the preference they have shown for the Canton, declares that his highness Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the Duke and Duchess of St. Leu, is acknowledged as a citizen of the Canton of Thurgovia."

To show his appreciation of the honor which had been offered him, the young prince presented to the authorities of the Canton two cannon with complete trains and equipage, and founded a free school in the village of Sallenstein.

VI.

In the meantime, Louis Napoleon had not only been profoundly studying the history, the career, and the political principles of the Emperor, his uncle, but he had with no little zeal and earnestness devoted himself to military affairs. He entered as a volunteer in the military school of Thum, and in a work which he published on artillery, he displayed such proficiency that the Canton of Berne conferred on him the commission of a Captain in the army. This new demonstration of respect inflamed his gratitude, and in his reply to the Vice President he says—

"MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,—I have this instant received the warrant which informs me that the executive council of the city of Berne has appointed me a captain of artillery."

Among other generous sentiments the Prince says—" I am proud of being ranked amongst the number of the defenders of a state where the sovereignty of the people is recognized as the basis of the constitution, and where every citizen is ready to lay down his life for the liberty and independence of his country."

VII.

He pursued his studies and remained quietly in his exile in Switzerland, when, in 1835, on the death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the husband of Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, he was invited to take possession of the crown of that country. He declined the honor in the following letter :—

"ARENEMBERG, Dec. 14, 1835.

"Several journals have noticed the news of my departure for Portugal, as though I were pretending to the hand of the Queen Donna Maria. However flattering to me might be the idea of an union with a youthful Queen, beautiful and virtuous, the widow of a cousin who was very dear to me, it is incumbent upon me to refute such a rumor, because there is no circumstance, of which I am aware, which could give rise to it.

"It is due to myself also to add that, in spite of the lively interest which attaches to the destinies of a people who have but recently acquired their rights, I should refuse the honor of sharing the throne of Portugal, should it perchance happen that any persons should direct their eyes to me with that view.

"The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated a throne in 1810, because he could not unite the interests of France with those of Holland, has not left my memory

"My father, by his example, proved to me how far the claims of one's native land are to be preferred even to a throne in a foreign land. I feel, in fact, that habituated since infancy to cherish the thought of my native land above every other consideration, I should not be able to hold anything in higher esteem than the interests of France.

"Persuaded as I am that the great name which I bear will not always be held as a ground of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen—since that name recalls to them fifteen years of glory—I wait with composure, in a hospitable and free country, until the time shall come when the nation shall recall into its bosom those who in 1815 were expatriated by the will of two hundred thousand strangers.

"This hope of one day serving France as a citizen and as a soldier, fortifies my soul, and is worth, in my estimation, all the thrones in the world."

VIII.

The Prince had devoted himself with enthusiasm to political and military investigations, and had already published his *Reveries Politiques*, which embraced a scheme for a new constitution for France, and his *Considerations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*. These works displayed considerable ability, and even without the name of the author, would have attracted attention. But an event of some importance in itself, and of importance to Europe, now occurred, [Oct. 30, 1836], which was called the Insurrection at Strasbourgh. There was a vast amount of speculation at the time by the political writers of Europe, on the subject of this insurrection, but nothing rational or satisfactory had been published about it until Louis Napoleon addressed a complete history of the whole affair in a letter to his mother :—

"MOTHER,—To give you a detailed recital of my misfortunes, will be to renew your sorrows and mine ; but, at the same time, it will be a consolation both for you and for me, to put you in possession of all the impressions which were on my mind, of all the emotions which have agitated me since the close of last October. You know what was the pretext which I held out on my departure from Arenemberg; but what you do not know is that which was then passing in my heart. Strong in my conviction, which had long made me look upon the cause of Napoleonism as the cause of the nation in France, and as the only civilizing cause in Europe—proud of the nobleness, and the purity of my intentions—I had become firmly resolved to elevate again the Imperial Eagle, or to fall a victim to my political belief.

"I set out accordingly in my carriage, taking the same road which I had followed three months ago, when proceeding to Nukirch and Baden. Everything around me bore the same aspect as then; but what a difference in the impressions which animated me! Then I was gay and cheerful as the day that smiled around me; to-day, sad and gloomy, my spirit had taken the infection of the cold and cloudy atmosphere which encompassed me. I shall be asked what it was that forced me to abandon a happy existence, to run all the risks of a hazardous enterprise? I will answer, that a secret voice led me on, and that for no consideration upon earth would I have postponed to another time an attempt which seemed to present so many chances of a successful issue. * *

"What care I for the cries of the vulgar multitude, who will call me mad because I have not succeeded, and who would have exaggerated my merit if I had triumphed! I take upon myself all the responsibility of the event, for I have acted upon conviction, and not by inducement of others." * *

IX.

"On the 27th I arrived at Sohr, a small town in the grand duchy of Baden, where I waited for intelligence; * * At Strasbourgh, on the following day, I saw Colonel Vaudrey, and submitted to him the plan of operations which I had drawn up; but the colonel, whose noble and generous sentiments merited a better fate, said, 'It is not here a question of a conflict of arms; your cause is too French, and too pure, to be soiled by spilling French blood. There is only one course to pursue which is worthy of you, because it will avoid all collision—when you are at the head of my regiment, we will march together to General Voirol; an old soldier will not be able to resist the sight of you, and that of the Imperial Eagle, when he knows that the garrison is with you.' I approved of his arguments, and everything was arranged for the following morning. A house had been engaged near the quartier d'Austerlitz, where we were all to assemble preparatory to repairing to the barracks as soon as the regiment of artillery was assembled.

"On the 29th, at eleven o'clock at night, one of my friends came to seek me in the Rue de la Fontaine, to conduct me to the place of rendezvous. We walked across the town together; a magnificent moonlight was spread over the streets, and I accepted this fine atmosphere as a favorable augury for the morrow. I carefully observed all the parts through which I passed; the silence which everywhere reigned made a deep impression upon me. What, thought I, may reign in place of this calm to-morrow? 'However,' I remarked to my companion, 'there will be no disorder if I succeed, for it is chiefly to prevent the troubles which often accompany popular movements, that I wished to accomplish this revolution by means of the army. * * I call God to witness, that it is not to gratify a personal ambition, but because I believe I have a mission to fulfill, that I risk that which is more dear to me than life—the esteem of my fellow-citizens.'

"On arriving at the house in the Rue des Orphelins, I found my friends assembled in two rooms on the basement. I thanked them for the devotion which they had shown for my cause, and told them that from that moment we should share together whatever might come of good or evil fortune. One of the officers had brought an eagle; it was that which had belonged to the 7th regiment of the line. 'The eagle of Labédoyère!' we exclaimed, and every one pressed it to his heart with lively emotion. All the officers were in full regimental uniform, and I wore the artillery uniform, and a general officer's hat.

"The night seemed very long. We counted the hours, the minutes, the seconds. Six o'clock in the morning was the hour appointed. How difficult it is to describe what one feels on such occasions. In such critical moments as these, our faculties, our organs, our senses, excited to the highest pitch, are concentrated upon a single point; we are arrived at an hour which is to decide all our future destiny. One feels a moral strength when one can say, 'To-morrow I shall be the deliverer of my country, or I shall be in the grave.'

"At length, it struck six o'clock. Never did the strokes of a clock re-echo with such force through my heart; and in a moment's time, the sound of the bugle at the quartier d'Austerlitz accelerated still further its beatings.

"Some minutes more passed away, when it was announced to me, that the colonel was waiting for me. Full of hope, I rushed into the street; M. Parquin, in the uniform of a general of brigade, and a commander of battalion, bearing the eagle in his hand, were one on either side of me. About a dozen officers followed me.

"The distance we had to go was not far; it was soon accomplished. The regiment was drawn up in order of battle in the court of their barracks, inside the gates; upon the grass were stationed forty of the horse artillery.

"Oh, my mother! judge of the happiness which I enjoyed at that moment. After twenty years of exile, I at length touched the sacred soil of my native land; I found myself surrounded by Frenchmen, whom the memory of the Emperor was about again to warm with electric heat.

"Colonel Vaudrey was alone in the middle of the court. I was advancing towards him, when the colonel, whose noble countenance and figure had, at the moment, something of the sublime about them, drew his sword, and exclaimed, 'Soldiers of the 10th regiment of Artillery! A great revolution is in course of accomplishment at this moment. You behold here before you, the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He comes to reconquer the rights of the people; the people and the army may place full dependence on him. It is around him that all who love the glory and liberty of France ought to gather. Soldiers! you will feel, as does your commander, all the grandeur of the enterprise which you are about to undertake, all the sanctity of the cause you are about to defend. Soldiers! may the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon count upon you?'

"His voice was drowned at the instant with unanimous cries of 'Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!'

X.

"I then spoke in the following terms:—'Resolved to conquer or to die in the cause of the French nation, it was before you that I wished to present myself in the first instance, because between you and me exist some grand recollections in common. It was in your regiment that the

Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as a captain; it was in your company that he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon; and it was also your brave regiment which opened the gates of Grenoble to him, on his return from Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are in reserve for you. To you is accorded the glory of commencing a great enterprise—to you it is given first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram!' I then snatched the eagle, which had been borne by one of my officers, M. de Querelles, and, presenting it to them, continued—'Soldiers! behold the symbol of the glory of France, destined also to become the emblem of liberty! During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory—it has glittered upon every field of battle—it has traversed all the capitals of Europe. Soldiers! will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honor and your courage? Will you refuse to march with me against the betrayers and oppressors of our country, to the cry of 'Vive la France! vive la Liberté?'

"A thousand affirmative cries replied to my appeal. We then set out in marching order, the band playing before us. Joy and hope beamed on every face. The plan of operations was, to rush to the general's quarters; to hold—not a pistol at his head—but the eagle before his eyes, to lead him with us. To reach his hotel, we had to march across the town. On the way I had to send an officer, with a file of men, to a printer's, to publish my proclamations—[These proclamations were to the following effect:—"In 1830 a government was imposed upon France, without consulting either the people of Paris, or the people of the provinces, or the army. Frenchmen! everything that is established without your authority is illegitimate: A national congress, elected by all the citizens of the state, has alone the right of determining what is best for France: Paris, in 1830, showed us how to overthrow a wicked government; it is now for us to show the world how to consolidate the liberties of a great nation;"]—another to the *préfet*, to put him under arrest; and others, in all six in number, were dispatched on special missions; so that, by the time I arrived at the general's, I had thus voluntarily parted with a portion of my forces. But, I thought, had I any occasion to surround myself with so many soldiers? Did I not count upon the participation of the people? And, in truth, whatever may now be said of the matter, throughout the whole of my road I received the most unequivocal testimonies of the sympathy of the population. All I had to do was to defend myself against the vehemence of the marks of interest which were lavished upon me; and the various cries which greeted me, showed me that there was not a single party which did not sympathize with the feelings of my heart.

"When we had arrived at the hotel of the general, I ascended to his room, followed by Messrs. Vaudrey, Parquin, and two officers. The general was not yet dressed. I addressed him thus:—'General, I come to you as a friend. I should be much grieved to raise our old tri-color, without having with me a brave soldier like yourself. The garrison is on my side; therefore make up your mind, and follow me.' The eagle was then presented to him: he repulsed it, saying, 'Prince, you have been deceived; the army knows its duties, and I will go at once to prove it to you.' Upon this I retired, giving orders to leave a piquet to guard him. The general afterwards presented himself before his soldiers, n order to induce them to return to obedience; the men, however, under the orders of M. Parquin, defied his authority, and answered him only with reiterated cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Eventually the general succeeded in making his escape from his hotel by a secret door.

"When I came out from the general's, I was greeted with the same acclamations of 'Vive l'Empereur;' but already this first check had very deeply affected me. I was not prepared for it—convinced as I was that the mere sight of the eagle ought to have awakened in the general old *souvenirs* of glory, and carried him along with us.

"We now again put ourselves on the march; we quitted the high street, and entered the barrack of Finkemalt. On our arrival the soldiers crowded round me, and I harangued them. The greater part of them then went for their arms and returned, rallying around me, testifying their sympathy by their acclamations. Upon perceiving, however, that some hesitation began suddenly to manifest itself amongst them, occasioned by rumors spread amongst them by some of the officers who strove to inspire them with doubts as to my identity; and as, moreover, we were losing valuable time in an unfavorable position, instead of making the best of our speed to the other regiments who were expecting us, I told the colonel that we ought to quit the place. He, however, urged me to remain; I listened to his advice, and some minutes afterwards it was too late. Some officers of infantry now arrived, who caused the gates to be closed, and severely rebuked their men. But still they hesitated; and I made an attempt to arrest the officers. Their soldiers, however, rescued them, and then a general confusion prevailed on every side. The space was so confined that all our party were scattered and lost in the crowd; meantime the people who had mounted upon the wall, began throwing stones at the infantry. The gunners wanted to make use of their cannon, but we prevented their doing so; for we at once saw that it would occasion a great destruction of life. I now saw the colonel alternately arrested by the infantry and rescued by his own men. As for myself, I was on the point of succumbing in the midst of a multitude of men, who, recognizing me, aimed their bayonets at me. I continued parrying their blows with my sword, endeavoring at the same time to appease them, when the artillerymen came and dragged me from amongst their muskets, and placed me in the midst of themselves. I then, with some non-commissioned officers, rushed towards the mounted artillerymen, to get possession of a horse, but the whole body of infantry followed me, and I found myself pent up between the horses and the wall, without possibility of moving. After this the troops began to arrive from all parts, and seizing me conducted me to the guard-house. On entering, I found M. Parquin, to whom I extended my hand. Addressing me with a calm and resigned demeanor, he said, 'Prince, we shall be shot; but we will die nobly.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we have fallen in a grand and noble enterprise.' "

XI.

" Vehicles were now brought, and we were conveyed to the new prison. Behold me then here, between four walls, with grated-windows, in the abode of criminals!

" At the lodge we all met one another again. M. Querelles, pressing my hand, said to me, in a loud voice, ' Prince, notwithstanding our defeat, I am still proud of what I have done.' I was then subjected to an examination.

" ' What was it that drove you to act as you have done?'

" ' My political opinions,' I replied, ' and my desire again to see my country free, which I have been prevented doing by foreign invaders. In 1830, I demanded to be treated as a simple citizen ; they treated me as a pretender. Well! I have since conducted myself as a pretender.'

" ' You wanted to establish a military government?'

"'I wanted to establish a government founded on popular election.'

"'What would you have done if you had succeeded ?'

"'I should have assembled a national congress.' I afterwards declared, that as I alone had organized the whole affair—I alone having led on and involved the others—so also I alone ought to take upon my head the whole responsibility.

"On being reconducted to my cell, I threw myself upon a bed which had been prepared for me, and in spite of the torments of my soul, sleep, which softens our sorrows by giving pause to the reflections of the mind, came to calm my senses. Repose does not forsake the unfortunate.

"The general came to see me, and was very kind in his manner. He said to me as he entered,

"'Prince, when I was your prisoner, I could find none but hard words to use towards you ; now that you are mine, I have none but expressions of consolation.'

"Colonel Vaudrey and I were then conducted to the citadel, where I at least had found myself much better off than in the prison. But the civil authorities again claimed us, and at the end of twenty-four hours we were reinstated in our previous abode.

"The jailer and the governor of the prison performed their duty, but endeavored to soften the rigor of my position, as far as possible.

"On the evening of the 9th, they came and apprized me that I was going to be transferred to another prison. I then went out and found the general and the prefect, who carried me away in their carriage, without informing me whither they were about to take me. I insisted that I should be left with my companions in misfortune ; but the government had decided otherwise. On arriving at the prefecture, I found two post-carriages, into one of which they caused me to enter, in company with M. Cuynat, commandant of the gendarmerie of the department of the Seine, and lieutenant Thiboulet—whilst in the other were four officers.

"When I perceived that my departure from Strasbourgh was inevitable, and that my lot was to be separated from that of the other accused parties, I experienced a grief which it would be difficult to describe.

"On the 11th, at two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Paris, at the Prefecture of Police. Here M. Delessert was very polite to me; he informed me that you had arrived in France, for the purpose of obtaining mercy for me from the king; that in two hours I was to start again for Lorient, and that I was to be conveyed to the United States a French frigate.

"I told the Prefect that I was in despair at not being allowed to share the fate of my companions in misfortune; that being thus withdrawn from prison, without having undergone a general examination, (the first was only a summary proceeding), I was deprived of the opportunity of deposing to several matters which were in favor of the accused; but my protestations proving to be of no avail, I took the step of writing a letter to the king, in which I told him, that when I found myself thrown into prison, after having taken up arms against his government, there was only one thing I was apprehensive of, namely, his generosity, since it would deprive me of the sweetest consolation that could remain to me, the possibility of sharing the fate of my companions in misfortune. I added that, as for myself, life was a small consideration; but that my gratitude to him would be great, if he would spare the lives of old soldiers, remnants of our old army, who had been led away by me, and seduced by the charm of glorious recollections.

I also wrote to M. Odillon Barrot a letter, in which I begged him to take charge of the defence of Colonel Vaudrey."

XII.

"At four o'clock, I set out again on my journey, accompanied by the same escort, and on the 14th arrived at the citadel of Port Louis, near Lorient. There I remained until the 21st of November, on which day the frigate destined to convey me away, was equipped for sea. * *

"To Colonel Vaudrey, and the other prisoners, when I first saw them on the night of the 29th, I held the following language:—'Gentlemen, you are aware of all the complaints of the country against the government of the 9th of August, but you also know that no party existing at the present day is strong enough to overthrow it—none sufficiently strong to unite all Frenchmen in a common cause, if it should succeed in getting the powers of government into its hands. The weakness of the government, as well as the weakness of parties, comes from the fact that each represents only the interests of a single class of society. On the one hand, some rest upon the clergy and the nobility; on the other, are those who rest upon the *aristocratie bourgeoise;* and there are others who depend solely upon the proletary classes of society.

'"In this state of things there is only one flag which can rally all these parties, because it is the flag of France, and not that of faction—I mean the Eagle of the Empire From under this banner, which awakens so many gloriou recollections, there is no class expelled, for it represents the interests and the rights of all. The Emperor Napoleon held his power from the French people; four times did his authority receive the popular sanction. In 1804 the hereditary title of the Emperor's family was recognized by four million of votes; and since that time the people have not been consulted. . . . . . As the eldest of the nephews of Napoleon, then, I may consider myself as the representative of the popular choice—I will not say of the Empire, because in the lapse of twenty years the ideas and the requirements of France have necessarily changed. But a principle cannot be destroyed by circumstances—it can only be so by the establishing of another principle; for it is not the 1,200,000 foreigners of 1815—it is not the Chamber of 321 members of 1830—who can render null the principle of the election of 1804. The Napoleon system consist in promoting civilization, without discord and without excess; in giving an impulse to ideas, at the same time developing mutual interests; in strengthening the hands of power, by making it respectable; in disciplining the masses through the medium of their intellectual faculties; in fine, in uniting around the altar of the country, Frenchmen of all parties, by giving them for motives of action, honor and glory. Restore, I say, the people to their rights; restore the eagle on our national columns; restore stability to our institutions. 'What!' I exclaimed, in conclusion, 'shall the princes of divine right find plenty of men to die for them in the maintenance of abuses and privileges, whilst I alone, whose name is the representation of glory, honor, and the rights of the people, am to die in exile?' 'No!' exclaimed my brave companions in misfortune, 'you shall not die alone; we will die with you, or we will conquer together for the cause of the French people.'"

XIII.

"IN SIGHT OF MADERIA, 12TH DECEMBER.

"I remained ten days in the citadel of Port Louis. The winds continued for some time adverse, and prevented our going out of port; at length, on the 21st, a steam vessel took the frigate in tow, and the sub-prefect came to inform me that I was about to take my departure. The drawbridge of the citadel was lowered, and went forth, accompanied by the sub-prefect, the commandant of the place, and the officer of the gendarmerie of Lorient, and, in addition, the two officers and non-commissioned officers who had brought me to the place. I walked between a double line of soldiers, who repressed the crowds of spectators who had collected to see me.

"We went in small boats to board the frigate, which awaited us outside the port. I saluted the gentlemen who accompanied me with cordiality, mounted the side of the vessel, and, with a heavy heart, soon beheld the shores of France disappear from the horizon.

"The first fortnight of the voyage was very disagreeable. We were constantly at the mercy of the tempest and contrary winds, which drove us into the mouth of the Channel, (the Straits of Dover). It was impossible during all this time to walk a step without holding on by everything that came in one's way.

"It was only within the last ten days that we became aware that our destination had been changed. The captain had sealed orders, which, having opened, he found directed him to go to Rio Janerio, to remain there the time necessary to take in fresh provisions, to keep me on board all the time he remained in the roads, and finally to take me to New York."

XIV.

"IN SIGHT OF THE CANARIES, THE 14TH.

"Every man carries within himself a world, composed of all that he has seen and loved, and into which he continually withdraws, even when he is wandering over a foreign land.

At these moments I am doubtful which are the most melancholy recollections, those of misfortunes which have befallen us, or those relating to happy times which exist no longer. We have now got through the winter, and are again surrounded by summer weather ; steady breezes have succeeded to the tempestuous weather of the earlier part of our voyage, and the consequence is, I am enabled to remain the greater part of the time upon deck, where, seated upon the poop, I indulge in reflections upon all that has happened to me, and think about you, and about all at Arenemberg. The situations in which we are placed depend for their effect upon the feelings which we bring to bear upon them. Two months ago, I wished for nothing except never to behold Switzerland again ; now, if I were to follow my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber in the midst of that fine country, in which I fancy I ought to be so happy !"

"JANUARY 1, 1837.

"This is new year's day. I am 1500 leagues away from you, in another hemisphere ; happily thought runs over all this space in less than a second. I feel that I am near you. I express to you all the regrets I feel for all the torments I have occasioned you ; I renew the expression of my affection and my gratitude.

"In the morning, the officers came in a body to wish me a happy new year ; and I was touched with this attention on their part. At half-past four we went to dinner. As we were 17 degrees of longitude west of Constance, it was then seven o'clock at Arenemberg. You were then, also, probably at dinner. I drank to your health ; you, perhaps, did the same by me ; at least, I took pleasure at the time in thinking so. I also thought of my companions in misfortune :

alas! I am always thinking of them. I thought that they were more unhappy than myself; and this idea made me much more unhappy than they could be."

"JANUARY 10th.

"We have just arrived at Rio Janeiro. The *coup d'œil* from the roads is superb; to-morrow I will make a sketch of it. I hope that this letter may reach you soon. Do not think of coming to meet me; I do not at present know where I shall take up my abode; perhaps I should find better opportunities of obtaining a livelihood in Southern America. Labor, to which the uncertainty of my circumstances will now subject me, in order to attain a position, will afford the only consolation which I can now enjoy. Adieu, mother; remember me to our old servants, and to our friends in Thurgovia and Constance."

XV.

He arrived at New York, early in the spring of 1837, and in a letter to his mother, says—

"NEW YORK, 30th April, 1837.

"It is time now that I should give you some explanation of the motives which actuated my conduct. I had, it is true, two lines of conduct open to me, the one which in some sort depended upon myself, the other which depended upon events. In deciding upon the former, I became, as you very truly say, a means; in waiting for the other, I should only have been a resource. According to my views and my conviction, the first *rôle* appeared to me much preferable to the other. The success of my project would offer to me the following advantages:—I should have made in one day, and by a *coup de main*, the work of perhaps ten years; successful, I spared France *the conflicts, the troubles, the disorders, attendant upon a state of general confusion, which must, I think, occur sooner or later*. 'The spirit of a revolution,' M. Thiers observes, 'consists in an ardent passion for the object in view, and a hatred for those who oppose an obstacle to its attainment.' Having led the people with us, by means of the army, we should have had all the noble passions, without animosities; for animosity only results from a conflict between the physical force and the moral force. For myself, my position would have been clear, simple, and easy. Having carried a revolution with the aid of fifteen persons, if I had arrived in Paris, I should have owed my success to the people only—not to any party: arriving there victorious, I should, of my own free will—without being compelled to it—have laid down my sword upon the altar of my country; and then they might well have confidence in me, for it was no longer my name alone, but my person, which became a guarantee for my conduct." * *

XVI.

Although he remained here but a short time, he devoted himself with energy and zeal to the study of American politics, and investigations into the actual state of arts, sciences, and inventions. He was particularly interested in some experiments then being made in the development of Electro-Magnetism. He visited the rooms where these experiments were going on, in company with several of our well-known citizens, and although it may have been thought that he was prompted by the idlest curiosity, one of the first acts of his government after the *Coup d'Etat* of December 2d, was the offer of a magnificent premium for any improvement in any part of the world, in the Electro-Magnet, showing that he had not forgotten during fifteen years, the subject in which he then professed to be so deeply interested.

It is supposed that it was the intention of the Prince, to remain several years in the United States; and he was starting on a long tour to explore the central and western portions of this Continent, when he received the following letter from his mother, which caused his immediate return to Europe :—

"MY DEAR SON,—I am about to undergo an operation, which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully I send you, in this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again—shall we not?—in a better world, where may you come to join me as late as possible! and you will believe that in quitting this world I regret only leaving yourself and your fond affectionate disposition, which alone has given any charm to my existence. This will be a consolation for you, my dear friend—to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances could allow her; you will think also of all my affection for you, and this will inspire you with courage. Think this, that we shall always have a benevolent and clear-sighted feeling for all that passes in this world below, and that, assuredly, we shall all meet again. Reflect upon this consolatory idea; it is one which is too necessary not to be true. And that good Arese, I send him my blessing as to a son. I press you to my heart, my dear friend. I am calm, perfectly resigned; and I would still hope that we may meet again, even in this world. The will of God be done.
Your affectionate mother,
"*April 3d*, 1837. HORTENSE."

Louis Napoleon at once set out for Europe, and hastened to the bed-side of his dying mother. He found her still alive. He administered to her such consolations as an affectionate and beloved child only can give ; and when she died he had the privilege—which those sons only who have been deprived of it can appreciate—of receiving of her last blessing, and closing her eyes in death.

XVII.

He was again settled in Switzerland, but entertaining the political views he did, and believing with a confidence which almost amounted to superstition, in the final ascendency of his imperial star, he began again to agitate Europe by his writings. Lieutenant Laity, one of his friends and participants in the affair of Strasbourg, published a *brochure* in 1838, which was intended to justify Louis Napoleon in the course he had taken. This pamphlet gave great offence to Louis Phillipe, and the Lieutenant was brought to trial before the Court of Peers. Before his trial came on, the Prince addressed to him a letter, in which he says—

" My Dear Laity,—You are going then to appear before the Court of Peers, because you have had the generous devotedness to reproduce the details of my enterprise, and to oppose the charges of which I have been the object. I do not understand the importance which the government can attach to the prohibition of this work ; you know that, in authorizing you to publish it, the only object I had, was to refute the base calumnies with which the organs of the ministry had loaded me during the five months when I was confined in prison, or abroad at sea. It was a point of honor with me and my friends to prove that it was not a wild ambition which led me to Strasbourgh in 1836. They pretend that your work involves a new conspiracy, whilst, on the contrary, it defends me from the charge of having ever conspired; and it is distinctly stated, in the earlier pages of it, that we had waited nearly two years to publish the details which related to me, in order that the minds of men might be in a state of calmness, and that they might judge of the matter without animosity, and without prejudice.

"If, as I would fain believe, a spirit of justice animates the Court of Peers; if it is independent of the executive powers as the constitution would have it to be, it is impossible that it can condemn you; for, as I cannot too often repeat, your *brochure* does not call for a new revolt, but is merely a simple and truthful explanation of an event which had been misrepresented. I have nothing else in the world to depend upon but public opinion—nothing to support me but the esteem of my fellow-countrymen. If it is denied to me and my friends to defend ourselves against unjust calumnies, I should consider my fate the most cruel that could possibly be conceived. You know, well enough, my friendship for you, to understand how I am distressed at the idea that you should become the victim of your devotedness; but I also know that, with your noble character, you suffer with resignation in a popular cause. You will be asked, as already some of the newspapers begin to ask, where is the Napoleonite party? Reply to this—the party is nowhere, but the *cause* everywhere. The party is nowhere, because my friends have not mustered; but the cause has partisans everywhere, from the workshop of the artisan, even to the council-chamber of the king—from the barrack of the soldier, to the palace of the marshal of France. Republicans juste-milieu, legitimists, all who wish to see a strong government and a substantial liberty, an imposing attitude on the part of authority—all these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they avow it or not."

XVIII.

Laity was condemned to five years imprisonment, and Louis Phillipe determined also on resorting to still severer measures. A letter was addressed to the Swiss Confederation, demanding the expulsion of Louis Napoleon from Switzerland. But that Republic, nestled among the mountains, where the hunted spirit of liberty has for ages found an asylum, steadily refused to comply with the requisition. Louis Phillipe marched an army toward the Swiss frontier, not doubting that the republic would be at once intimidated into compliance with his orders. But the Swiss were determined to maintain the position they had taken, and they prepared to meet the enemy. Although Louis Napoleon could not have desired a fairer opportunity than such a collision would have given him, to accomplish the great purpose of his life, which has now been so triumphantly achieved, yet he magnanimously withdrew from the Swiss territory, when he saw that the government had generously and resolutely resolved to defend him, on the great republican principles he represented. He made known his intentions in a letter to President Landamann, dated at Arenemberg, 22d September, 1838:—

"When the note of the Duke of Montibello was addressed to the Diet, I was by no means disposed to submit to the demands of the French government; for it concerned me to prove, by my refusal to leave, that I had returned to Switzerland without breaking any engagement; that I had a right to reside there—and that there I could find aid and protection.

"A month ago, Switzerland, by her energetic protests, and now by the decision of her great councils, at this time assembled, has shown that she was, and is ready to make the greatest sacrifices for the maintenance of her dignity and rights. She has done her duty as an independent nation; I know how to do mine, and to remain faithful to the voice of honor. They may persecute, but never degrade me. The French government having declared, that the refusal of the Diet to yield to its demands would be the signal of a conflagration, of which Switzerland would become the victim, I have no alternative but to quit a country when my presence is made the cause of such unjust pretensions, and would be made the excuse for such great misfortunes!

"I beg you, therefore, M. Landamann, to announce to the Federal Directory, that I shall leave Switzerland, as soon as the necessary passports are obtained to enable me to reach, in safety, a place where I shall find a sure asylum.

"In quitting, voluntarily, at present, the only country in Europe where I have met with support and protection, and which has now become dear to me for so many reasons, I hope to prove to the Swiss people, that I was worthy of those marks of esteem and affection which they have lavished upon me. I shall never forget the noble conduct of the Cantons, who have so courageously pronounced in my favor; and above all, the generous protection afforded me by the Canton of Thurgovia shall ever remain engraven on my heart. I hope this separation will not be perpetual, and that a day will come, when, without compromising the interests of two nations, which ought to remain friends, I shall be able to return to an asylum, which twenty years residence and acquired rights have made, as it were, a second fatherland.

"Be good enough, M. Landamann, to convey my sentiments of gratitude to the councils; and believe me that the idea of saving Switzerland from great trouble is the only thing which alleviates the regret which I feel on quitting its soil."

This letter was immediately followed by the retirement of the Prince, and the French army were ordered back to their garrisons.

XIX.

He fled once more to England—the only country in Europe, says Monsieur Tremblaire, where the laws of hospitality are not subject to the exigencies of policy. Not long after, an *emeute* occurred at Barbes, which ended in bloodshed. The calumny had been proclaimed by the agents of Louis Phillipe, that the Prince had excited the disturbance. He indignantly denied it in a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, in which he says—

"SIR,—I observe in your Paris correspondence that an attempt is made to cast upon me the responsibility of the late insurrection. I rely on your kindness to refute this accusation in the most formal manner. The news of the sanguinary scenes which have just taken place, have equally surprised and afflicted me. If I were the soul of a conspiracy, I should also be the leader of it, in the day of danger. I should not deny it after a defeat."

Louis Napoleon now passed twenty months in London. How far his connections at this time were maintained with his friends in France, or other parts of the world, or how far he may have attempted to mature plans for his subsequent elevation, we have no means of knowing; but no doubt can be entertained, that this long period must have been one of study and reflection, and the result which has now followed shows that he adhered with still deeper intensity to the immediate purpose of his life. Nothing enfeebled it—nothing diverted him from the object he had in view. To an American gentleman of high character, who conversed with him at this time, he undisguisedly made known his intention, to seize the first moment of fortune, to overthrow the government of Louis Phillipe, and aid in the establishment of a republic in France. "That time, too, Sir," he said, "is as sure to come, as the ashes of Napoleon are one day to repose on the banks of the Seine." In fact, and probably without his knowledge, negotiations were then pending between England and France, for the removal of the body of the Emperor to the Invalides.

XX.

In a work which has recently appeared in London, on the subject of Louis Napoleon, the writer, without disguising the bitterness of his hatred against the Prince, and the very name he bears, says that he was not ashamed to boast in the presence of Englishmen, "I shall be Emperor of France one of these days, and the first thing I shall then do, will be to invade England. I like you very well as a people, but I must wipe out Waterloo and St. Helena." That Louis Napoleon did not attempt to conceal his intentions, for the future, nor his confident belief in the final restoration of the Napoleon Dynasty, we entertain no doubt; but the statement made by this writer, about his intention of invading England, is evidently malicious; for the man who wrote the book, from which we make that extract, must understand Louis Napoleon's character better than to have believed it himself. Nothing of this kind has ever manifested itself in the history or disposition of the President of France. He is taciturn, impassive, cold and impenetrable. He keeps his own counsels, and the very fact that he does so, and can do so, is what has made him so formidable an object of dread to the European powers.

If he were a shallow, vain and conceited man, he never would have done what he has, nor would he have been an object of terror.

XXI.

In August, 1840—a few months before the removal of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena, Louis invaded France for the second time. Embarking with Count Montholon, and General Voisin, with fifty-three other persons, on board an English steamer, "The City of Edinburgh," at London, [Thursday, August 6], he landed at Boulogne, on the coast of France. The little company marched into the town at an early hour in the morning, and traversed the streets with cries of *Vive l' Empereur*. The first attempt to win over the troops was made at the guard-house, where they were joined by a Lieutenant of the Forty Second Regiment. The whole town was thrown into excitement; the National Guards were ordered out, and Prince Louis, with his followers, retreated towards the monument, on the hill above Boulogne, called the *Colonne de Napoleon*, where he planted the tri-color, with a golden eagle surmounting the flag-staff. He had taken with him from England a tame eagle, which he had taught to eat out of his hand, and a sight of which was intended to inflame the enthusiasm of the French. Proclamations had been scattered, on landing, announcing that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign, and that M. Thiers was appointed President of the Council, and M. Clausel, Minister of War. But the Prince was surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers, and, with all his followers, taken prisoners. Three hours after the landing, they were all confined in the prison of Boulogne, with the exception of a few, who were shot or drowned in their attempts to escape. The news was telegraphed to Paris, and the government proceeded to bring the conspirators to trial before the Court of Peers.

When Louis Napoleon was brought before his judges, [Sept. 28th, 1840], he rose, and thus addressed them:—

"For the first time in my life it is permitted to me to lift my voice in France, and to speak freely to Frenchmen.

"Undaunted by the presence of the Guards who surround me, in spite of the accusations which I have just heard brought against me, filled with the recollections of my earliest childhood, on finding myself within the walls of the Senate, in the midst of you, gentlemen, whom I know, I can hardly believe that I have any hope of justifying myself, and that you should be my judges. An opportunity, however, is afforded me of explaining to my fellow-countrymen my past conduct, my intentions, my projects; all that I think, all that I have at heart.

"Without pride, but also without weakness, if I recall the rights deposited by the nation in the hands of my family, it is solely to explain the duties which these rights have imposed upon us.

"Since fifty years ago, when the principle of the sovereignty of the people was consecrated in France, by the most powerful revolution which ever occurred in the history of the world, never was the national will so solemnly proclaimed, never was it asserted by suffrages so numerous and so free, as on the occasion when it adopted the constitutions of the Empire.

"The nation has never revoked that grand act of its sovereignty, and the Emperor has declared it—'Whatever has been done without its authority is illegal.'

"At the same time do not allow yourselves to believe that, led away by the impulses of personal ambition, I have wished by these acts to attempt in France a restoration of the Empire. I have been taught noble lessons, and have lived with nobler examples before me, than to do so.

"I was born the son of a King, who descended without regret from a throne on the day when he had reason to believe that it was no longer possible to conciliate with the interests of France those of the people whom he had been called upon to govern.

"The Emperor, my uncle, preferred to abdicate the Empire than to accept by treaty the restricted frontiers, while he could not but expose France to the insults and the menaces in which foreign nations to this day permit themselves to indulge. I have not lived a single day forgetful of such lessons. The unmerited and cruel act of proscription, under which for twenty-five years I have endured a lingering existence—beginning at the steps of the throne, where I was born, and now stopping at the dungeon, from which I have just come—has been alike powerless to irritate as to fatigue my heart; it has not been able for a single day to estrange me from the glory, the rights, and the interests of France. My conduct and my convictions sufficiently explain the fact.

"In 1830, when the people reconquered their sovereignty, I had expected that the policy of the following days would have been as loyal as the conquest itself, and that the destinies of France would have been established forever; instead of this, the country has undergone the melancholy experiences of the last ten years. Under such circumstances I considered that the vote of 4,000,000 of fellow-countrymen, which had elevated my family to supreme power, imposed upon me at least the duty of making an appeal to the nation, and inquiring what was its will. I thought also that if, in the midst of the national congress which I intended to convene, certain pretensions should have made themselves heard, I should have had the right to re-awaken the glorious *souvenirs* of the empire; to speak of the elder brother of the Emperor, of that virtuous man, who before me is his only heir; and to contrast, face to face, this France as she is now, weakened and passed over in silence in the congress of kings, and the France of that day, when she was so strong at home, and abroad so powerful and so respected. The nation would then have replied to the question, 'Republic or Monarchy—Empire or Kingdom?' And upon the free discussion of the nation upon this question, depends the termination of our sorrows and of our dissensions.

"With respect to my enterprise, I repeat it—I had no accomplice. It was I alone who determined everything; nobody knew beforehand my plans, nor my resources, nor my hopes. If I am guilty as against anybody, it is against my friends only. Nevertheless, I hope that they will not accuse me of having lightly trifled with courage and devotion such as theirs. They will understand the motives of honor and of prudence which prevent me from revealing, even to themselves, how widely based and how powerful are my reasons for hoping for a successful result.

"One word more, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle—you have recognized it; the cause—you have served in it; the defeat—you would revenge it. No, then, there is no dis-accord between you and me; and I will not believe that I can be destined to be grieved by the disaffection of any others.

"Representing a political cause, I cannot accept as the judge of my intentions and of my acts a political tribunal. Nobody will be imposed upon by your forms. In the struggle which is now commencing, there will be but one to conquer, one defeated. If you are in the ranks of the conqueror I cannot expect justice at your hands, and I will not accept of your generosity."

XXII.

M. Berryer, who conducted the defence of the Prince and of his friend Gen. Montholon, not only did what he could as a lawyer should for his client, but perceiving among the judges many who owed their fortunes to the favors of Napoleon, and who had occupied brilliant posts under his Empire, M. Berryer in one portion of his speech used the following language:—"The Procureur General has indulged in some remarks on the feebleness of the means employed, of the poverty of the whole enterprise, and has chosen to speak of these circumstances as worthy only of ridicule. Well, if success is anything, let me say to you who are men, and the first men in the state, you who are members of a great political body—that there is an inevitable, an eternal Arbitrator who stands between every judge, and his arraigned criminal. Before, therefore, you pronounce your judgment, tell me in the presence of the Great Arbitrator, and in the face of France, which will know of your decree—tell me—without regard to the weakness of the means with the rights of the case, the laws and the institutions of the country, standing before God and in the presence of us who know you; tell me this—'If he had succeeded, if his pretended right had triumphed, I would have denied both him and it—I would have refused to share in his power—I would have denied and rejected him.' For my part, I accept the Supreme Arbitration I have mentioned; and whoever there may be amongst you, who before his God and country will tell me, 'if he had succeeded, I would have denied him'—such a man I will not accept as judge in this case."

It is well known that the firmness, the boldness, and the eloquence of the Prince, his followers and his advocate, produced such an effect throughout France, that neither Louis Phillipe nor his Court of Peers dared to pronounce a judgment with all the rigor of the law. Hence on the 6th of October of the same year, the sentence of the cour was made known. All his followers, with the exception of three, were condemned to imprisonment, while Louis Napoleon was sentenced to perpetual incarceration in a French prison. "At least," he said, when he heard it, "I shall have the happiness of dying on the soil of France."

XXIII.

Before he set out for the gloomy fortress of Ham, in a grateful and affectionate letter to Berryer, his counsel, he says—"I will not quit my prison in Paris without renewing to you all my thanks for the noble services you rendered me during my trial. As soon as I knew that I was to be brought to trial before the Court of Peers, I determined to ask you to undertake my defence; for I knew that your independence of character raised you above all the petty influences of party, and that your heart was as open to the claims of misfortune as your spirit was able to comprehend every great thought, and every noble sentiment. I chose you, therefore, out of esteem—I quit you now with sentiments of gratitude and friendship. I know not what fate may have in store for me; I know not if I shall ever be in a position to prove to you my gratitude; I know not even if you would consent to accept proofs of it. But whatever may be our positions, apart from politics, and their painful obligations, we can always entertain feelings of esteem and friendship for each other; and I declare to you, that if my trial had had no other result than to win for me your friendship, I should consider myself immensely the gainer, and I would not complain of my fate."

XXIV.

The Castle of Ham is one of the strongest and gloomiest prisons in Europe; and the regulations that were established for his imprisonment, were calculated to render his position as disagreeable and intolerable as possible. The monotony of his life was insupportable; but, as in the case of his uncle, every annoyance and irritation which could be resorted to, was called in to embitter his confinement. He complained in a vigorous and manly letter to the Government, and yielding as they were compelled to the outward pressure of public opinion—that high tribunal, as Webster in his fine language calls the public opinion of enlightened men among all nations, he was allowed facilities for pursuing his studies and literary occupations; and many of his writings at this period were published—particularly Considerations upon the Question of Sugars, the Extinction of Pauperism, Historical Fragments, and other works, which displayed the activity of his mind and the wide range of his reflections. He was also allowed to correspond with his friends, among whom were many of the most distinguished writers of France and other portions of Europe. A small garden was also allotted to him within the walls of the castle. He was allowed, too, a horse, which he could ride within the same narrow limits.

XXV.

But although all the members of the Bonaparte family were in exile in foreign countries, except Louis Napoleon, who was imprisoned for life in an impregnable castle, still the smothered embers of the Napoleonic fire had begun to show signs of life; and so strong was the desire of the French people to rescue the ashes of the Emperor from the keeping of his enemies, that Louis Phillipe did not consider it prudent to resist the public feeling. We have good reasons for supposing, that he cherished many forebodings in regard to the result of the restoration of the body of Napoleon to the keeping of the French people; yet he considered it a matter of necessity to yield to what he found it hopeless to resist. We have before described the circumstances which attended this important event, and how wide and deep a feeling it created throughout France. We now speak of the feeling with which this event was regarded by Louis Napoleon—the man more deeply concerned than any other in what was taking place. When the news reached the prisoner of Ham, he placed himself at his table, and seizing a pen, dashed off the following rhapsody, in the form of an Address to the Ashes of the Emperor:—

"Sire,—You return to your capital, and the people in multitudes hailed your return; whilst I from the depth of my dungeon can only discern a ray of that sun which shines upon your obsequies!

"Be not angry with your family, because they are not there to receive you; your exile and your misfortunes have ceased with your life—ours continue still!

"You have expired upon a rock, far from your country and far from your kindred; the hand of a son has not closed your eyes; and to-day not one of your kinsmen will follow your bier!

"Montholon, whom you loved the most amongst your faithful companions, has performed the office of a son; he remains faithful to your ideas, and has fulfilled your last wishes. He has conveyed to me your last words. He is in prison with me!

"A French vessel, under the command of a noble youth, went to claim your ashes; in vain you would have surveyed the deck in search of any of your kin; your family was not there.

"When you touched the soil of France, an electric shock was felt; you raised yourself in your coffin; your eyes were for a moment re-opened; the tri-color floated upon the shore, but your Eagle was not there!

"The people, as in former times, pass around your passage, and salute you with their acclamations, as if you were still alive; but the courtiers of the day, whilst rendering you homage, say, with suppressed breath—'God grant, he may not awake!'

"You have at length seen again these French, whom you loved so much; you have returned into that France, which you made so great; but foreigners have left their trace, which the pomp of your return can never efface!

"See that young army; they are the sons of your veterans; they venerate you, for you are their glory; but they say to them, 'fold your arms!'

"Sire, the people are the good stuff which cover our beautiful country, but these men whom you have made so great, and who are yet so small—ah, sire, regret them not!

"They have denied your gospel, your ideas, your glory, and your blood; when I have spoken to them of your cause, they have said to me, 'we do not understand it!'

"Let them say—let them do; what signifies to the car which rolls the grains of sand which it crushes under its wheels! They say in vain that you were a meteor which has left no trace behind; in vain they deny your civil glory—they will not disinherit us!

"Sire, the fifteenth of December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your splendid *cortége*, disdaining the homage of many around, you have, for a moment, cast your eyes upon my gloomy abode, and calling to mind the caresses you lavished upon me when a child, you have said to me, 'You suffer for me: friend, I am satisfied with thee.'"

XXVI.

From public as well as private sources, we have derived quite a voluminous history of the Prince during his confinement, from which we should be glad to make more liberal extracts than we have space for; for we conceive it better in sketching the life and opinion of any man, to allow his own writings to speak for themselves, than to attempt to give the spirit of them by condensations or paraphrases. We deem this especially proper and even necessary in the case of Louis Napoleon, for it will afford every reader the means of forming an opinion for himself, in regard to his character. The world has manifestly so entirely misunderstood the character and views of the French President that it is not rational to suppose that their opinions have been formed with anything like a complete knowledge of the facts.

A letter, which the Prince addressed from his prison to Lady Blessington, and which was put into the hands of M. de la Guerronnière, says—

"HAM, January 13, 1841.

"MY LADY,—I have only to-day received your letter of the 1st of January, because, being in English, it had to be sent to the minister at Paris to be read. I am very sensible of your kind recollection of me, and it is with regret that I find that your letters hitherto have not reached me. I have only received from Gore House one letter from Count d'Orsay, which I immediately replied to whilst at the

Conciergerie ; I very much regret that it should have been intercepted, because in it I expressed to him all the gratitude which I felt for the interest which he took in my misfortunes. I will not give you an account of all that I have suffered. Your poetic soul, and your noble heart, have already divined all the cruel circumstances of a position, where self-deference has impassable limits, and self-justification is shackled with a reserve to which one feels oneself compelled. In such a case, the only consolation for all the calumnies and all the hardships of fortune is to be able to hear, at the bottom of one's heart, an absolving voice ; and to receive testimonials of sympathy from those rare creatures, who, like you, madam, are distinguished from the ordinary crowd by the loftiness of their sentiments, by their independence of character, and who do not allow their affections and their judgments, to depend upon the caprices of fortune or the dispensations of fate.

"I have been, for the last three months, in the fortress of Ham, together with the General Montholon and Dr. Conneau ; but all communication with the exterior of the prison is forbidden ; nobody, as yet, has been able to obtain leave to come and see me. I will send you, one of these days, a view of the citadel, which I copied from a small lithograph, for you may be well aware that, of myself, I know nothing of the fortress from the outside.

"My thoughts often go back to the spot in which you dwell ; and I recall, with happiness, the moments which I have passed in your amiable society, to which the Count d'Orsay still adds a charm, with his spirited and openhearted gaiety. Nevertheless, I have no desire to quit the spot in which I now am, for here I am in my proper place. *With the name which I bear, I must be either in the seclusion of the dungeon, or in the brightness of power.*

"If you will deign, madam, to write to me occasionally, and to give me some news of a country in which I have been too happy not to love it, you will confer on me a great pleasure."

XXVII.

When he had been imprisoned nine months, he addressed a protest to the French government, from which we make a few extracts :—

"CITADEL OF HAM, May 28, 1841.

"During the nine months which I have now been in the hands of the French government, I have submitted patiently to indignities of every description ; I do not, however, wish longer to he silent, or to authorize oppression by my silence.

"My position ought to be considered under two points of view—the one moral, and the other legal. Morally speaking, the government which has recognized the legitimacy of the head of my family, is bound to recognize me as a prince, and to treat me as such.

"Policy has rights which I do not dispute. Let government act towards me as towards its enemy, and deprive me of the means of doing any harm. So far it would be right ; but, on the other hand, its behavior will be inconsequent and dastardly if it treats me, who am the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor, and allied to all the sovereigns of Europe, as an ordinary prisoner.

"In appealing to foreign alliances, I am not ignorant that they have never been of use to the conquered, and that misfortune severs all bonds ; but the French government ought to recognize the principle which has made me what I am, for it is by this that it exists itself. The sovereignty of the people made my uncle an emperor, my father a king, and me a French prince by my birth. Have I not, then, a right to the respect and regard of all those, in whose eyes the voice of a great people, glory and misfortune, are anything?

"If, for the first time in my life, I perchance boast of the accident which has presided over my birth, it is because pride suits my position, and that I have purchased the early favors of fortune, by twenty-seven years of suffering and sorrow.

"With respect to my *legal position*, the Court of Peers has created in my case an exceptional penalty.

"By condemning me to perpetual imprisonment, it has only legalized the decree of fate which has made me a prisoner of war. It has endeavored to combine humanity with policy, by inflicting upon me the mildest punishment for the longest time possible.

"In its execution, however, the government has fallen very far short of the intention which I am pleased to ascribe to my judges. Accustomed from my youth to a strict rule of life, I do not complain of the inconvenient simplicity of my dwelling; but that of which I do complain, is being made the victim of vexatious measures, by no means necessary to my safe-keeping.

"During the first months of my captivity, every kind of communication from without was forbidden, and within, I was kept in the most rigorous confinement; since, however, several persons have been admitted to communicate with me, these internal restrictions can have no longer an object; and yet it is precisely since they have become useless that they are more rigorously enforced.

"All the provisions for the supply of my daily wants are subjected to the most rigid scrutiny.

"The attentions of my single faithful servant, who has been permitted to follow me, are incumbered by obstacles of every description. Such a system of terror has been established in the garrison, and among the officials in the castle, that no individual dares raise his eyes toward me; and it requires even extraordinary boldness to be commonly polite.

"How can it be otherwise, when the simplest civility of look is regarded as a crime, and when all those who would wish to soften the rigors of my position, without failing in their duty, are threatened with being denounced to the authorities, and with losing their places. In the midst of this France, which the head of my family has rendered so great, I am treated like an excommunicated person, in the thirteenth century. Every one flies at my approach, and all fear my touch as if my breath were infectious.

"This insulting inquisition, which pursues me into my very chamber, which follows my footsteps when I breathe the fresh air in a retired corner of the fort, is not limited to my person alone, but is extended even to my thoughts. My letters to my family, the effusions of my heart, are submitted to the strictest scrutiny; and if a letter should contain any expressions of too lively a sympathy, the letter is sequestrated, and its writer is denounced to the government.

"By an infinity of details, too long to enumerate, it appears that pains are taken, at every moment of the day, to make me sensible of my captivity, and cry incessantly in my ears, *væ victis*.

"It is important to call to mind, that none of the measures which I have pointed out, were put in force against the ministers of Charles X., whose dilapidated chambers I now occupy.

"And yet these ministers were not born on the steps of a throne; and, moreover, they were not condemned to simple imprisonment, but their sentence implied a more severe treatment than has been given to me; and finally, they were not the representatives of a cause which is an object of veneration in France.

"The treatment, therefore, which I endure is neither just, legal, nor humane.

"If it be supposed that such measures will subdue me, it is a mistake. It is not outrage, but marks of kindness, which subdue the hearts of those who suffer."

XXVIII.

This protest was soon published in the journals, and the government yielded so far as to relax many of its severest restrictions. The prisoner's servant was allowed to visit the neighboring town on the business of his master; and visitors, many of them persons of great distinction, were permitted to see the Prince. About this time, so great had been the sympathy manifested for Louis Napoleon, it was supposed that an amnesty in favor of the Bonapartes would be proclaimed. When he heard of it, the Prince addressed a letter to a French editor, in which he says—

"You tell me that they talk a good deal in Paris about an amnesty, and you inquire of me what are the impressions produced upon me by that news? I reply frankly to your question.

"If to-morrow the door of my prison were opened to me, and I were told, 'You are free; come and seat yourself as a citizen amongst the hearths of your native country—France no longer repudiates any of her children;' ah! then indeed a lively feeling of joy would seize my soul. But if, on the contrary, they were to come to offer to me an exchange of my present condition for that of an exile, I should refuse such a proposition, because it would be, in my view, an aggravation of punishment. I prefer being a captive on the soil of France, to being a free man in a foreign land.

"Moreover, I know the value of an amnesty granted by the existing authorities. Seven years ago, after the affair of Strasbourg, they came one night, and snatched me away from the tribunals of justice, in spite of my protestations, and without giving me the time to pack up the most necessary articles of apparel; thus was I carried two thousand leagues away from Europe. After detaining me for some time at Rio Janeiro, they took me eventually to the United States. Receiving at New-York the news of the serious indisposition of my mother, I returned to England. On arriving there, what was my astonishment to find all the ports of the Continent closed against me, through the exertions of the French government; and what was my indignation on learning, that, in order to prevent me from going to close the eyes of a dying mother, they had spread abroad, during my absence, this calumny, (so often repeated and so often denied), that I had promised not to return to Europe.

"Deceiving the police authorities of the German States, I succeeded in making my way into Switzerland, and assisted at a spectacle the most agonizing it is possible for the heart of a son to contemplate. Scarcely was the corpse of my mother deposited in its coffin, when the French government wanted to have me expelled from the hospitable soil in which I had become a citizen and a proprietor; the Swiss people stood by their rights, and protected me. Nevertheless, wishing to avoid innumerable complications, and, perhaps, a collision, I voluntarily quitted, not, however, without bitter regret, the scenes where my mother, during twenty years, had preserved her French *penates*, and where I had grown to manhood; where, in short, I had so many friends, that I sometimes almost believed I was in my own country. Such were the results, as far as I was concerned, of the violent amnesty forced upon me by the government. Do you think I can wish to experience a second amnesty at their hands?

"Banished for twenty-five years; twice betrayed by fate, I have experienced all the vicissitudes and sorrows of this life; and, having got the better of the illusions of youth, I find in the native air I breath—in study, in the seclusion of a prison—a charm which I have not experienced when I participated in the enjoyments of foreign countries, where, when, being vanquished, I had to drink out of the same cup as the conqueror of Waterloo.

"In a word, I should repeat, supposing that the occasion presented itself to me—that which I declared before the court of peers—'I will not accept of any generosity, because I know how much it costs.'"

XXIX.

The publication of this letter produced great excitement in France, and the editor of the journal *du Loiret*, through his paper, asked the Prince, under what title he would be prepared to come again amongst the great French family, if the doors of his prison were opened to him, and the decree of exile, to which all his family had been condemned, were evoked? He replied in the following manner:—

"Fortress of Ham, Oct. 21, 1843.

"Sir,—I reply, without hesitation, to the friendly question which you address to me in your number of the 18th inst.

"I have never believed, and I never can believe, that France is the property (*apanage*) of any man or any family. I have never pretended to any other rights than those of a French citizen, and I never shall have any other desire than to see the whole people, *legally convened*, choosing freely the form of government which they might think best to have.

"A member of a family which owes its elevation to the suffrages of the nation, I should belie my origin, my nature, and what is more, I should do violence to common sense, if I did not admit the sovereignty of the people as the fundamental basis of all political organization. My previous actions and declarations are in accordance with this opinion. If I have not been understood, it is because we do not seek to explain defeats—we only condemn them.

"It is true, I claimed to be in the foremost rank; but that was one in the breach. I had a high ambition, but it was one which might be loudly avowed—it was the ambition to re-assemble around my plebeian name all the friends of national sovereignty, all those who wished for glory and liberty. If I have been mistaken, is it for the democratic opinions to blame me—is it for France to punish me?

"Believe me, sir, that whatever be the fate which the future may have in reserve for me, it shall never be said of me that, in exile or in captivity, 'I have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.'"

It is certainly very curious, if what Louis Napoleon's enemies say of him be true, that he should have verified so fully the conditions of this letter on his return to Paris.

XXX.

His imprisonment had now lasted nearly five years. He gives us a glimpse of what he had suffered, in a passage we take from one of his letters, written June 6th, 1845—

"Years roll by with disheartening monotony, and it is only in the promptings of my conscience and my own heart, that I find strength to stand up against this atmosphere of lead, which surrounds and suffocates me. But I still believe with absolute confidence that a better future is approaching." Towards the close of the year 1845, Louis Bonaparte, the

Ex-King of Holland, feeling that his own life was going out, made an earnest and touching appeal to Louis Phillipe, for permission to hold his son once more in his arms before he died. This application being known to the Prince, he wrote the following letter to one of the ministers of Louis Phillipe—

"HAM, December 23, 1845.

"SIR,—My father, whose age and infirmity require the attentions of a son, has requested the government to allow me to go to him.

"His application has not been attended with a favorable result.

"The government, as I am informed, required a formal guarantee from me. Under the circumstances, my resolve cannot be doubted; and I am prepared to do everything compatible with my honor, in order to be allowed to offer to my father those consolations to which he has so many claims

"I now, therefore, declare to you, sir, that if the French government consent to allow me to go to Florence, to discharge a sacred duty, I will promise, upon my honor, to return, and to place myself at the disposal of the government, whenever it shall express a desire that I should do so."

XXXI.

When this application failed, he wrote directly to Louis Phillipe, and said—"For five years, I have found, in breathing the air of my country, ample compensation for the torments of captivity; but my father is now old and infirm, and calls for my attentions and care. He has applied to persons known for their attachment to your Majesty to obtain my liberation, and it is my duty to do everything which depends on me, to meet his wishes. A council of ministers has not felt itself competent to accede to my request, to be allowed to go to Florence, engaging to return and become a prisoner, as soon as the government desires me to do so. I approach your Majesty with confidence, to make an appeal to your humanity, and renew my request by submitting to you for a generous interference."

He also wrote letters to many other persons of high rank, among whom, Thiers sent the following reply :—

"PRINCE,—I have received the letter which you have done me the honor to address to me, in order to make me acquainted with the refusal which has been given to your request. It seems to me, that the desire of seeing a dying father, accompanied by the promise of returning to prison on the first requisition of the Minister of the Interior, ought to have been regarded as sufficient. In my opinion, such a measure might have been adopted without inconvenience, upon the responsibility of the minister who had sanctioned it. I am sorry, Prince, not to have it in my power to be of any use to you whatever in these circumstances. I have no influence with the government, and publicity would serve you little. On every occasion which I can possibly contribute to solace your misfortunes without contravening my duty, I shall be happy to have it in my power to give fresh proofs of my sympathy with the glorious name which you bear."

XXXII.

Once more the external pressure of the public opinion of Europe was so great, that Louis Phillipe was obliged at las to do something which would enable him to say that he had offered his freedom to Louis Napoleon ; and an offer was made on conditions which it was well known beforehand he could not as an honest man accept—he was required to renounce most distinctly all claims to the throne of France—to acknowledge that he had perpetrated crimes in his former attempts, and a solemn pledge to molest the Orleans family no more. The Prince returned the following reply to the communication that had been made to him through M. Odillon Barrot:—

"Ham, 2d February, 1846.

"Sir,—Before replying to the letter which you have been good enough to address to me, allow me to thank you, as well as your political friends, for the interest you have shown, and the spontaneous steps which you have thought it consistent with your duty to take, in order to lighten the weight of my misfortunes. Be assured that my gratitude will never be wanting to those generous men who, in such painful circumstances, have extended toward me a friendly hand.

"I now proceed to state to you, that I do not think it consistent with my duty to attach my name to the letter of which you have sent me a copy. The brave man, who finds himself alone face to face with adversity—alone in the presence of enemies interested in depreciating his character, ought to avoid every kind of subterfuge, everything equivocal, and take all his measures with the greatest degree of frankness and decision. Like Cæsar's wife, he ought not to be suspected. If I signed the letter, which you and many other deputies have recommended me to sign, I would, in fact really ask for pardon, without avowing the fact, I would take shelter behind the request of my father, like the coward who covers himself with a tree to escape the enemy's fire. I consider such a course unworthy of me. If I thought it consistent with my condition and honor merely and simply to invoke the royal clemency, I would write to the King, 'Sire, I ask pardon.'

"Such, however, is not my intention. For six years I have endured without complaining, an imprisonment, which is one of the natural consequences of my attack against the government; and I shall endure it for ten years longer, if necessary, without accusing either my destiny or the men who inflict it. I suffer; but I say to myself every day, I am in France. I have preserved my honor unstained. I live without enjoyments, but also without remorse; and every evening I go to repose in peace. No steps would have been taken by me to disturb the calm of my conscience and the repose of my life, had not my father signified an earnest desire of having me near him again during his declining years. My filial duty roused me from a state of resignation, and I took a step of which I was fully aware of its gravity, and to which I attached all that frankness and honesty which I desire to exhibit in all my actions. I wrote to the head of the state—to him alone who had the legal right to alter my position; I asked to be allowed to go and see my father, and spoke to him of *honor*, *humanity*, *generosity*, because I have no hesitation in calling things by their proper names.

"The king appeared satisfied, and said to the worthy son of Marshal Ney, who was good enough to place my letter in his hands, that the guarantee which I offered was sufficient; but he has, as yet, given no intimation of his decision. His ministers, on the contrary, forwarding their resolution in a copy of my letter to the king, which I sent to them with firm deference, taking advantage of my position and their own, caused an answer to be transmitted to me, which was merely an insult to misfortune.

"Under the blow of such a refusal, and still unacquainted with the king's decision, my duty is to abstain from taking any step, and, above all, not to subscribe a request for pardon under the disguise of filial duty.

"I still maintain all that I said in my letter to the king, because the sentiments which I have expressed were deeply felt, and were such as appeared suitable to my position; but I shall not advance a line further. The path of honor is narrow and slippery, and there is but a hand-breadth between the firm ground and the abyss.

"You may, moreover, be well assured, sir, that, should I sign the letter in question, more exacting demands would be made. On the 25th of December, I wrote rather a dry letter to the Minister of the Interior, requesting permission to visit my father. The reply was politely worded. On the 14th of January, I determined on a very serious step. I wrote a letter to the king, in which I spared no expression which I thought might conduce to the success of my request; the answer was an impertinent one:—

"My position is clear. I am a captive; but it is a consolation to me to breathe the air of my country. A sacred duty summons me to my father's side. I say to the government—circumstances compel me to entreat from you, as a favor, permission to leave Ham. If you grant my request, you may depend on my gratitude, and it will be of the more value, as your decision will bear the stamp of generosity; for the gratitude of those who would consent to humiliate themselves in order to gain an advantage, would be valueless.

"Finally, I calmly await the decision of the King—a man who, like me, has lived through thirty years of misfortune.

"I rely on the support and sympathy of generous and independent men like you; I commit myself to destiny, and prepare to resign myself to its decision.

"Accept, Sir, my assurance of esteem.

(Signed) "Napoleon Louis Bonaparte."

XXXIII.

Finding at last, that no motive of humanity could bend the inflexible will of Louis Phillipe, the Prince determined to take the matter into his own hands. It is the right of any prisoner who is not on his *parole*, to break his chains, if he can, be he innocent or guilty. This right was suppose to appertain also to the prisoner of Ham—a Prince of France—the nephew of Napoleon, and the heir to his Empire. He had no sooner settled his purpose than he carried it into effect. He escaped from the Castle of Ham on the 25th of May, and gives an interesting account of it himself in a letter to the editor of the *Journal du la Somme* :—

"My Dear M. de George,—My desire to see my father once more in this world made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasbourg and Boulogne, for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule that attaches to those who are arrested, escaping under a disguise, and a failure I could not have endured. The following are the particulars of my escape :—

"You know that the fort was guarded by four hundred men, who furnished daily sixty soldiers, placed as sentries outside the walls. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first elude their vigilance, afterwards traverse the inside court before the windows of the commandant's residence; and arriving there, I should be obliged to pass by a gate which was guarded by soldiers.

"Not wishing to communicate my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building I occupied were undergoing repairs, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thelin, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots, (wooden shoes), and, after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders.

"On Monday morning I saw the workmen enter, at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my passage. He was also to call one of the *gardiens* (turnkeys,) whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades, and, at the bottom of the stairs, I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeding in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel, or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

"Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty, but, as he was reading a letter, he did not pay attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious, that I thought I should never escape them, until I heard them cry, 'Oh! it is Bernard!'

"Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road of St. Quentin. Charles, who, the day before, had engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles procured a post-chaise, under pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting with any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but nowhere was I asked to show it.

"During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe I was ill, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. It was necessary to be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty before I could be persuaded to quit France, if I would not consent to dishonor myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my powers to be able to console my father in his old age.

"Adieu, my dear M. de George; although free, I feel myself to be most unhappy. Receive the assurance of my sincere friendship, and, if you are able, endeavor to be useful to my kind Conneau."

XXXIV.

The part which Dr. Conneau played showed the greatest magnanimity, for his period of imprisonment had already expired. To give the Prince time to escape and leave no room for suspicion, Dr. Conneau remained in the castle till Napoleon had had time to effect his liberty. As soon as the escape was discovered, Dr. Conneau was arrested; and, being interrogated by the tribunal at Peronne, he frankly gave a history of the whole affair. It cost him, however, an imprisonment of only three months.

Again Louis Napoleon fled to London. He immediately wrote to Count St. Aulaire, the French Ambassador, [May 29, 1846], saying—"I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that, in quitting my prison I have had no idea of renewing against the French Government a war that has been so disastrous to me; but only to be enabled to go and be near my aged father. Before taking this step, I made every effort to obtain permission to go to France, and I offered every guarantee consistent with my honor ; but finding all my applications fruitless, I determined to have recourse to the last expedient which the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Guize adopted in similar circumstances under Henry IV. I beg, M. le Comte, that you will inform the French Government of my peaceable intentions, and I hope that such an assurance on my part will shorten the captivity of my friends who still remain in prison."

He also wrote to Sir Robert Peel, who acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and Lord Aberdeen replied in effect, that under the circumstances stated, the Prince's sojourn in England would not be disagreeable, either to her Majesty, the Queen, nor to her Government. But the main object the Prince had in view, in effecting his escape, was not accomplished. The Austrian Ambassador at London, who also represented the Court of Tuscany, refused to sign his passport, and King Louis died on the 25th of July, 1846, without being able to see his son. He had in his will expressed a desire that his body might be laid by the side of his eldest son, [who died in 1837], and that the remains of his second son, who died in Italy, might be laid by his side. This request was granted, and they were buried together there, September 29th, 1847. Neither could his only surviving son be present on this occasion.

XXXV.

When the Revolution of February, 1848, broke out, Louis Napoleon was in London. In the downfall of the Bourbons, and the flight of the terrified king from the shores of France, Louis Napoleon began to read the fulfillment of his destiny. The day the exile of Louis Phillipe began, that day the exile of Louis Napoleon ended. He arrived in Paris, February

28th, gave in his adhesion as a citizen, and was among the first who saluted the Provisional Government. After a conference with its members, however, it was mutually agreed that it would be more prudent for him to retire for awhile from the scenes of the revolution; and, as M. Templaire says, he wished to give this new proof of his devotion to his country by retracing his steps into exile, and thenceforward remain until the elections, then at hand, were past, and the Constitution about to be adopted should give consolidation and order to the new State.

A party, however, who were perhaps not so inimical to the Bonapartes, as they were greedy for power, proposed in the committees of the National Assembly to retain in force the edict of exile in the case of Louis Napoleon. When the news reached him, [May 23, 1848], he wrote to the National Assembly—uttering his solemn protest against the injustice.

Letters had also been written to the Assembly by various members of the Orleans family, and these letters had been publicly read to that body. They, however, refused even to listen to the letter of Louis Napoleon. Immediately after the disturbances of June 12th, a decree of exile was published by the government against him. But having already been elected a member of the National Assembly, and believing as he did that his presence in Paris would be prejudicial not only to the public tranquillity, but to his own cause, he had written a letter to the President of the Assembly, declining the honor of representing his constituency. He says, "I had set out for my post, when I learned that my election had been made the pretext for some diplomatic disturbances, and some grave errors. I have not sought the honor of being elected a representative of the people, for I was aware of the injurious suspicions entertained against me. Still less should I seek for power. If the people were to impose duties upon me I should know how to fulfill them. But I disavow all those who attribute to me intentions which I do not hold. My name is a symbol of order, of nationality, of glory, and it would be with the liveliest grief that I should see it made use of to augment the troubles and dissensions of my country. In order to avoid such a misfortune I shall prefer to remain in exile. I am ready to make every sacrifice for the happiness of France. Have the goodness, M. le President, to make known to the Assembly the contents of this letter. I also send you a copy of the letter of thanks I have addressed to the electors." M. Templaire says, that this address, which was of a nature to calm all apprehensions, the President did not think proper to read. We shall make an extract from it:—" Citizens, your suffrages fill me with gratitude. This mark of sympathy, which is the more flattering as I had not solicited it, found me at a moment when I was regretting that I should remain inactive while my country needs the co-operation of all her children to emerge from the difficulties now pressing around her. The confidence you have reposed in me imposes upon me duties which I shall know how to fulfill. Our interests, our sentiments, our aspirations are the same. A representative of Paris, and now a representative of the people, I shall join my efforts to those of my colleagues, to re-establish order, public credit and industry; to insure peaceful relations abroad; to consolidate democratic institutions; and to conciliate interests which now seem to be averse to one another simply because suspecting one another, and clashing instead of marching together towards a single object—that of the prosperity of the country. The people have been free since the 24th of February. They can obtain anything without recourse to brute force. Let us then rally around the altars of the country and the flag of the Republic, and present to the world the grand spectacle of a people regenerating itself without violence, without civil contests, without anarchy."

XXXVI.

The hostility of the executive and legislative departments of the government to Louis Napoleon certainly had no origin with the people ; for there were not lacking indications on all sides that the popular sympathies were with him. There were at the time upwards of twenty journals in Paris established expressly to advocate his cause. It is, therefore, rational to suppose, that precisely the same state of feeling existed against him as against his uncle at the establishment of the Consulate ; and doubtless the chief members of the new French Republic foresaw, in the return of Napoleon to Paris, that they would be eclipsed, and their ambitious ends defeated. Other indications, however, were thickening on the public eye. Louis Napoleon was not only elected a member of the National Assembly from Paris, but from three other departments in France. Soon after, he heard that he had been chosen almost unanimously by the Electors of Corsica. He declined all these honors in letters to the President of the National Assembly.

But a new election was to take place on the 17th of September ; and in reply to a letter from Gen. Pyat, the Prince wrote as follows, under date of August 28th, 1848 :—" You ask me if I would accept the post of Representative of the people, if I were to be Re-elected. I reply, without hesitation, Yes. Now that it has been demonstrated without gain saying, that my election in four departments at once was not the result of intrigue, and that I have kept myself aloof from all manifestations and political maneuvers, I should feel myself wanting in duty did I not respond to the call of my fellow-citizens. My name can now no longer be made a pretext for commotions. I am anxious, therefore, to re-enter France and take my seat with the Representatives of the people, who desire to re-organize the Republic upon a broad and sold basis. To render the return of governments that have passed away, impossible, we have but one thing to do—that s, to do better than they; for you know, General, that we have not really destroyed the past till we have replaced it by something else." Louis Napoleon was again returned to the National Assembly by the Department of the Seine, (Paris), by a majority of 60,000 votes, as well as by four other departments. He chose to accept the constituency of Paris, his native city.

XXXVII.

On the 26th of September, he made his appearance in the Chamber of the Assembly amidst a scene of great agitation; and having mounted the tribune, he said—

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—I cannot longer remain silent after the calumnies directed against me. I feel it incumbent on me to declare openly, on the first day I am allowed to sit in this hall, the real sentiments which animate and have always animated me. After being proscribed during thirty-three years, I have at last recovered a country and my rights of citizenship. The Republic has conferred on me that happiness. I offer it now my oath of gratitude and devotion; and the generous fellow-countrymen who sent me to this hall may rest certain that they will find me devoted to the double task which is common to us all, namely, to assure order and tranquillity, the first want of the country, and to *develop the democratical institutions which the people has a right to claim.* (Cheers.) During a long period I could only devote to my country the meditations of exile and captivity. To-day a new career is open to me. Admit me in your ranks, dear colleagues, with the sentiment of affectionate sympathy which animates me. *My conduct you may be certain shall ever be guided by a respectful devotion to the law.* It will prove, to the confusion of those who have attempted to slander me, that no man is more devoted than I am, I repeat, to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic."

XXXVIII.

The 26th of October witnessed scenes of great excitement in the Chamber of the Assembly. It was evident that there was a strong party in that body formed against him, who were determined to effect his exile and ruin. The session broke up in confusion, and the next day Louis Napoleon again ascended the tribune and spoke as follows :—

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—The unpleasant incident which occurred yesterday will not permit me to remain silent.

"I deeply deplore being obliged to speak again of myself, because it is painful to me to see the Assembly constantly engaged with questions of a personal nature, when we have not a moment to lose for the discussion of the great interests of the country.

"I will not speak of my sentiments nor of my opinions—I have already manifested them to you ; *and nobody has ever yet doubted my word.*

"As to my parliamentary conduct ; in the same way that I would never pretend to call to account any of my colleagues for what they may have thought proper to do, so I will recognize the right of no man to bring me to account. This is an account which I owe to no one but my constituents. (Cheers.)

"Of what am I accused? Of having accepted, without having sought it, a candidature for the Presidency. (Movement.) Well—yes! I accept that candidature, by which I am honored—I accept it, because the result of three successive elections, and the unanimous decree of the National Assembly reversing the decree of proscription against my family, authorize me to believe that France regards the name which I bear as one which may assist in the consolidation of society, which has been shaken to its foundation—(loud murmurs)—and to the stability and prosperity of the Republic. *How little do those who charge me with ambition know of my heart!* If a sense of imperative duty did not retain me here—if the sympathy of my fellow-citizens did not console me for the animosity of the attacks of some, and even for the impetuosity of the defence of others, I should long have wished myself back in exile.

"I am reproached for my silence. It is not given to every one—it is given to comparatively few, to bring to this place the eloquence of speech necessary to develop just and wholesome ideas. But is there no other way of serving one's country? What it is in want of, above all things, is deeds. What it wants is a government—firm, intelligent, and wise—which will think more of healing the wounds of society than in avenging them, (cheers); a government which shall put itself boldly in the front of sound ideas, in order to repel, with a thousand times more efficacy than could be done by means of bayonets, theories which are not founded upon experience and reason.

"I know there are some who wish to beset my path with snares and ambushes; but I shall not fall into them—I shall always follow the line of conduct which I have traced out for myself, without troubling myself with anxieties, and without stopping: Nothing will deprive me of my calmness—nothing will make me forget my duties. I have but one aim in view, and that is to merit the esteem of the Assembly, and, together with their esteem, that of all honest men, and the confidence of that magnanimous people which was treated so lightly yesterday—(murmurs).

"I declare, therefore, to those who would wish to organize against me a system of provocation, that from henceforward I shall not reply to any attacks, nor to anything that may be done to excite me—(oh, oh!)—to speak, when I choose to remain silent; and strong in the approval of my conscience, I shall remain unshaken amidst all attacks, and impassible to calumny—(cheers and murmurs)."

Immediately after this speech, the 10th of December was fixed on by the Assembly, for the election of President, and the Prince published an address to the French people, as a candidate for their suffrages.

The day of election came, and the following was the result:—

Total number of votes polled	7,359,000
Of which Louis Napoleon received	5,434,226
General Cavaignac	1,448,107
Ledru Rollin	370,119
Raspail	36,900
Lamartine	17,910
General Changarnier	4,790
Votes lost	12,600

Finally, the day of Inauguration came, and an officer addressed the Assembly. He concluded by calling on the Assembly to proclaim the President. "Have confidence," he said; "God protects France." General Cavaignac then ascended the tribune, and said—"I have the honor to inform the National Assembly, that the members of the Cabinet have just sent me their collective resignation, and I now come forward to surrender the powers with which it has invested me." The President of the Assembly then said—

"In the name of the French People:

"Whereas, Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Paris, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the 44th Article of the Constitution; whereas, the ballot gave him the absolute majority of suffrages for the presidency: By virtue of the powers conferred on the Assembly by the 47th and 48th Articles of the Constitution, I proclaim him President of the French Republic from this day, until the second Sunday of May, 1852; and I now invite him to ascend the tribune, and take the oath required by the Constitution."

Prince Louis Napoleon rose from his seat, beside Odillon Barrot, and approached the Tribune. He was dressed in black. He wore under his coat, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and on his left breast a star, set with diamonds. He then solemnly took the oath of office—"In presence of God, and before the French People, represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfill all the duties which the Constitution imposes on me." The President was then escorted from the Hall.

XXXIX.

It is not necessary for us to record the annals of his Presidency—they are known to the world, and still fresh in the recollection of our readers: Much less do we feel called upon to attack or defend his administration. A few observations may however be required.

His election was the signal of order, political tranquillity, and national progress. This is what France meant in the overwhelming majority over all his rivals—or she meant nothing. A political storm had just swept over Europe, and all the elements of agitation were still actively at work in Paris. Nobody had any confidence in the stability of the present state of things. There was no security for life or property. What scenes of carnage the next day-break might unfold, no man could tell. France held forty million men, women and children—not one of whom felt secure. A mighty nation was on the verge of chaos. All France felt it, and subsequent events proved it. Louis Napoleon felt it, and acted accordingly. He was the only man in France who understood his own position—he alone understood the feelings, the wants, the desires of her forty million countrymen. He knew, moreover, the exact position of parties in France ; and he knew that unless these factions were suppressed, there could be no permanent repose for his country.

In every other country in Europe, popular rights had been crushed, and constitutions blotted out. Everywhere the counter-revolution had triumphed, except in Paris. There a Republic was still left—but its existence was threatened every hour. Nobody believed in its permanence. Men can bear up under the certain blow of a great calamity—so can nations. Hence thirty millions slept calmly in France every night during Robespierre's Reign of Terror—But neither men nor nations can bear uncertainty. It is the most intolerable of all evils. France had got rid of the Bourbons, and now she wanted repose and progress. In Louis Napoleon she believed she had both.

France had nothing to fear except from internal factions and parties, and they were ready to tear her to pieces. There was the old Bourbon faction, which had been defeated in 1830, when Charles X. was driven into exile This was the party of the *reactionaires* of the Revolution of 1789—befriended and restored to power in 1815, by th coalition of the monarchs of Europe. They were the remains of Feudalism—the representatives of a past, dead age. They had contemplated the elevation of Louis Phillipe with no more complacency than that of Louis Napoleon.

They still dream of raising an elder Bourbon to the throne of France, under the title of Henry V. This faction is small—but despotism is on its side.

The next is the faction of the younger Bourbons—the friends of Louis Phillipe—the moderate monarchists. They said that the Prince de Joinville would be elected in 1848. Of 8,000,000 he had 800—one in eighty thousand!

XL.

There was, however, a faction far more formidable—It was the Communists. However great the diversity of their views, and however numerous the masters they followed—from Prudhomme and Fourier, who gilded their moral and political fallacies with the charm of learning and the guise of philosophy—down to Cabet and the Socialist—Romancists, they held without distinction doctrines subversive of all government, human and divine. Their views were for a long time treated as the harmless ravings of fanatical dreamers. But gradually the poison had been distilled throughout France and Germany—chiefly through the romances of Eugene Sue, George Sand, and others—till Communism was openly recognized by the Provisional Government, and proclaimed as a dogma of Government by Louis Blanc and some of his associates in the administration. The feeble Presidency of Lamartine was soon compelled to give way to nore vigorous hands, and nothing but the firmness and traight-forward conduct of Cavaignac saved Paris from nother Reign of Terror.

Such was the state of France when Louis Napoleon was called to the Government; and such the elements of anarchy which he had to contend with. He and all the friends of order and tranquillity clearly saw that France could be saved only by a vigorous execution of law—that there must be a triumphant vindication of the authority of the Government, or political chaos was inevitable. Such was the actual state of affairs; and the President regulated his course accordingly.

XLI.

His enemies were just as numerous as the partisans of these factions—and no more. All the rest of France was with him; and has been with him ever since. The politicians have been against him from the beginning—the Socialists, the Revolutionists, the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Monarchists, the Pamphleteers, the Dreamers, the Theorists—have all been against him. But *the people* have been on his side. There are more owners of the soil in France than in any other European country—more than in the United States. They have all been with him. The Capitalists and Manufacturers have been with him and are with him still—everybody has been with him but the Factionists. We know this is not the common opinion in America. But this can be easily accounted for. We have derived our opinions on this subject, as we do on all others which concern the Continent of Europe, from English sources.

With a few remarks on the general subject, which are the result of our own reflections, we shall bring the sketch of Louis Napoleon to a close. His return from exile, his triumphant election as President of the Republic, for four years with his *coup d'etat* of 2d December, 1851, and the absolution the nation passed on that act by seven million votes—the apparent stability of his government, and the success which has attended every movement of his administration of power, have excited the wonder of mankind, and appeared to baffle philosophical solution. From the beginning, however, we confess we have seen nothing mysterious in the whole affair. It has been rather a matter of surprise that none of the public writers of the time should have revealed the causes which would satisfactorily explain the progress of events, their tendencies and results.

It would be preposterous to suppose that an individual like Louis Napoleon, without wealth and destitute of power, with few or no connections with men who could advance his prospects or gratify his ambition, should in a day, spring from something worse than obscurity—the odium of repeated failures—into an Empire which cost Napoleon the Great, many years of incomprehensible toil, and almost miraculous achievement. It all seems to us to admit of a very simple solution. France itself was ready for his coming, or his coming never would have been greeted as it was. *The Napoleon Dynasty is and will be for some time to come, an inevitable government in France—it is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism, or the past, and Republicanism, or the future.*

XLII.

After the feudal system was broken up in France, the residuum was ruin. Political chaos was the natural result. The fabric of government, within whose inclosure dwelt thirty millions of men, could not be shattered to atoms in an hour without anarchy and blood.

The work of reconstruction Napoleon attempted, and, in some respects, completed ; but it was in strictly physical or civil relations, that he could succeed during his short reign. The great social work which was to pervade all France, blending the remnants of the impossible past, with the new forms of the rising and inevitable future, establish and consolidate a structure that would endure for another cycle of time, was to be the achievement of generations.

This work of progress which the government gave no aid or direction to, during the period of the Bourbon restoration, was all the time receiving an irresistible impulse from the inward tendencies of things ; and, in 1830, Charles X., who neither understood France nor the age he was living in, fled from a throne he had never been worthy of.

Something was conceded to the *new principle* in 1830, by the elevation of Louis Phillipe, the representative of the younger branch of the Bourbons. This elevation to the throne was another step of progress. It was a compromise between the past and the future, which lasted eighteen years. But things at last reached such a crisis that the French nation became persuaded that no Bourbon whatever—be he of the elder or of the cadet branch, could any longer rule France, and the consequences can be read in the Revolution of the 27th of February, 1848, when Louis Phillipe had become almost, if not quite as odious to the French people as Charles X. himself in 1830—not to say Louis XVI. in 1789.

We do not know what the effect of a great monarchial alliance against Louis Napoleon—an alliance of Sovereigns, Pope, Jesuits, Cardinals and Priests, Princes, Despots and tyrants of all grades, might be, particularly since the events of the last few years have converted Russia, Austria, and Prussia, into military despotisms. But if Napoleon himself found it impossible by military power alone to resist the progress of public opinion, we may find therein a reason why military combinations of tyrannical sovereigns will find themselves far too weak to cope with the terrible opposition of enlightened men. So then, we return to the idea that, France being pre-eminently above all European nations, a country of social progress, the Napoleon dynasty is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism, which has ceased, we think, to exist forever in that country, and the American type of well-balanced Democratic liberty, which exists only on our own side of the ocean.

Therefore, we see nothing mysterious in the ascendent of Louis Napoleon's star. It has risen calmly and steadily into the heavens—as wonderful, perhaps, if regarded simply as a civil event as Napoleon's elevation was, regarded as the fruit of political revolutions and military achievements; nor do we see any reason why the rule of Louis Napoleon is not likely to be even more permanent than his uncle's. There is a conviction (whether it be clearly expressed or not,) that his ascendency and government constitute an inevitable interval in the political history and progress of France. The affinities between him and the great mass of the people are so indissoluble—so natural—and withal, understanding as he seems to, so much better than any other man, the actual tendencies, tastes, feelings, and sympathies of the French People, his downfall can hereafter be anticipated, only from causes which would bring about the downfall of any other man. We know, therefore, of no reason why the dominion of Louis Napoleon should not continue.

It will be said that some of his political acts—particularly his *Coup d'Etat*—the shooting of one or two thousand men in the streets of Paris, and the charge of his *Chasseurs de Vincennes* upon the naked breasts of the people—his cramping the liberty of the Press—his arrest of a vast number of eminent men—his imprisonment of many of them, and the exile of others, with many acts besides that we might enumerate, stamp him with the black seal of a Caligula. Without being disposed to justify such measures, we are only contemplating them as facts that have occurred, and we fancy it would be by no means a difficult task to show that in whatever he has done that has excited the indignation or courted the criticism of foreign nations, he has been sustained by a very large majority of the French People themselves.

It does very well for Englishmen who rarely or never find anything in France, except the gauzes and silks of Lyons, or the laces of Valenciennes, or the porcelain of Sevres, or the grizetts of Paris, to their liking, to pour out their hottest indignation and their bitterest satire upon the man they call a Usurper, and it seems natural enough that American Democrats who have even made advances from the principles of Jefferson, should discover abundant material for fault-finding in what Louis Napoleon has done.

But if we would be philosophical as writers, or just as men, we must place ourselves on the same point of observation with the man we criticise, and examine for a moment a few circumstances, which, so far as our knowledge of other men's opinions has gone, have been almost if not entirely overlooked.

The political incompetency of all the great men in France, who have attempted to guide public events, or administer government or justice, since the Revolution of the 27th February, has already become a proverb. The very men whose agitations at the time of the prohibited Banquets, and for many years before, had contributed to foment the Revolution that exiled Louis Phillipe, had as fair a chance as men ever had, to display their capacity for governing a country ; and Lamartine himself, one of the purest, noblest and most gifted of writers, and of men, turned out so utterly incompetent to the great task of controlling the unchained passions of the million, that nothing but repeated harangues, from his eloquent and persuasive tongue, to the mob of Paris, day by day and hour by hour, kept the city from being whelmed in an ocean of blood. Socialist dreamers in the Provisional Government were allowed to proclaim to the mob the adoption by the government of the Utopian schemes of the Socialists. It was only with the hope of a consolidated government, on the part of one class of the community, and the dream of Agrarianism on the other, that Lamartine's government lasted a few weeks. And finally, had it not been for Cavaignac's accession to power, and had he not held in his hand the sword of the army, with the *prestige* of military achievements, the mob of Paris never would have been awed into subjection to authority and law. And when the election of a President for four years came on, and every man in France was allowed to give his vote, and thereby declare his preference for a ruler of the State, who was the man whom nine-tenths of the people clamored for? It was Louis Napoleon: And although perhaps not one in one thousand of the men who voted for him, stopped to reason, debate, or reflect, yet it is perfectly evident to the philosophical observer, that every vote so cast, was but an involuntary expression of a sentiment which seemed to have been an intuitive and instinctive one, among the French, from which we gather, that France, in its transition state, could not discover, nor did she desire anything else than the Napoleon Dynasty, as a compromise between Bourbonism, or the past, and Republicanism, or the future.

Everybody out of France, except a few men who understood the actual state of things, prophesied that the National Assembly would interpose barriers to what were called the usurpations of Louis Napoleon; but when it was found that the Assembly itself, controlled by the outward pressure of the people, and guided by the natural instincts of Frenchmen, interposed few or no checks to the "usurpations" of the President, then it was supposed in England and in America, that, as a matter of course, infernal machines or daggers would soon put an end to the life of this trifler with the fate of France, and the peace of Europe.

Again, when all these prophecies failed, foreign nations seemed to repose all their hopes on the election of May, 1852, when a new President by the Constitution was to be chosen, and when, of course, Louis Napoleon would be succeeded by the Prince de Joinville, Cavaignac, Thiers, or some other illustrious man. Everybody out of France seems to have been deluded by this chimera. Agitators in England even uttered warnings against the French Prince, in the British House of Commons. The Chartists, Repealers, and Reformers, rang many changes on the same expectancy. The Italian revolutionists secretly nurtured this hope in their hearts, and the Roman republicans were everywhere writing to their friends among foreign nations, that they were only waiting for a general rising, until the month of May. Our own confederation, with its thirty republics, then listening to the magical eloquence of the Hungarian Patriot, saw but a single Mecca for all his hopes of revolution ; and it was generally understood, and he himself universally conveyed the idea, that at the period of the new election in France, the tocsin of a European revolution would be sounded, and those enchained countries once more be liberated from the thraldom of their tyrants.

But suddenly, unexpectedly, almost tranquilly, on the 2d of December, 1852, fell the Coup d' Etat of Louis Napoleon like a bolt from Heaven. It stunned the world—it paralyzed opposition and ended the struggle. In a single hour, by one bold stroke from the hand of a man who knew where he stood, and whom he was dealing with, the tocsin of revolution ceased to sound, socialism hung its head, and the world began to wake up from the dream of Agrarianism.

Such is Louis Napoleon. It were all vain to say that such a man is either destitute of great qualities for government, or a knowledge of the spirit of the nation over which he presides.

HISTORIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

TOMBS OF THE BONAPARTES.

The ancient place of burial of the Bonaparte family, before their emigration to Corsica, was Treviso—afterwards at Florence, the Metropolis of Tuscany. The following table shows the places of interment and time of death of Carlo and Letitia, the parents of Napoleon, and most of their descendants. We have made it as complete as possible :—

Name.	Time of death.	Burial-place.
1.—Carlo Bonaparte,	1785.	St. Leu, near Paris.
2.—Letitia,	1836.	Rome.
Sons.		
3.—Joseph,	1844.	Florence.
4.—Napoleon,	1821.	" Hotel des Invalides"—Paris.
5.—Lucien,	1840.	Viterbo.
6.—Louis,	1846.	St. Leu.
Daughters.		
7.—Eliza,	1820.	Trieste.
8.—Pauline,	1825.	Florence.
9.—Caroline,	1839.	Florence.
Grandchildren.		
10.—Napoleon Francis, (King of Rome),	1832.	Vienna.
11.—Napoleon Charles, (son of Louis),	1807.	St. Leu.
12.—Napoleon Louis, (son of Louis),	1831.	St. Leu.
13.—Charlotte, (daughter of Joseph),	1839.	Florence.
14.—Charles Jerome, (son of Eliza),	1833.	Rome
15.—Achille Murat, (son of Caroline),	1846.	Florida.
16.—Jerome Napoleon, (son of Jerome),	1846.	Florence.

Josephine, (first wife of Napoleon), died in 1814, and was buried in the church of Ruel, Malmaison. Maria Louisa, (his second wife), died at Parma in 1847—and was there buried. We have not heard that her remains have been removed to the royal tomb of the Hapsburghs at Vienna. Christine, (first wife of Lucien), died 1801, and was interred at Du Plessis, near Paris. Catharine of Wurtemberg, (second wife of Jerome), died at Florence, in 1835. Julie—wife of Joseph—died at Florence, in 1845. Murat—ex-King of Naples—died in 1815, and was interred at Pizzo, in Calabria. Cardinal Fesch died in 1839, and was interred at Rome.

TOMBS OF THE BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY.

Name.	Year of Death.	Place of Burial.
FRANCOIS MARQUIS DE BEAUHARNAIS,	1819.	Paris.
ALEXANDER VISCOUNT DE BEAUHARNAIS,	1794.	Paris.
JOSEPHINE—his wife—afterwards married to Napoleon,	1814.	Church of Ruel, Malmaison.
EUGENE, (son of Josephine),	1824.	Munich.
HORTENSE, (daughter of Josephine),	1837.	Church of Ruel Malmaison.
AUGUSTUS, (son of Eugene, married to Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal),	1835.	Lisbon.
COMTE DE BEAUHARNAIS, (uncle of Alexander and Francis),	-	Paris.
COMTESSE FANNY DE BEAUHARNAIS, (wife of the above, and celebrated in the annals of Literature),	1813.	Paris.

THE COUNTESS FANNY DE BEAUHARNAIS.

The Comtesse Fanny de Beauharnais, (daughter of Mouchard, Receiver-General of the Finances in Champaigne), born in 1738, and died in 1813—was a woman celebrated for her wit, her munificence, and her association with literary contemporaries. Her taste for literature was displayed at an early age, and when ten years old she composed verses—Married at fifteen years of age to the Comte de Beauharnais, an uncle of the husband of Josephine. She found her sole amusement in the cultivation of literature; and enjoying a considerable fortune, she wished, following the example of Mad. Geoffrin, to form a society of men who should owe to her their reputation as literary men and great wits. She received into her society the Abbe Mably, Bitaube, Dussauix, and others, of high reputation. She was arrested and confined during the Revolution. Being aunt to Josephine and godmother to Hortense, she found in the friendship of these ladies ample compensation for the losses which she experienced during the Revolution. She was the author of numerous poems, romances and plays. Her latter days were dedicated to the pursuit of letters, and she died at Paris regretted by all who had known her, and beloved for her benevolence and sweetness of temper. Among her correspondents and friends, were Voltaire, Buffon, and Le Brun.

THE COUNTESS DE LAVALETTE—EMILIE DE BEAUHARNAIS

This lady, daughter of the Marquis Francois de Beauharnais, and niece of Josephine, was educated at the School of Madame Campan, and at an early age, married Marie Chamans de Lavalette, (afterwards Count), aid to Napoleon, with whom he served in the campaign of Italy, and afterwards accompanied him to Egypt. After the establishment of the Consular Government and of the Empire, Lavalette was made Count and a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and for a time he had the administration of the Post-Office at Paris. On the second restoration of the Bourbons he was condemned to death as an accomplice in the treason of Napoleon against the royal authority. He escaped from prison, however, at the suggestion and by the stratagem of his wife, being disguised in the dress of the Countess, who had been permitted to visit him. He retired for a time to Bavaria, residing with Eugene Beauharnais, and received a pardon from Louis in 1822, and died in 1830. His devoted wife lost her reason soon after his escape from prison, and we believe she has been deceased several years.

NAPOLEON FRANCIS JOSEPH—DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

The following description of him was published in 1827, in a work entitled "Austria as it is." "The young Napoleon is an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and fine-cut lips of his father and the blue eyes of his mother. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian Princes, who seem to be everywhere at home; but his demeanor is more dignified and noble in the extreme. He has an Arabian steed, which he rides with a nobleness that gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. His *escadron* almost adore him; and he commands with decision and a military eye, which prognosticate a future general."

The Duke left no will; in consequence of which his mother inherited his property, the yearly income of which was nearly a million of florins imperial. His funeral was attended with the same forms and honors as that of an Archduke of Austria, and took place two days after his death; his body having lain in state in the chapel of the Palace at Vienna.

The following is the English of the Latin Epitaph placed on his monument, by order of the Emperor of Austria:—

"To the eternal memory of
JOSEPH CHARLES FRANCIS—Duke of Reichstadt,
Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Maria Louisa, Archduchess
of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811. Already in his cradle
he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed
with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature
was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of
youth, and his conversation full of affability; he
displayed an astonishing capacity for study,
and the exercises of the military art;
attacked by a pulmonary disease,
he died at Schoenbrunn, near
Vienna, July 22, 1832."

SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY—IN 1852.

[Joseph Bonaparte had no sons—but two daughters, one of whom married Charles Lucien, survives.]

LINE OF LUCIEN—Residence, Rome.

CHARLES LUCIEN—Prince de Canino, and Musignano—(son of Lucien, by Alexandrine)—born at Paris, May 24, 1803. Succeeded his father, as Prince, June 30, 1840. [He was President of the Constituent Assembly of the Roman Republic, 1849]. Married at Brussels, June 29, 1822, to his cousin,

ZENAIDE CHARLOTTE JULIE, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and Julie-Marie-Clary, born July 8, 1804.

CHILDREN OF THE ABOVE.

1.—*Joseph*-Lucien-Charles-Napoleon—Prince de Musignano—born Feb. 13, 1824.
2.—*Lucien*-Louis-Joseph-Napoleon—born November 15, 1828.
3.—*Julie*-Charlotte-Zenaide-Pauline-Letitia-Désirée-Barthomée—born June 6, 1830; married, August 30, 1847, to Alexandre Del Gallo, Marquis de Roccagiovine.
4.—*Charlotte*-Honorine-Josephine—born March 4, 1832; married Oct. 4, 1848, to Comte Pierre Primolè.
5.—*Marie*-Désirée-Eugenia-Josephine-Philomene—born March 18, 1835.
6.—*Auguste*-Amilié Maximilliene-Jacqueline—born November 9, 1836.
7.—*Napoleon*-Gregoire-Jacques-Phillipe—born February 9, 1839.
8.—*Bathilde*-Aloise-Leonie—born November 26, 1840.

WIDOW OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Alexandrine-Laurence de Bleschamp, Princess Dowager di Canino—born at Calais, in 1778. She was the second wife of Lucien, and they were married in 1803, when she was widow of M. de Jouberton.

ONLY SURVIVING CHILD OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE,

by his first wife, Christine Boyer, who died in 1801, viz:—

Charlotte—born May 13, 1796; now the widow of Prince Gabrielli of Rome. They were married in 1815.

CHILDREN OF LUCIEN,

by his second wife, Alexandrine-Laurence de Bleschamp:—

(1.—*Charles*-Lucien, Prince of Canino—before mentioned.)
2.—*Letitia*—born December 1, 1804; married to Thomas Wyse of Waterford, Ireland, (Catholic), Member of the British Parliament.
3.—*Louis*-Lucien—born January 4, 1813.
4.—*Pierre*-Napoleon—born September 12, 1815. He was member of the late National Assembly of the French Republic.
5.—*Antoine*—born October 31, 1816.
6.—*Maria*—born October 12, 1818; married Vincent Valentine de Canino, Deputy of the late Roman Republic, and Charge du Portfeuille des Finances, in May, 1849.
7.—*Constance*—born January 30, 1823. Nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rome.

LINE OF LOUIS.

Charles-*Louis-Napoleon*—President of France—(son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, by Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine)—born at Paris, April 20, 1808. Elected deputy of the National Assembly from three different Departments, in 1848. Elected President of the French

Republic for four years from May, 1848. Term of President extended for ten years by a vote of the people, December, 1851.

LINE OF JEROME.

1.—JEROME BONAPARTE—brother of the Emperor Napoleon—born in Corsica, November 15, 1784. King of Westphalia from December 1, 1807, to October 26, 1813. Duke of Montfort, in 1815. By decree of December 23, 1848, named General of Division and Governor of "Hotel des Invalides," (March 1, 1849). President of the Senate of France, in 1852. Jerome was married at Baltimore, Maryland, December 27, 1803, to Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a merchant.

Their son—JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—was born at Camberwell, (England), in 1805, and now resides in Baltimore. He married a Baltimore lady, by whom he has two sons; one a graduate at West Point.

Jerome, (divorced by decree of the Emperor, in April, 1805), married Frederica-Catherine-Sophie, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg.

SURVIVING CHILDREN BY THIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

1.—*Mathilde*-Letitia-Wilhelmine—Princess of Montfort—born at Trieste, May 27, 1820; married in 1841 to Prince Anatole Demidoff, of Russia. She now resides in Paris.

2.—*Napoleon*-Joseph-Charles-Paul—born at Trieste, September 9, 1822. He was a member of the late National Assembly of the French Republic.

[Jerome Napoleon, eldest son of Jerome, by this Wurtemberg marriage, was born in 1814. He was remarkable for his resemblance to the Emperor, and died in 1846.]

LINE OF MURAT.

Surviving children of Joachim Murat, late King of Naples, by Caroline Bonaparte—sister of Napoleon. They were married in January, 1800, and left two sons and two daughters. (Napoleon-Achille, the eldest son, resided many years in Florida, and died in Europe, 1847. He married a daughter of Byrd Willis, Esq., Navy Agent, Pensacola. She was a grand-niece of General Washington).

1.—Napoleon-*Lucien*-Charles—born May 16, 1803. He married Miss Frazier of South Carolina, and, with his wife, now resides in Paris.

2.—*Letitia*-Josephe—born April 25, 1802; married to Count Pepoli of Bologna.

3.—*Louisa*-Julie-Caroline—born March 22, 1805; married to Count Rasponi of Ravenna.

LINE OF ELIZA—

Grand Duchess of Tuscany—(by Felix Bacchiochi, Duke of Lucca, &c.)

Eliza—born June 3, 1806; married to Count Camarata of Ancona.

(Her son—*Charles Jerome*—born July 3, 1810; was killed by a fall from his horse, at Rome, 1833).

LINE OF EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

Children of Eugene by the Princess of Bavaria.

1.—*Maximillien*-Joseph-Eugene-Auguste-Napoleon—Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Prince of Eichstadt—born October 2, 1817. Succeeded his brother, Duke Augustus, who married Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, and died March 28, 1835. Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia; Lieutenant-General in the Russian service, and holding various important offices under the Emperor, at St. Petersburg, where he resides with his family.

He was married July 2, 1839, to the Grand-Duchess *Marie*-Nicolaiwena, daughter of Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia—born August 6, 1819; and now Duchess de Leuchtenberg and Princess D' Eichstadt.

Their children are

1.—Princess Marie-Maximillianowna—born October 4, 1841.
2.—Prince Nicholas-Maximillianowitch—born August 4, 1843.
3.—Princess Eugenie-Maximillianowna—born April 1, 1845.
4.—Prince Eugene-Maximillianowitch—born February 8, 1847.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG

(*Children of Eugene Beauharnais.*)

1.—JOSEPHINE—Queen of Sweden—wife of Oscar Bernadotte, (Joseph-Francois OSCAR I., King of Sweden and Norway.) She was born March 14, 1807; married June 19, 1823.

Children by this marriage.

1.—*Charles*-Louis-Eugene—Prince Royal—born May 3, 1826.
2.—Francois-*Gustave*-Oscar—born June 18, 1827.
3.—*Oscar*-Frederic—born Jan. 21, 1829.
4.—*Charlotte*-Eugene-Auguste-Amelie-Albertine—born April 24, 1830.
5.—Nicholas-*Auguste*—born August 24, 1831.

The mother of King Oscar, is a sister of the late wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and daughter of M. de Clary, merchant of Marseilles. She married Jean Bernadotte, then a French General, August 16, 1798, and elected Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810. They were crowned at Stockholm, May 11, 1818, where she still resided in 1850, viz:—

Eugenie-Bernardine-Désirée—Queen Dowager of Sweden—born November 8, 1781; became widow of Charles John (Bernadotte,) March 8, 1844.

2.—*Amelie*-Auguste-Eugenie-Napoleone—Empress Dowager of Brazil, and Duchess of Braganza, (daughter of Prince Eugene Beauharnais)—born July 31, 1812; married Don Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, October 17, 1829. He died September 24, 1834.

By this marriage there was one daughter, viz:—Donna *Marie-Amelie*-Auguste-Eugenie, &c.,—born December 1, 1831.

3.—*Theodolinde*-Louise-Eugenie-Napoleone—born April 13, 1814; married February 8, 1841, to Count William of Wurtemberg.

Prince *Louis Napoleon*, President of France, is of the Beauharnais family, by his mother Hortense.

The Princess *Stephanie de Beauharnais*, was a niece of Josephine—but her maiden name was Tascher de la Pagerie. She took the name of Beauharnais, when adopted by Napoleon and Josephine. She was born 1789; married the Grand-Duke of Baden, April 8, 1806, and became his widow, December 8, 1818. She resides at Manheim, in Baden, and has three daughters married into noble families.

The Tomb of the Founder of the Napoleon Dynasty is now in the heart of the French Capital. Around it have gathered the Bonapartes, who are living, and why should not Louis, the Prince President, gather there the ashes of the dead. They are now sleeping in distant lands, on two hemispheres, where they died in exile. Other Dynasties have built royal tombs—the Greeks and Romans expended their richest treasures, and borrowed the highest embellishments of art, to erect and adorn ancestral sepulchres. It might enrich Europe with another magnificent monument, and the nation which built the column of the Place Vendome, would not refuse to erect a stately mausoleum for all the Bonapartes.

GENEALOGY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

One of the most learned antiquarians of Italy drew up the following papers which we have translated, and they are now published for the first time in any country. They possess deep interest for the Scholar and Historian.

In the year 1802, I read some very bold assertions on the Bonaparte Family, in a foreign Newspaper, when, at the same time, I had under my eyes the *Monumenta Ecclesiæ Aquilejensis*, by the very learned Father de Rubeis, and this book, with notes in the author's hand-writing, contains authentic Records of this Family, dated at Treviso, in the year 1219.

From that time I have made a register of notes on the Bonaparte Family, which I occasionally found in reading the history of our Provinces.

The Canon M. Jean Baptiste Rossi, Archpriest of the cathedral of Treviso, transmitted to me the Bonaparte Arms from Treviso, and with them an extract from the Trevisian Chronicle of Mauro, relating to the Bonaparte Family; this Chronicle was begun in Latin by Nicholas Mauro, on the 12th January, 1695, and finished the 20th March, 1698; it is preserved in the library of the Canon.

§ 1. I find the first notice of the Bonaparte Family in the year 1178, when Jean Baptiste was deputed by the Free City of Treviso to the Government of Padua, to obtain from it certain necessary explanations respecting the armaments of the Paduans, which were supposed to contemplate Treviso. Hence the Bonaparte Family were notable in Treviso, previous to the year 1183, the period of the Peace of Constantia, between the Emperor Frederick on the one side, and the Free Cities and Feudatory Princes of Italy on the other. Treviso was one of the Free Cities which entered into this celebrated treaty, (Bonnifaccio storia di Grevizi). Treviso possessed a Mint under the Lombard Kings. Charlemagne confirmed this privilege, and this city struck its coin with its own impression, and kept it in circulation up to the 14th century.

On the 14th December, 1233, a Concordat was effected between the City of Treviso and the Bishop of Ceneda, in the presence of Jean Bonaparte, Judge of Treviso.

On the 21st December, 1208, in the treaty of Peace between the Cities of Padua, on the one side, and those of Verona, Vicenza and Treviso, on the other, *Interfuerunt in dicto concilio Erjus Joannes Bonaparte.*—(Was present among others in the said assembly Erjus Joannes Bonaparte). I cannot decide whether that was the same Jean, to whom was confided the mission in the year 1178, or one of his children, who, having the same name of his father, was distinguished by the pronomen of *Erjus*.

In the Mauro Chronicle it is maintained that Jean Bonaparte was one of the first Knights of St. James of Spain, and the founder of the hospital of that order in Treviso. This Military Order established in 1170, exacted proofs of noble birth. The institution acquired large possessions from the Knight Nordille, great-grandson of the Knight Jean, who erected a chapel annexed to the hospital, and who desired to be interred in this chapel, dedicated to Our Lady in the year 1290.

§ 2. On page 683, D. of my exemplification of *Monumenta Ecclesiæ Aquilejensi* of the celebrated Father de Rubeis, a singular event is related—the Feudataries of Frioul, discontented with the election to the Patriarchate, of Aquila de Bertold d Meranie, rebelled against the Ecclesiastical Sovereignty of Frioul, and in conjunctio with the Bourgeoisie of Treviso, obtained the support of this town against thei sovereign. A solemn treaty was thereupon drawn up on the 15th September, 1219 in *presentia Bonisperii filii—Joannis Bonapartis—consulum et ugati filii Joanni Bonapartis*, (in presence of the Bonaparte sons—John, Consul and Senator, children of John Bonaparte), which shows what they were, one a Consul and the other a Senator of this free city.

30th of April, 1267, Nordiglus Bonaparte of Treviso, and Marmagnen, his wife, make a donation of some landed property to the church of S. Titian of Ceneda, *in presentia Bosperii Bonapartis.*

The 31st October, 1228, an Assembly of all the deputies from the towns of Lombardy took place at Bergamo, when a resolution was passed relatively to the Podestats.

"De voluntate Rectorum secum adstantium apud Bergamum in camerâ quadam communis Bergami, viz: Ugati Bonapartis de Triviso act."—(Verci T. I, p. 56).

The 3d August, 1233, a Dominican monk obtained from the town of *Concillan*, the release of the Trevisian prisoners of war, and among others, "Hæc Sunt nomina militum prædictorum." (Here are the names of the aforesaid soldiers—Ugetus de Bonaparte.—Verci T. I, p. 102).

Barthelemy, Bishop of Vicenza, propagates in Italy the Order of Knights Laudens, or of St. Mary, Mother of God. This was established in France, and its three first Grand-Masters were Frenchmen:—1st, Simon, Count of Montfort, elected in 1209; 2d, Alberic, his son, who took his place in 1218; 3d, Savaric de Mauléon, succeeded in 1220, the Count Alberic de Montfort; and lastly, after the Grand-Master, S. de Mauléon, Tisaimer Baratti Parmésan was elected in 1235, and died in 1261. Under his Grand-Mastership, the Order received in the year 1239 its first approbation, given by Pope Gregory IX.—(Federici, T. I, p. 280, 285).

This Order, by a Bull of Onorius III., in 1221, had to conform in everything, the dress alone excepted, to the rules and statutes of the Templars, (secundum observantiam ordinis fratrum militiæ Templi in habitu dumtaxat excepto). And, in fact, the Order of Knights Gaudens, is based upon that of the Templars. The latter wore a white robe, and a dress also white, with very large sleeves, and the red cross. The Gaudens wore a black mantle with light sleeves, and the red cross of different form from that of the Templars, having eight points with four stars, equally red in the centre.—(Federici, vol. 1, p. 8, 9, and docum VII). This cross had in its centre the picture of Our Lady. They were married. They must have been truly useful, for they were overwhelmed with privileges. Their married state and institution which kept them aloof from the Holy Land, were the cause that the Knights of St. Lazarus and the Hospitalers, and more particularly the Templars, turned these brethren into ridicule, who did not take the vows of chastity, and who did not wage war against the infidels, notwithstanding which they enjoyed most precious honors and immunities. They, in consequence, gave them the name of the *joyous* Brotherhood, Knights of Joy, and Chickens of Jesus Christ. They were first called Knights Gaudens, in the Acts of 1267, in the Statutes of Padua of 1290, of Florence, in the same year, and afterwards in the grants and charters of several sovereigns. The Popes in their Bulls to these Knights, never called them by that name, because the Church had condemned the heretics of Salsburg, who gave themselves the name of the Joyous Brethren. (Federici, p. 85, 86, T. I). These Knights had to prove their nobility, both on their father and mother's side, like the Order of St. John. Their object was to conciliate the citizens between each other, and to establish union and harmony between the cities of Italy. This Order was approved of, by Pope Urban IV., and suppressed by Sixtus V.

There still remained a Commandry of this Order in Treviso, which was in the gift of the noble Municipal Council of that city. The Senate of Venice only recognized as Knight, he who held the benefice. Amongst the ancient pillars of this Order, was distinguished at Bologna, Ugolino Lambertini, an ancestor of the Counts Bentivoglio. These Knights were the protectors of widows and wards, and the particular mediators of peace between Families. Their dress, apparently after the extirpation of the Templars, became subsequently white, with a mantle of ash-color. Their wives also wore dresses of the same color, and had influence and authority in the Municipal Councils of their country. (Giustiniani storia di tutti gli ordini militari et cavalareschi, 2 vol. in folio, ed. de Venise, 1692. T. II, p. 589). There is found named among the Knights Gaudens, Bosembiante.

Bonaparte, in 1270, brother of the Knight *Nordille Bonaparte*, whose wife Eliza, daughter of Constantine del Rero, was an illustrious benefactress of the Dominicans. This same Bonaparte exercised great influence in the alliance between Treviso, Padua and Vicenza; he appeased a sedition which arose in Padua, and was one of the benefactors of the Hospital of Treviso, wherein is preserved his Last Will.

In the year 1264, (Verci, p. 75, No. CXXXV., vol. ii.) Bosembiantus de Bonaparte became surety and guarantee for Gerard de Camin, in a deed of compromise on contestations which had arisen between many individuals of the Princely House of Camin, relatively to the vast inheritance of Guecelon and Gabriel de Camin, the decision of which was referred to the Podestats of Treviso and Padua.

The 11th September, 1262, Dominus Bonsimbiante de Bonaparte was named Ambassador of Treviso to effect a treaty between Treviso, Padua and Vicenza. (Verici, T. II, p. 117, CLXX).

The Knight Nordille Bonaparte, son of Jean, was in 1258, one of the hostages which the City of Treviso gave to Eccelin de Romano, as security that he would be compensated for the ravages which the Trevisians had perpetrated on his territory. (Federici, T. I, p. 246.)

The Knight Nordille Bonaparte, son of John, in the year 1259, was one of the guarantees to the Ancient Conventions renewed between the Cities of Treviso and Conegliano.—(Verci, T. II, p. 24, No. XCV). He was also with his brother, one of the guarantees in the above compromise, relatively to the inheritance of the Princes de Camin. (Verci, T. II, p. 75, No. CXXXV).

The 27th September, 1265, being Syndic, and empowered by procuration from the town of Treviso, his native land, he concluded a Convention with the Venitians relative to duties on merchandise.—(Verci, T. II, p. 92, No. CLII).

The 3d April, 1267, (Verci, T. II, p. 115, No. CLXIX; Federici, T. I, p. 256) Marmagne, daughter of Constantine Bretie, conjointly with her husband, made a gift to the Church of S. Titian de Ceneda, of several acres of ground, with some olive trees planted in the territory of Ceneda, under the Castle of St. Martin, for 25 livres *denariorum*.

In 1268, on the 2d April, (Verci, T. II, p. 123, No. CLXXVII,) the Prince Conradin II., of Suabia, son of King Conrad, the same whom Charles of Anjou decapitated at Naples, became security, by pledging certain bales of cotton to the value of the Custom-house duties due upon the effects of the said prince, in the hands of one Nascimben who, apparently, had leased the Customs of Treviso. "Dictus Nascimben habuit de denariis acceptis per Dominum Nordiglium Bonapartis—et alios eorum socios, sub occasione bonorum et rerum Domini Conradini secundi filii regis Conradi, in calcis Boniparii."

The Free City of Treviso having deputed Nordille Bonaparte as its duly-authorized syndic to Venice, effected there a treaty of commerce between his native land and the public of Venice the 11th of April, 1271, (Verci, T. II, p. 236, No. CLXXXVIII,) which is still to be seen marked at p. 120, No. CCXL. of the year 1270, in the accurate table of diplomas of the Trevisian Code.

This same knight was elected by compromise, a mediator between the city of Treviso and the Bishop of Feltre, to decide the differences which had arisen relatively to the town of Udergo and the property of Musidente the 24th of July, 1286.—(Verci, T. III, p. 125, No. CCXCI; p. 136, No. CCXCIV; p. 136, No. CCXCVI.)

The 3d of April, 1290, (Federici, T. I, p. 346,) the Knight Nordille Bonaparte died, after having founded an hospital outside of the gate St. Thomas, the incumbency of which he bestowed on the Knights of St. James of the Sword, or of S. Iago in Spain.

I believe that he was interred among the Dominicans of Treviso, where repose the ashes of many Bonapartes, of whom honorable recollections are preserved in the Necrologies of the Convents.

Nordille Bonaparte in the year 1272, having been elected Podesta of Parma, was there received as Knight Laudens in the Dominican Church of that town, on the eve of his closing administration. He was the first gentleman of Treviso admitted and received in this Order. The 12th of May, 1280, by means of Hector Voglioni, Doctor of Laws, and his duly-authorized attorney, the Knight, Brother Nordille, caused to be bought, to the amount of 400 livres of *piccoli*-of-Venice property, situated on the spot named Aux Fosses, near the Holy Forty at Treviso, with a house, buildings, and grounds planted with trees and vines, which the government had confiscated from the heretics and took possession of in the name of his Order.

On this property the Knight, Brother Conradine de Piombino, erected a convent, which he named *Domus sui Ordinnis*, in his will of the year 1291.

This same Knight, de Piombino, erected a church on this spot, which was consecrated under the denomination of Sanctæ Mariæ matris Domini de Fossis, in the year 1292.—(No. IX, Federici, T. I, p. 255.)

The livre of Piccoli was equal in 1750, by comparing it with the coin of thirty sols of Venice, to 10 f. 8 sols and 5 pennies. (Carli de Monete, T. III, p. 298.) The Sequin of Venice, which was struck in the year 1284 at the weight of 68 grains 57-57, was worth, up to the year 1356, three livres, six sous. (Carli delle Monete, T. III, Partie I, p. 445.) The Giliot of Florence is of thirty-two years anterior, and is of equal worth with the Sequin of Venice.

I perceive a Galardus of *Nordiglo Bonapartis pro militimus*, in an act of the 11th November, 1257, by which the Bishop of Treviso confides the defence of the Castle of Mestre to the Common Council of Treviso, as he did not believe that he could defend it against the soldiers of Eccelin de Romano. This Galardus is omitted in the genealogy of the Mauro, and this document can be seen in the No. CI. of my vouchers. (Idem, T. II, p. 347.)

The history of Treviso by Boniface, p. 208, mentions that there was an emigration of the Guelph families from Treviso, who were persecuted by the tyrant Alberic de Romano, Lord of Treviso, who was exterminating the Guelphs, and this emigration occurred between the years 1255 and 1257.—(No. XXIV.) There was a second emigration in the year 1268, (Boniface, p. 227), because the Castelli Ghibellines, perceiving the ascendancy of their partisans in the cities of Lombardy, seized upon the government of Treviso and proscribed the Guelphs. The third emigration took place upon a resolution of the 15th of November, 1283, by which Gerard de Camin, becoming Captain of the people, and siding with the Podestat, drove away the Ghibellines Castelli, and about a hundred of their partisans. This is the judgment of the Council of Treviso, given on the same day;—(Verci, History of the Progress of the Trevisians, T. III, p. 102, in the document No. CCLXXVIII.) Civitas Tarvisii mutant stratum, vigentibus Tarvisii parte albâ et parte rubeâ, pars alba videlicet de Camino et ecclesiâ expulit partem rubeam silicet de Castelli quæ erat pars Imperii sive Gibellina cum altera etiam Guelpha diceretur.

It was my desire to state in this place the revolution of Treviso, which at the end of the thirteenth century and at the beginning of the fourteenth, occasioned the emigration and proscriptions of many Trevisian families since the documents which I bring forward, prove that the events were not of little consequence to the Bonapartes.

The Knight Pierre Bonaparte, son of the Knight Brother Nordille, (No. XIX. Federici, p. 346), entered in the year 1312, into the coalition of the Aponi and the Beraldi, in order to destroy the tyrannical power which Richard and Eccelin de Camin exercised in Treviso, his native land, No. XXVI and XXVII, (Boniface St. di Treviso, p. 249, 250). In the year 1313, on the 26th of January, the city of Treviso granted to Pierre Bonaparte, *pro se et duobus pueris*, that is to say, two of his domestics, the privilege to bear arms, which was alone granted to the house of Collalto and to some others.—(*Que pro se tantum.* Verci, p. 186, T. V. N. DLXI.) No. LVII.

On the 3d November, the Trevisians elected the Knight Pierre Bonaparte Ambassador to Can the Great, Lord of the sovereign Escul—of Verona, No. LVIII. (Verci T. VI. p. 36. No. DCIII.) The Knight was one of the *quatuor viri sapientes*, four sage men which the city of Treviso intrusted in conjunction with the Bishop of Ceneda, to deliberate on the public affairs of the country.—(Verci, T. VI. p. 36. No. DIII.) The Trevisians sent into the strong-holds of their country governors to defend them, and Knight Pierre Bonaparte was sent to Breda, beyond the Aslo. (Boniface, p. 251.)

In the year 1314, the Council of Treviso named Pierre Bonaparte one of the Progastaldi, that is, Commissioner-Generals, charged with the necessary powers for the defence of the country.—(Boniface p. 263.) On the 4th of April, 1314, Pierre Bonaparte, being one of the four ancient magistrates, proposed to send an Ambassador to Padua, to offer to the Paduans succor against the lord of the sovereign Escul of Verona.—(Verci.) He was also one of the four sage men of the city at the epoch, when on the 15th of March, 1315, was officially communicated to the Trevisians the marriage of the son of Guecello de Camin.—(Verci.)

The 4th of June, 1316, Guecello de Camin with a few troops took possession of Feltre, which was governed by the Podestat, the Knight Pierre Bonaparte, whom he sent home. The Bishop, Andrighierri held out by fortifying his palace.—(Boniface.) The Bishop of Feltre, in this position, wrote for succor to the Trevisians, and his letter is directed *Discretis et sapientibus viris amicis precipius, nobili viro Dom. Petro de Bonaparte Feltri potestati, nec non capitaneo in Sucoro pro communi Trevisii.*

The 16th of the same month, the Trevisians sent to Pierre Bonaparte succors to relieve the Bishop of Feltre.—(Verci, T. VII., p. 104, No. DCCXCII.)

On the 2d of August, 1316, the Knight Pierre, being one of the *Sapientium primi gradus*, "One of the sages of the first estate," of the corporation of Treviso, was empowered to take into consideration the mediation proposed by the Paduans to effect a treaty between Treviso and Guecello, lord of Camin.—(Verci, T. VII., p. 176, No. DCCCII.)

When in possession of Feltre, the populace pillaged much of the property of its Podestat, which determined the Council of Treviso on the 21st January, 1317, to empower Pierre Bonaparte to adopt measures of retaliation on the effects of the Feltrians.—(Boniface, p. 277; Verci, T. VIII., p. 51).

The 12th of February, 1318, Pierre Bonaparte being Podestat of Padua, obtained succors for his country in favor of the Paduans against the Lord of the Escul, and these succors obtained for them a more advantageous peace.

In the year 1319, the Knight Pierre was elected Ambassador of the Trevisians to the Court of Frederick, Emperor of Austria, to implore his succor against the attacks of his neighbors.

The Knight Oderic Bonaparte, son of the Knight Pierre, and his family, always enjoyed the endowment of the hospital and the church on the outside of the city of Treviso, near the gate of St. Thomas, and even on the 13th of September, 1343, *Ordericique Petrusque frater Nordiglus de Bonaparte*, "Oderic and Peter, and Brother Nordiglus de Bonaparte," bestowed the investiture of this hospital on Brother Henry of the Order of St. James of Spain, Syndic, and duly authorized Attorney of Brother Falerius, Grand-Master of the Order of St. James.

In 1326, burst forth an insurrection in Treviso against the Tempesta and the Knight Oderic Bonaparte, who were forced to take refuge in their Castles, and Oderic retired to St. Zenon, but in the year following, 1327, the Tempesta, having obtained the means of causing the German Cavalry to enter Treviso, sent Oderic Bonaparte to Aslo.

On the 13th of February, 1327, the Trevisians assembled in extraordinary council to adopt measures of obtaining from the King of Bohemia an annual payment to Guecelin Avogaro to compensate him for costs incurred and to be incurred for the city, given up to H. M. The assembly was presided by Oderic Bonaparte, ***Rectore Communis Trevisii***, "Governor of the Republic of Treviso."

The Knight Oderic was deputed by the City of Treviso as Ambassador to the Count of Gorice, to congratulate him on the marriage of his daughter.

The Knight Oderic was one of the three Ambassadors sent by the Free City of Treviso to Henry, King of Bohemia, to urge complaints against the conduct of the Lord of the Escule, sovereign of Verona, who had seized upon certain territory belonging to the Trevisians. The King also sent to Treviso a Minister, and by his answer entirely satisfied them on every article required by the Envoys of Treviso, who, on the 10th of June, went to compliment and to recommended themselves to the favor of the Queen, who promised to aid them in all things with her Royal Husband.

The 17th of July, 1329, the Council of Treviso undertook to restore the city and country to Can, Magnate of the Escule, and drew the articles of Capitulation, wherein is seen among other things—*Dom. Odericus de Bonaparte et alii cives et districtuales Trevisii in suis juribus et honoribus conserventur*, that is "the Lord Odericus de Bonaparte and other citizens of Treviso, were maintained in their rights and honors." And on the 20th of the same month, a Convention was made with the Sovereign of the Escule that—Dom. Odericus de Bonaparte—in suis juribus conserventur et quod nullo tempore teneantur ire contra sacro sanctam Ecclesiam et contra commune Venetiarum, nec contra Dominos Marchiones Ferraria.

On the 28th of August, the Council of Treviso, commanded the inhabitants of the Castle of St. Zenon to obey as usual the orders of the Lord Oderic de Bonaparte.

In the year 1330, Pierre del Veome, Podestat of Treviso, for the Lord of the Escule came to the determination of defending the city against the attacks of the enemies of his sovereign, and thereupon he caused the most notable persons who were suspected, to appear before him and renew their oaths of fidelity. Among others we notice on this occasion, the name of Oderic de Bonaparte.

The 1st March, 1340, the Knight Oderic was one of the sages elected to deliberate with the Ancients on the public affairs of the city, and on the course which they were to adopt.

On the 5th February, 1344, Oderic Bonaparte is the third on the list of Ambassadors sent to Venice for the rendition of the City of Treviso, and of the country to the Government of Verona.

The Knight Oderic Bonaparte had two sons, who were, in the year 1350, Knights Gaudens.

The Knight Nicholas is the first named in the Trevisian genealogies of the Mauro, wherein he is called ***Fra. Nicolaus Ordinis Militiae** etc ,qu. dom. Odericiqu. **Petriqu.** fra. **Nordigli** de **Bonaparte**.* "Brother Nicholas of the Military Order, etc., and the Lord Oderic and Peter, brothers of Nordille de Bonaparte."

The Knight, brother of Nicholas, is not at all named in the act of the Mauro, notwithstanding the affirmation of Federici, and we have of him two documents. In 1342, he was elected Prior of the Priory of N. D. de Fosses. And in 1365, he obtained from the Grand-Master of his Order the permission to sell the property belonging to his Religious Order, for the purpose of meeting the urgencies of the moment. He died at an advanced age, in the year 1397.

I perceive that on the 24th of November, 1351, in a deed the Presentibus nobilibus viris Dominis Mapheo Maurorero; Pinamonte de Ainardis, Francisco de Bonaparte, that the title of nobility was granted to the family who had well defended the Castle on the boundaries of the territory against the enemies of the Government of Venice; but I do not know the parents nor the posterity of this Bonaparte.

There is a document of the 2d of May, 1382, in which is seen Nobilibus viris Jacobo de Bonaparte, one of the Ambassadors of Treviso to the Duke of Austria.

I do not find in the history of Treviso, nor in the Chronicle of the Mauro, mention of the death of the descendants of the Knight Nicholas, son of the Knight Oderic. The same thing occurs with the other children of the same Knight Oderic, which the Mauro mentions in its genealogy and its chronicle, and of which no trace is found after the year 1350. The posterity of the two other sons of Oderic Bonaparte became extinct in Treviso long afterwards. That of the Knight Francois continued to the year 1400. That of the Knight Pierre devolved altogether upon the females, there being only three women. Bulderic deceased in 1389. Margaret, wife of the Count Pulcenigo and Ann, who married Victor de Argenta.

There was another branch descended from one Jean Lombard Bonaparte, which lasted one generation more, in Treviso. Jean Lombard existed in 1300. In 1350, he had a son who was also called Jean Lombard. There was one Beatrix Bonaparte, who in the year 1322, devised a legacy to the Convent of St. Francis of Treviso. She was the wife of Jacques, son of the late Jean Lombard Bonaparte. She had no children, and constituted as sole heiress her sister Ann, who had for her first husband Passaris Rosso, of Venice, and it was in the tomb of this same Rosso in the church of the Frères Mineurs of St. Francis, at Treviso, that she desired to be interred. This will is made in the presence of Agnes, their mother, the X pi. noe. amen. Anno Dom. 1322.

In following the family-tree traced out from the chronicle of the Mauro, she must have been daughter of Pierre Bonaparte and Agnes, and married to James, son of Jean Lombard Bonaparte, of a branch whose connection I do not find with any of the others. At the same period there existed four other Bonapartes, cotemporaries of the Knight Oderic; and I cannot conceive what degree of relationship there existed between them. I only know that Flora, daughter of Sanjelin Bonaparte, was married to Marc Vital, a Patrician of Venice, and that she was buried in the year 1355, at Treviso, in the church of the Hermits of St. Augustine, with this inscription:—"Sepultura Dñæ Floræ uxoris Marci Vitalis de Venetias, filiique Dno Sanzdini de Bonaparte et ejusdem hæredum anno Dmi. MCCCLV."

The patrician house of Vital or Vivaldi, has had a procurator of St. Mark, elected 19th July, 948, and who died in 957. The patrician husband of Flora Bonaparte was the last of his family now extinct. Another branch of the Bonaparte family became extinct in the person of Louis, cousin-german of the Knight Pierre.

I am not aware if those different branches of this family before the year 1300, and the posterity had become extinct in Treviso, by death, or by emigration. The house of the Knight Oderic, in Treviso, as I was assured, was situated in the street above the Caffé de Pacchio. In fact, in the Will of Eliza, wife of Bonsemblant de Bonaparte, of the 9th January, 1309, we can trace the plan of this house. It can be established as a positive fact that in the immense collection of the acts and documents of the history of the Trevisian marches, twenty volumes in 8vo., that after the year 1350, all mention of the Bonapartes ceases, and particularly that of the Knight Oderic.

The Trevisian Chronicle of the Mauro makes mention, in 1420, of Bonsemblant, Nicholaus and Antoine, sons of Jeuviscendo Bonaparte, and we can certify that the branch of this family which remained in Treviso at the end of the fifteenth century, ceased to be mentioned in the Golden Book of the Municipality of Treviso.

After the year 1344, I do not therefore see in the acts, or in history, that there is any mention of the descendants of Oderic Bonaparte, excepting the notice which is made in the Registers of the Knights Gaudens.

I suspect that the subjection of Treviso, his native land, was not sanctioned by the Bonaparte family. The Bonapartes were born free citizens of an independent country, and for more than a century, they had been from father to son, affiliated and benefactors of a military order, who could re-unite into harmony, and consolidate as a nation, the Italians, in such a way as to exclude strangers from the domination of this peninsula. I consequently believe, that the Bonapartes abandoned Treviso, wherein no longer existed republican liberty.

In the work dedicated by the learned and celebrated Dr. Targioni to the Grand-Duke Leopold, (afterwards Emperor King of Hungary and of Bohemia), it is said that the Bonapartes drew their origin from Marciano, as it is proved by the tract of land on the Gulf Magra, and that some of this family transmigrated to the island of Corsica, where they at present exist.

Francois Bonaparte, Doctor of Laws, and Arch-priest of the church of S. Miniato, in Tuscany, in 1709, caused to be erected the tomb of his noble family, and renewed the inscription, which had been effaced by the lapse of three centuries, and engraved thereon his armorials. Here is the inscription:—

"Nobilium de Bonaparte sepulchrum quod ab atavis suis derivatum antiqua in. scriptio referrebat, trium fere seculorum odacitate consumptum, Franciscus Bonaparte, S. U. D. hujus Ecclesia prepositus salutis anno MDCCCIX, restaurandum curavit erexit que hunc lapidem in titulum pietatis et amoris erga Majores posteros que suos, ut cum dormitionem accisserint optimam hic habeant prepositam gratiam felicis resurrectionis."

In the Genealogical History of the House of Gondi, by M. de Corbinelli, a gentleman, (native of Florence). Paris, MDCCV., in 2 vol. 4to., I find T. I, p. CCVII., Maria de Gondi, who espoused, firstly, Louis, son of Fulvio Bonaparte, in the year 1632.

Muratori, in his XXI volume of Collections of *Rerum Italicanum Scriptores*, at page 4, of the Preface, which precedes the Chronicon, sive annales *Laurencii Bonincontrii Miniatensis*, says what follows:—"Quod attinet ad historiam quam lectori nunc sisto, debeo illam humanissimo viro Andreæ Bonaparte, Patricio et Canonico miniateris, &c."

We here see that Andre Bonaparte, a direct descendant of Pierre Francois, who, in 1580, had for his wife Catherine Bonincontri. Let us not forget that the Bonincontri were in the fifteenth century a Patrician family of Sauzaune, like the Bonapartes, the Corsini, &c.

Father Jean Gamumiri, in his history of the noble families of Tuscany and Ombrie, printed at Florence in the year 1685, in 5 vols. folio, in T. 5, p. 278, makes incidental mention of the Bonaparte family; speaking of the Attaranti family, he says, that they allied themselves from the very beginning, with the noble families of Tuscany, viz: the Rossi, the Ricasdi, the Bonaparti, &c. In the work of Jean Marie Mapuchelli, on the writers of Italy, I see enregistered the following notices of the Bonaparte family:—In vol. ii, part iv, p. 2238—Bonaparte (Bindo de Simon,) was born at S. Miniato, in Tuscany, in the year 1692. His brother was Marius Bonaparte, Patrician of S. Miniato and of Florence, and his mother, Marguérite de Vegghiano, one of the most ancient and noble families of Pisa: he died the 14th January, 1746. He had refused to become arch-priest of Livourne, (which is called Prepositura), and the bishoprics of Montepulciano and Pescia. *Ibidem*, p. 2039—Bonaparte—(Jacques)—gentleman of S. Miniato in Tuscany, has been supposed by some one to be the author of the *Historic Narrative of all which occurred from day to day, in the year* 1527, *in the pillage of Rome*, printed at Cologne, (i. e. at Lucca), without the name of the printer, in the year 1756, in 4to. *Ibidem*—Bonaparte (Nicolas,) de S. Miniato, in Tuscany, was a professor of Law in the University of Pisa, and was the first to banish barbarity in the study of Jurisprudence. He was considered as one of the most learned and most esteemed professors in this University. In 1649, he was common professor of civil law. He is believed to be the author of the Widow, printed twice by Guinti, in 1568 and 1592, in 8vo. In the Nouvelles, Littéraires of Florence, of the year 1756, p. 376, there is mentioned one Nicolas Bonaparte, Clerk of the Apostolical Chamber. *Ibidem*, in the year 1745, col. 470, there is named one Dr. Bonaparte, professor at Pisa, who had delivered a most detectable dissertation on the *Desires of Women.*

I have in consequence made the genealogical tree, which follows, taken from the chronicle of the Mauro, combined with the ideas that I have transcribed in the preceding sections. I have added thereto at the bottom of the genealogical tree of the Bonapartes of Tuscany, and I could not trace the parallel without hazarding a want of connection. Bonif. Hist. de Trev., p. 208, tells us, that the tyranny of Alberic de Romano, Lord of Treviso, who was persecuting and exterminating the Guelphs, caused to become exiles or emigrants from Treviso, many families between the years 1255 and 1257. They followed the examples of the Ordelafi, who took up their residence at Forli. Whilst the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were tearing to pieces the cities of Italy, the Trevisians sent Bonsembianti Bonaparte (Bon. p. 230,) with Pierre de Pombino, to Padua, who, with the Podestat of Padua, established peace in that great city, and by an edict of the 13th January, 1274, they forbade, under the most severe penalties, all denominations from belonging to either faction—both being proscribed by the government. It is very possible that some of the branches of the Bonapartes emigrated into Lower Romagna, for instance, to Ascoli, and even in Tuscany, in order to evade the persecutions of the tyrants of Romano, between the years 1250 and 1260 ; and this would corroborate the appearance of the Bonapartes in the central states of Italy.

The armorial colors of the Bonapartes of Tuscany and of Treviso are red or gules, in a deep field ; this color is Ghibelline ; and it shall be seen that a Bonaparte was proscribed from Florence, under the suspicion of belonging to the party of the Ghibellines. We have seen that the Knight, Pierre Bonaparte, was one of the chiefs of the Ghibeline party, who, in the year 1313, destroyed the tyranny of the Lords of Camin, who were Guelphs. Altogether this makes it probable that an emigration of the Ghibeline Bonapartes took place in 1283, who did not wish to be either witnesses or victims of the horrors of their native country. The first of the Bonaparte family in Tuscany, who is the lineal descendant, is called at his baptism Buonaparte.

Here are some notices transcribed in Italian as vouchers. Nicolas Bonaparte, Clerk of the Apostolical Chamber, and who, as well as many other members of his family, were much attached to the house of Orsini of Rome, caused the following inscription to be inscribed upon the monument of his father in the Church of St. Francois at S. Miniato :—" Clarissimo Suœ œtatis et Patriæ viro Joanni Jaccobo Moccii de Bonaparte qui obiit anno MCCCCXXXXI, die xxv Septembris, Nicolaus de Bonaparte Apostolocœ cameræ clericus fecit genitori benemerenti et posteris."

This Moccio Bonaparte had a great-grandfather, called Conrad, a grandfather, called Jacques ; and we are ignorant of the name of his father. This Conrad was son of Bonaparte, who was of the stock of the Bonapartes of Tuscany. This one, who had established himself in Florence and resided near St. Peter's, was exiled *ob nimiam potentiam*, as a Ghibeline—as we see in the Gniodo book (cloud) of the municipality, and in the registers of landed estates of the year 1427. There is a document which proves that the Bonapartes were forced in Florence, to change the name of their family and their coat-of-arms. This explains the difference of the coat-of-arms between that of Treviso and that of Tuscany, which have no similarity, excepting in the colors. We, therefore, come to the conclusion, from the above inscription, to establish the following descent :—

Averaging thirty years for each generation, from the year 1441, and ascending, we come to the year 1261. That is about the period of the proscriptions which occurred in Treviso in the years 1257, 1260 and 1283, of which I have made mention.

Let us recall to our memory at this moment the three coats-of-arms of the Bonapartes, which I have described above. The color red, or gules Ghibeline is alike in all. The second coat-of-arms agrees with that of Tuscany in this, that which is argent in the bend of Treviso, becomes cottised in the Tuscan bar. The figure is different in the Trevisian escutcheon. It is a branch of laurel on a bend argent, apparently to avoid proscription or emigration ; they prudently conformed to the law which ordained that the escutcheon of the coat-of-arms should be changed, and instead of "la bande d'argent avec la figure d'une branche verte on a mis un artis dentelé de gueules en farce."

Perhaps this coat-of-arms is that of Jean Bonaparte, who, in the year 1285, had been for forty years absent from Treviso, and whose family, being Guelph, was massacred and proscribed by the tyrant Alberic de Romano, brother of Eccelin, and Chief of the Ghibelines. I have mentioned heretofore a surmise that this Jean Bonaparte, having emigrated with those of his family who could avoid the assassinations of the Ghibelines, might have settled himself at Farro, where there are actually (it is assured,) Bonapartes, among the Patricians of this city, or even at Ascoli ; and in this latter city, a great deal of attention has been given to this genealogy.

There is made mention, in this extract of Jean Bonaparte, who was party to the treaty of pacification, which the Latin Cardinal effected with skill in Florence, between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, and which received the approbation of Pope Honorius III., and who was elected to the tiara on the 2d of August, 1285, and died, 3d April, 1285. It seems rather difficult for me to believe, that this Jean Bonaparte was the same as the one of Ascoli, who, in the year 1334, was Podestat, and of whom I have made mention. The Bonapartes were excluded from all offices of the Republics of Florence, and S. Miniato, as being Ghibelines, that is to say, as allied to the Empire of Germany. They possessed the fief de Castelvecchio, close by S. Miniato, and they disdained to submit to democratic rules. The democratic government of Florence had decreed in 1292, that *the Municipal Council should name the families of the most notable of the grandees and of the nobles who could be elected to fulfill the duties and offices of State.*

By another decree of the Council of Balia, of the year 1393, (Lib. XXXVIII., of Reformes), in confirming the Decree of 1361, it is commanded to the families of the magnates, to renounce their names and armorial bearings, and that during twenty years, notwithstanding they might be admitted to the General Council of the Republic, yet they should not be promoted to the Superior Councils, or to the Supreme Magistracy of the State. Afterwards, it was also decreed that they should be excluded from the government, and all those who could not prove by six witnesses that their father or their progenitors were attainted with Ghibelinism.

The celebrated Lami, in his *Nouvelles Litteraires*, of the year 1756, proves, that this description of the pillage of Rome, in the year 1527, which was printed at Lucca, but with the imprint of Cologna, belonged to Jacques Bonaparte, but that he was not its real author.

The genealogical tree of the branch of the Bonaparte family established in Tuscany, [which we are obliged to leave out], was copied from a book printed in 1756, and taken from the original, approved by an imperial deputation, commissioned to recognize the nobility of Tuscany, under the Government of the Grand Duke Francis I., Emperor of Germany; and the antiquity of the nobility of this family has been equally acknowledged by the Order of St. Stephen, in 1571.

It is positively asserted, that Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, the 5th February, 1768, of Charles Bonaparte and Letitiae Ramolini, his wife. Charles Bonaparte was one of the deputies of the nobility of Corsica, who, in 1770, went to Paris to pay homage to the king, on behalf of the island. He had also the merit, (to the advantage of Corsica), of introducing and encouraging therein the culture of mulberry trees for the nourishment of silk-worms. It is a well established fact that the treaty of cession of Corsica to France by the Republic of Genoa, bears the date of the 15th of May, 1768, and that Paoli embarked on the 13th of June, and that the French only took possession on the day afterwards, (14th of June, 1769). And the island was only subjected in the course of the same month.

Napoleon's father was, therefore, a Tuscan gentleman, employed in the career of magistracy by the Republic of Genoa, before she had ceded Corsica to France. In Italy the cities in the thirteenth century were divided between the Guelphs, supported by the Popes, and Ghibelines, protected by the Emperor of Germany.

End of the genealogical Letter of the Bonaparte family,

BY

M. AUGUSTIN CARLI RUBBI,

COUNT OF LEMBERG

J. N B.

Florence, April 18*th*, 1827.

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